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IN THE FIRST GLANCE HE HAD OF HER SHE SEEMED ALL GOLD AND GREEN.

"*And So They Were Married*," page 14.

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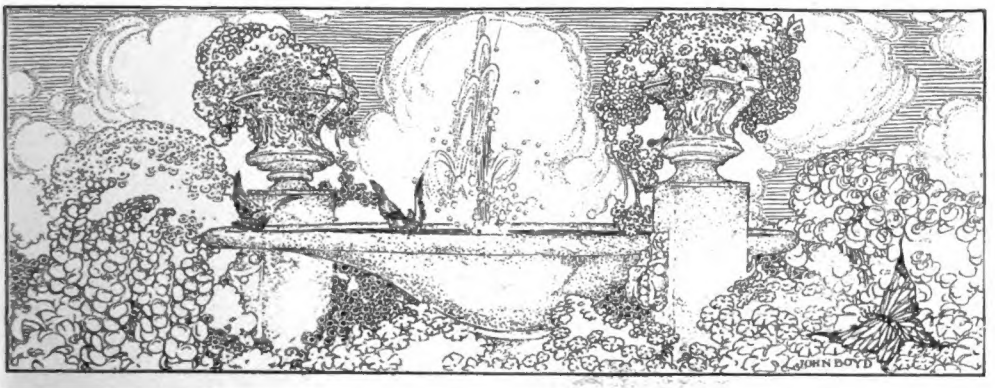
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE



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Soldiers of the Common Good

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Japan, the Economic Revolutionist. First Article

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In his progress around the world, chronicling the advance of the Soldiers of the Common Good, Mr. Russell reached Japan just as the calm, busy little nation cleared itself of the dust and sweat of war. In this article and the one to follow it, he tells of Japan's victories of peace. Undisturbed by any chatter of "vested rights," "limitations on governmental enterprises," and the like, Japan's wisest men have studied the economic policies of other countries and therefrom constructed a new system for their own. The Japanese grasped the danger and iniquity of trusts, and placidly, without so much as a "by your leave," they are brushing trusts off the map of Japan and in their places are erecting government monopolies. They are making new markets all around the Pacific and elsewhere—how many of us knew that many tea stores in our cities are backed by the Imperial Japanese Government? Not even the Yellow Peril alarmists predicted the economic revolution Japan is bringing about. How are we, the American people, Japan's nearest competitors, to meet the situation?

CHAPTER XIX

STARTLING INNOVATIONS OF A PEOPLE WITHOUT COMMERCIAL TRADITIONS

TO sit at ease and discuss the academic theories of government and the dark secrets of political economy is one of the most delightful and useless occupations known to mankind. With the help of the learned authorities one minded to these gentle pursuits can demonstrate beyond cavil that the state should not engage in trade, that industrial enterprises should be left to individual effort, that all profits are legitimate, however secured, that without a system of reciprocal robbery there would be no incentive to trade, that the way anything has been done in the past is exactly the way it should be done in the future, and the like comfortable doctrines. So readily can these truths be shown that by most of our hearthstones all such problems have been pleasantly and definitely settled forever. But while we are engaged in mak-

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SHOP OF THE GOVERNMENT TOBACCO MONOPOLY IN A YOKOHAMA STREET.

ing these philosophical mud-pies, Evolution, which has no sense of propriety and cares not a whit for theories, schools, dogmas, university professors, nor even for the sainted Adam Smith, is preparing for our heads the club that is likely to put an end to all these diversions and dislocate (for us) the whole sanctified science of economics.

For many years after Commodore Perry's historical visit it was the custom of Western nations to regard Japan as peopled chiefly by amusing idiots that existed to supply us with curios and consume our surplus products. Presently we discovered that these amusing people were duplicating our products instead of consuming them. This jolted the Western complacency until some one formulated the theory that the Japanese were merely "a nation of imitators." With joy we laid hold of this emollient; with fond persistent faith we still cling to it. Even when we see Japan with new methods and a new efficiency crushing the fleets and armies of one of the greatest of European nations, when we see it making unprecedented and sinister records in mobilization, maneuvering, tactics, commissariat, hospital service, still we cling to it. And when, the war being over, there begins to appear a huge Japanese plan for commercial supremacy and commercial activities as strange and startling as any the Japanese forces used in war, still with pathetic confidence we hug the old delusion.

A nation of imitators! As soon as may be we should come out of that trance. Imitation as practised by the Japanese consists of taking the best thing done by Europeans and improving it and perfecting it and excelling it, and then turning it in its bettered state against its originators. Something in this may be fortifying to Western complacency, though I do not know what it is; but in any event we are now face to face with one development of it that may well make us gasp and give grave heed.

Observe some of the fundamental facts in this story.

Here is a country whose population, now 48,000,000, grows at the rate of 600,000 a year. Only one-eighth of the land can produce anything; the rest is barren mountain. Of the arable land you may say that every inch that will grow green blades is under cultivation. So close is the population always to the limit of the country's supporting capacity that when falls a little too much rain and the rice crop is injured, 600,000 people are in danger of starving, and the world must come to their relief.

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A JAPANESE STREET DECORATED IN HONOR OF RETURNING SOLDIERS.

Plainly, therefore, it is useless to tell Japan to keep within her borders and devote her energies to agriculture and sweet pastoral pursuits. Sweet pastoral pursuits are well enough, but not in a land already cultivated to the utmost, and with a rapidly increasing population. Even if her people were so minded they would have no choice; the sheer force of conditions would drive them another way. Inevitably they must have industrial and commercial expansion—or starve. They cannot live on themselves. They are compelled to go forth and get their living by manufacture and trade.

This is enough to begin with. But it is little in comparison with what follows. This is a country where patriotism amounts to an obsession, to a mania, to a kind of frenzied fanaticism. Other peoples, Germans, Americans, Swiss, are patriotic; but not like the Japanese. While I was in Japan they were holding in the country towns and villages funeral ceremonies in honor of soldiers killed in the war. Nobody wept or felt sad on these occasions, but the populace came and congratulated the relatives of the dead as persons blessed with notable honor. It was a precious privilege the son or brother or husband had enjoyed; he had been allowed to die for Japan. Often with public honors, with long processions under triumphal arches, and with ceremonial pomp the village followed to the cemetery only a bit of a dead man's garment, his cap, one of his shoes, the sleeve of his coat, all that was left of him when the shell or the mine exploded that blew him to death. But in these dreadful relics was no suggestion of pain or horror, but only of solemn joy and thanksgiving, for the young man, their townsman, had been privileged to die for Japan. "We never turn back" is the phrase often on Japanese lips that speak of national achievements. True enough seems the vaunt. If such stories of habitual and unquestioning sacrifice are told of other wars, the world has no record of them. Many a time the Russians trapped small Japanese detachments; never did they capture one until it was dead or incapable with wounds. There in their tracks the Japanese died, like Macaulay's wolf, " in silence biting hard."

But now the people that have this capacity for self-sacrifice and this insensibility to fear and pain are convinced that their destiny is to be a great dominating world power. Looking back upon an inspiring history crowded with conflicts and victories beyond the record

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RICKSHAW MEN WHO WILL RUN FORTY MILES A DAY WITHOUT APPARENT FATIGUE AND ARE INDIFFERENT TO HEAT OR COLD.

of any other nation, their religious veneration for their ancestors stirs them perpetually with purpose to be worthy of those old fighting and conquering sires. They have pitted themselves against Europeans and have won; the holy white man has no awe for them, and now they feel assured that they can beat him at any game he may choose.

More than this, these wise, keen-eyed people that sit watching intently the daily trend of the world's progress know well enough that the real struggles for world power are to be commercial, not military; and it is on commercial and industrial fields that chiefly they expect to win glory and domination and empire for Japan.

For such contests they have two weapons of astounding and unprecedented power.

First, a working population, intelligent, capable, facile, orderly, extremely industrious, and having a low standard of living.

Second, a government astute as to modern conditions, resolutely determined to force Japanese influence, Japanese manufacturing, and Japanese commerce, and utterly unscrupulous as to the means it uses to that end.

The world has never seen anything like this combination; it has never seen nor imagined nor dreamed of the stupendous results that can be secured by it. With cheap and efficient labor Japan can produce at lower cost than any other nation; with its skilful and indomitable government it can build its industrial forces to imposing greatness; with the two, in existing conditions of private enterprise, it can annihilate competition.

For individuals can compete with individuals, firms with firms, corporations with corporations, trusts with trusts; but neither individual, firm, corporation, nor trust can compete with a government. And back of every great manufacturing, commercial, or financial enterprise in Japan, back of it or actively involved in it, is the Japanese Government, the greatest governmental trader in the world.

More and more it becomes clear that this is the new political economy of Japan, these are the tactics by which she expects to win on the commercial battle-field. The Government is not merely to foster manufactures and encourage trade; the Government itself is to do the manufacturing, the Government is to do the trading.

In all the world not one individual, private firm, corporation, or trust will be able to compete in the Japanese market with this Government, thus gone into manufacturing and trading.

Because the Government can at any time exclude the product of the individual, firm,

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corporation, or trust, exclude it absolutely and forever.

When now we add the next link, which is the fact that the new Japanese tariff, adopted four months ago, provides for this exclusion in lines of goods that the outside world once supplied, we can see a part of what is in store for Japanese commerce.

For Japanese commerce, observe; not alone for commerce in Japan. Because we come now to the final great fact, which is that these people have no idea of confining their energies within their own borders, but with the incalculable advantage of government factories to make the goods and government railroads and government steamships to carry the goods, they have attacked the whole vast field of Asiatic commerce in the fixed resolve to conquer and possess it.

And such a field there has never been, no, not in all the world's history. All Asia is waking from the long sleep, the yellow men are stirring, new ways and new wants take hold upon them, the huge compact hordes of people want many things—the hundreds of millions from the sea of Japan to the Ural Mountains. All the East is slowly arousing; you can see easily enough that the old things will not long endure, even in India they will not long endure; and when the new times dawn all the other trading fields in the world will seem poor to this. And when they come Japan will have her hard fists closed upon that field to the exclusion and humiliation of us all.

For Japan has a government resolutely determined, by whatever means, to force Japanese manufacturing and commerce, and Japan has a working population, intelligent, capable, facile, orderly, industrious, and with a low standard of living.

China, Korea, the riches of the East—day by day Japan drives into these her government industries, her influence, her products, and day by day she begins to elbow from these markets the foreign competitor she has already driven from Japan.

In the light of these facts observe the grave significance of certain recorded figures.

Here is the curt story of thirteen years:

JAPAN EXPORT TRADE

	1891.	1904.
To China	$291,292	$33,997,936
To Korea	733,020	10,199,861

And here is the way Japan has prospered in trade; here is the annual revenue she has derived from her government-owned enterprises:

1893	$4,792,744
1898	12,705,029
1903	27,851,033
1904	31,096,011
1905	37,056,446

In other words, she is in business for herself. She is an astute trader; she is pushing her trade to the utmost for the glory and wel-

JAPANESE LABORERS LEAVING DENSELY CROWDED JAPAN FOR AMERICA.

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A GROUP OF SCHOOL-GIRLS NEAR TOKYO, HAVING THEIR MORNING LESSONS.

fare and future of Japan, and for the fatness of her own exchequer. She is first to make everything that her own people consume, and then, with government factories, government railroads, government steamships, sell her products to other nations.

These products will be made by a working population, intelligent, capable, facile, industrious, orderly, and with a low standard of living.

And do you know who will be hardest hit when these gigantic plans are well under way? We shall be good, complacent, easy-going fellow citizens, we of the United States. Because the Pacific Ocean is our trading pond, the Eastern markets are naturally ours. Glance down these figures and see:

JAPAN'S TRADE (EXPORT AND IMPORT) WITH THE NATIONS, 1904

United States	$79,683,508
China and Hongkong	76,725,361
Great Britain	46,318,414
British India	38,208,425
France	29,877,212
Germany	16,400,252
Korea	13,305,252
Dutch India	9,497,403
French India	$8,887,308
Italy	6,372,011
Belgium	3,207,180
Philippines	2,072,277

For the first six months of 1905 Japan's imports from the United States were $20,304,294, her exports to the United States $32,518,503, her total trade with the United States was $52,822,797. For the year the total trade was about $100,000,000. This is what we sold to Japan in the first six months of 1905:

Raw cotton	$11,774,464*
Machinery	3,262,231
Locomotives	387,032
Iron bars and rods	155,873
Iron rails	187,484
Nails	265,981
Iron pipes and tubes	174,988
Miscellaneous iron and steel	646,017
Leather	3,223,219
Kerosene oil	2,923,223
Paper	84,243
Oil-cake	60,473
Flour	2,806,620

* For some of these statistics I am indebted to a little book compiled by Mr. Henry B. Miller, the efficient American Consul at Yokohama. Mr. Miller's work is so excellently done that in the comparative dearth of trustworthy Japanese statistical information it is impossible not to wish that he would extend the field of his investigations.

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Without an intervention of Providence favorable to us, the next five years will show some notable changes in these figures, for with few exceptions these are the identical commodities that the Japanese Government plans to produce in Japan and sell to other nations—either plans to produce them, or is already producing them, a fact of which even the lawless Standard Oil Company has been made painfully aware.

These matters and the Japanese purposes become clearer if we take concrete illustrations. Manufactured tobacco and cigarettes, for instance. Once we enjoyed an abundant trade with Japan in these things, for we had taught her to want them, and then joyously we supplied her want at high prices. Thus in the end Japan served copiously to swell the hard-earned treasures of the American Tobacco Trust, for the Japanese were industrious consumers and the Trust could charge what it pleased, having the trade by the throat. But when the Trust had established branch houses and offices and works and invested in them $12,000,000, the Japanese Government concluded that it might as well have the goodly profits as let the Trust have them, so it went into the tobacco business on its own account. It bought factories and stores and passed a law establishing itself in a practical monopoly of the tobacco trade, for no makers of cigarettes, cigars, or tobacco were allowed to sell their products until they had been offered to, and declined by, an agent of the Government—a necessary provision, because in Japan cigarette-making is largely a domiciliary trade. Still there might have been left to the American Trust a chance to compete in quality of product or in some special lines if it had not been for one thing. The Government put an import duty of 250 per cent. on cigarettes and tobacco. Thereupon the American cigarettes vanished faster than their own smoke, and the defeated American Tobacco Trust was glad to sell to the Government (for what it could get) its business and branch houses.

Now in the Japanese shops you will see on shelves formerly loaded with American product nothing but the cigarettes and tobacco of the Japanese Government.

From this trade revolution certain results have followed very suggestive to minds observant of the changing order.

1. The Government furnishes perfectly pure tobacco.

2. The Government derives from the trade the profits that formerly went into the Trust

A JAPANESE STREET DECORATED IN HONOR OF TOGO'S VICTORY.

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FRAGMENTS OF A EUROPEAN-MADE RUSSIAN GUN WRECKED BY TWENTY SHOTS FROM A 28-CENTIMETER JAPANESE GUN.

treasury. The tobacco business has become a great source of public revenue. When the tremendous expenditures of the Russian war strained Japanese resources, the Government raised the prices of tobacco and cigarettes, and it was its operations as a tradesman that enabled it to beat Russia.

Now it has launched itself directly into the international tobacco trade. Having driven the American Tobacco Trust from Japan, the Japanese Government is keenly contending with the Trust for markets elsewhere. It is selling great quantities of its cigarettes and tobacco in Korea and China. It is duplicating American Trust methods by selling abroad for less than it charges at home. With its great advantages in nearness to the market, in its control of transportation charges, in its cheap labor, other tobacco markets have small chance against it, and when it secures the vast Chinese and Korean fields its opportunities for profits will be far beyond any trust's. Who shall compete with it? Who shall say it nay? No combination of individuals, certainly, no company, no firm. Nothing can check it but the opposition of another national trader, and in all the world there is no other national trader to speak of with this.

It has a monopoly of tobacco, it has a monopoly of salt, it has a monopoly of camphor, it will some day have a monopoly of matches, it is most obviously planning other monopolies, it is actively interested in the silk- and cotton-spinning industries, it has vast plans about tea, it is going into the flour business, it is inspiring, directing, or controlling most great industries that it does not absolutely own. And steadily, day after day, year by year, without turning, without pause, it is thrusting the foreigner from the Japanese market, as in its deliberate, resolute way it plans to thrust him from the whole Pacific.

Let me tell you a little story about flour. Japan raises some wheat, but not enough, and for years she has imported heavily of American flour, which is our article of principal export to the Pacific. Years ago Russia leased from China a certain ample territory in Manchuria, now tapped by the Russian railroad. This territory contains some of the best wheat land in the world—undeveloped. The Russians quickly perceived the wheat possibilities of this region and had begun to get it into order and to establish mills and warehouses when the war came on. The silent little brown men, "the nation of imitators," crumpled up the great Russian power like so much burned paper, and among the spoils of their victory was the southern half of that leased Manchurian territory, the choice wheat land, and the railroad that ran through it.

That territory can grow wheat enough to supply all of the present Western Pacific flour trade.

The Japanese Government is now engaged in spotting that region with flour-mills and developing the growing of wheat. In a year or

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two it will be ready to produce flour. No hurry. The Japanese are never hurried. Quietly they plan and scheme; with wondrous skill they build the trap and prepare the tools, and when the proper time comes go forth with certainty to skin the prey.

When the flour time comes for Japan she will be quite well equipped for competition should we or others care to make the issue. For Japan owns the railroad over which the flour must pass, she subsidizes and controls the steamship lines that must transport the flour abroad, she can lay down the flour in Japan or China at any price she pleases. She can control the transportation rates.

Meantime the new Japanese tariff increases by one-half cent a pound the duty on flour, and meantime also in China, where Japanese influence daily becomes stronger, a timely boycott drives out the American product.

"The United States must dominate the Pacific!" shouts an eminent authority, echoed by a large, properly admiring chorus. Yes? Well, if it is meant to dominate the Pacific with a thousand war-ships, that is one thing; if it is meant to dominate it peacefully and commercially, our present chances against the Japanese Government engaged in trade, armed with prohibitive tariffs, reenforced with its steamship lines, railroads, and banks, driven forward by the insistent problem of its population, supported by economic conditions strange, unprecedented, and almost appalling, are not worth prolonged discussion.

Are we quite sure we know what these people can do? Only fifty-three years, remember, since Perry opened the door, and here is a collection of barbarous tribes erected into a great, educated, ambitious, restless, scheming, observing, resourceful nation. Are we sure about them? Observe some figures of their productive energy:

	1893.	1903.
Cotton goods manufact'r'd.	$869,053	$15,545,199
Cotton flannel	2,467,717	5,311,755
Matches	2,240,869	4,986,745
Japanese paper	4,030,558	6,206,615
European paper	1,144,222	3,585,912
Porcelain	1,601,911	3,487,771
Lacquered wares	1,297,850	2,685,712
Bronze and copper wares	357,205	1,433,533
Leathers	.....	1,298,217
Straw plaits	.....	1,942,866

In 1893 there were twenty electric-light companies with a total capitalization of $1,855,300; in 1903 there were sixty-seven companies, lighting 69,328 houses and having a capitalization of $7,714,125.

Are we really sure? When Japan took over the island of Formosa in May, 1895, the place was a chaos of misrule and confusion. I wish I could tell here the whole story of how Japan reduced it to order, straightened out its affairs, established government, and gave it prosperity. I can but mention the fact that in ten years the revenues of the island increased from $2,500,000 to $10,000,000, and every branch of industry has sprung forward, the increased production in some lines being 400 or 500 per cent. I cannot say that our record in the Philippines looks particularly sweet by comparison.

Are we really sure? Look at Japan's shipping records:

	1894.	1904.
Number of home-built steamers in Japanese merchant marine	12	114
Number of foreign-built steamers	23	129
Private shipyards	53	200
Foreign officers of Japanese ships	839	349
Japanese officers of Japanese ships	4,135	17,032

The first Japanese steamship company was organized in 1872. The latest published record contains a list of 124 such companies (including tugboats) with lines covering the Orient, and extending to America, Europe, India, and Australia. The total tonnage of steam and sail under the Japanese flag is now 1,000,000 tons.

Are we sure? Take education. Only fifty-three years since the door was opened and here are 27,128 public schools, 100,000 teachers, more than 6,000,000 pupils.

Percentage of attendance at public schools of all children of school age:

1873	29
1883	51
1893	59
1903	93.23
1905	96.26

In 1873 only 15 per cent. of the girls were at school; in 1903, 89.58 per cent.

Fifty-three years, beginning without education. And now universally educated, unhampered by tradition or medievalism or dry-rot, driven forward inexorably by conditions and ambition into the commercial contest wherein Japan can overwhelm any other nation on earth.

For she has a government that does not hesitate to supplant individual with government enterprises, and she has that working population, intelligent, capable, facile, industrious, orderly, and with a low standard of living.

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CHAPTER XX

THE GOVERNMENT AS BANKER, TRADER, AND TRUST MAGNATE

In front of the war museum at Tokyo is a heap of scrap-iron, being all that is left of a great Krupp gun used by the Russians at Port Arthur. The carriage is in fragments, the barrel is hammered out of shape, the breech-block is shot away, part of the muzzle is missing, the thing is a wreck, pounded to pieces by Japanese shells. And a hundred feet away is the gun that conquered it, the 28-centimeter Japanese rifle that wrought all this havoc. And it stands there and grimly looks down upon its crushed opponent fallen pathetically at its feet. Twenty Japanese shots tore the Russian gun to shreds; but on the Japanese gun are marks of only two balls, and these barely scratched its frame.

And men come and look at these machines and say that here they have seen something typical, something that expresses in visible symbols the spirit of Japanese achievement. Once Japan bought all her artillery abroad of Krupp and Armstrong. But the Japanese mind studied out the principles of Krupp and Armstrong and brooded upon them, and designed improvements upon them, and then this Japanese design was fulfilled by Japanese hands in a Japanese arsenal. Once Japanese troops were trained and drilled in the European tactics. But Japanese officers studied and learned until the European drill-masters had nothing more to teach. Once Japan bought all her small arms in Europe. But a Japanese dissected the Mauser, and sat long hours in study upon it, and from his study evolved an improvement, and now the Japanese army bears Japanese guns made from Japanese designs in a Japanese workshop.

The time came when the Japanese tactics were tested on the field against the best European tactics, when the Japanese rifle was pitted against the Mauser, when that 28-centimeter Japanese gun made duel with the Krupp. And in these tests the European tactics proved worthless, the Japanese rifle triumphed over the Mauser, the Krupp gun was pounded to these memorable fragments.

With a vengeance Japan had bettered her instruction.

And now the great question for the Western world is whether she is not to send us to school in economics as she has opened our eyes in warfare, in her faultless commissariat, for instance, or in her wonderful hospital service.

In old days the experts were wont to derive great satisfaction from proving how wrong were all Napoleon's tactics, how they violated precedent, practise, and all the rules of the game and would have been condemned by the authorities and all the learned writers. He attacked by night, he made forced marches, he performed bewildering flanking movements—all illegitimate and most reprehensible. But he won the victories, which is something never provided by the learned writers; he won the victories and made himself master of Europe and rewrote the art of war to suit himself.

Doubtless it is very wrong for Japan to go into trade and government ownership. Properly conducted governments have no right to become manufacturers, merchants, and transportation agents. All precedent is against it, the learned writers condemn it, the accepted rules of the governmental game forbid it. But there she goes day after day plunging farther upon her evil course, and the plain, practical question for nations like ours is not how far Japan has wandered from the true faith of Adam Smith, but what are we to do to keep our trade from being batted to pieces by her.

For evil as Japan's course may be, no one can deny that it is planned with amazing skill and with a knowledge of Western world conditions both accurate and exasperating, and that it means mischief to the rest of us.

The Japanese Government knows quite well what is going on elsewhere. For years it has been in the habit of quietly sending abroad commissions of its grave, silent, observant citizens to study various conditions. These bodies are wont to beat no tom-toms and to make no proclamations of their errands. Noiselessly they go from place to place to study, to watch, to compare, to weigh, and when they are done they have absorbed every phase of the subject. Thoroughness is the first of the Japanese virtues; when these people embark upon an undertaking they leave nothing for any one else to show them. With these commissions and its own vigilant observations, the Government seems to have mastered about everything worth knowing in the modern European experience, whether of economics or finance. Not a new industry has been established in Japan until the Government has sent one or more of these commissions to study it wherever it exists, to

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study it and what conditions affect it, and how it can be improved, and then report upon it, cold-bloodedly, without enthusiasm, purely on the basis of practical advantage to Japan. Not an important national policy has been adopted without the like deliberate study. If two, three, five years be consumed, if the inquiry lead around the world, no matter. First the whole subject must be turned inside out, then the Government decides whether the enterprise or policy will be to Japan's benefit; and if the judgment be affirmative, the Government proceeds to establish the enterprise or adopt the policy.

One of the first conclusions of this astute Government was that a nation's money-supply is the very heart's blood of its commerce, and that private control of the money-supply not only gives too much power to individuals, but subjects the nation's commerce to many dangers of arbitrary and selfish influences. Hence it arranged to keep in its own hands the control of the Japanese banking business. This is effected through three great institutions, all practically owned by the Government: the Central Bank of Japan (the leading bank of issue and the Government's financial exponent); the Hypothec Bank, whose function is to care for agricultural interests; and the Industrial Bank, whose specialty is to supply manufacturing concerns and to foster trade extension. Besides these the Specie Bank of Yokohama has special functions in looking after foreign commerce. Through these institutions the Government has in its control the vital supply for every commercial interest of Japan.

This tremendous power it next proceeds to use to effect its own purposes in government affairs, and always, in every possible way, to further and extend Japanese trade and industry. It is not content merely to open the door and let its citizens scramble for themselves; it makes sure for them all obtainable advantages and returns. When at the public expense it has gathered by one of its traveling commissions the secrets of any industry, it supplies (through its banks) the capital necessary to establish that industry. By means of this money-supply it becomes in absolute control of that industry; by means of its tariff it gives the industry every advantage in the home market; by means of its subsidized and controlled steamships, every advantage abroad.

Other nations have troubles arising from the private control of the circulating medium. Japan has none. Other countries have troubles arising from the accumulation of wealth and power in the hands of a few. Japan, carefully noting with a discerning eye the problems that assail Western nations, purposes to obviate all such troubles in her own country by making the Trust a definite, legalized, and regulated part and function of the Government instead of an engine against it.

Let me show you how. There is a Brewery Trust in Japan. Once Japan imported all the beer she consumed. After a time she learned how to make her own beer, and at several places breweries were established with Japanese capital. These for a time competed —with the usual result. In 1904 the Government itself conceived, planned, initiated, and organized the Brewery Trust of Japan, and now directs the Trust's operations. Under government direction the Trust has thrived amazingly, and while stupid competition has been eliminated no one has been injured, no one has been garroted or robbed. Meanwhile under government control the amount of beer exported from Japan in 1905 was double the amount exported in 1904, and the amount exported in 1906 will probably double the amount exported in 1905, for under government direction Japan is beginning to seize the beer trade in China and Korea.

Mr. Russell, in the second article on "Japan, the Economic Revolutionist," to appear in August, will continue telling the marvelous results of the application of the Japanese national genius to problems of finance, railroading, and the cultivation of foreign markets.

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"And So They Were Married"

By C. BRYSON TAYLOR

With Illustrations by Bernard J. Rosenmeyer

BURRELL, worrying his way into the corridor of the White House, through the surging jam of cloaked and hooded arrivals, saw at once that the crowd was too great to permit of his finding his friends without a good deal of strenuous endeavor. A line, marshaled by anxious ushers, was winding its way toward the Blue Room, where the Chief Executive and the First Lady of the Land had taken their places at the head of those favored ones invited "behind the line." Portraits of dead greatness looked down upon a chafing sea of white shoulders, of silken robes of state from foreign lands, of the stalwart blue-and-gold of the service; upon heads blond and dark and silvered, upon faces amused and bored, reckless and fatuous.

He started on a systematic search for his missing friends. In the course of it, he entered the conservatory, then the happy hunting-ground for couples on flirtation bent. This was in the days before improvements relegated the conservatory, with other once-prized relics, to historic limbo. Here, screened by plants, one could catch glimpses of the gay figures crowding up and down, and of the scarlet coats of the Marine Band. Not so many couples as usual seemed to have taken advantage of the place, and Burrell, seeing nothing of his friends, turned to go.

And as he did so, his ears caught a sound strangely at variance with the life and gaiety at full tide around him; a small and smothered sob, holding, it seemed, quite as much of wrath as sorrow. Even as he looked about him in perplexity, a woman's voice, from the shadow of a corner screened by a giant rubber-tree, said imperiously:

"Will you please to come here one moment?"

Since he was the only person in sight, he concluded that the request was made to him. The voice was muffled and a trifle unsteady, for all its imperiousness, and Burrell, with a quick wonder as to what was coming, went to meet his fate around the rubber-tree.

He found himself at the entrance of an unexpected bower, facing a girl who sat on the rim of the tub of a brilliant poinsettia, and looked at him with great eyes heavy with tears. She was fair and young, with heavy hair of lustrous bronze held in a quaint fashion at the nape of her white neck by a net of pearls. Her gown—to save his life Burrell could not have told what her gown was like, for in the first glance he had of her, she seemed all gold and green. He stood staring unashamedly, his stalwart figure blocking the only means of egress from the embowered corner; she looked back at him, playing nervously with a fan which swung from a long chain of emeralds. She spoke first, in a soft and husky voice which held more than a touch of accent.

"Really, I'm—I'm a great deal more frightened than you are! I won't b-bite, but I must speak to you even if it is not proper. I am running away from Count—from a man, and I cannot find my people, and will you please to take me to my carriage? I will not keep you but a little moment, really, but it is quite important that I should go at once."

"I shall be delighted," said Burrell promptly. "I'm very glad that it was I who happened along just now——"

"So am I," she said frankly, and smiled up at him. He thought her smile adorable when it touched her lips and brought out an entirely bewitching dimple in her flushed cheek, but when it crept into her eyes it went directly to his head. They were long-lashed and heavy-lidded, those eyes, and in the back of his mind he wondered frantically whether they were green or gray or blue. Whatever they were, he knew that they must be quite right, and not to be improved upon. But the smile died, and left her grave.

"I—am a stranger here," she said hurriedly. "I suppose it is not right, what I do, but I cannot help it. That man, he has been looking for me all the evening, and I do not

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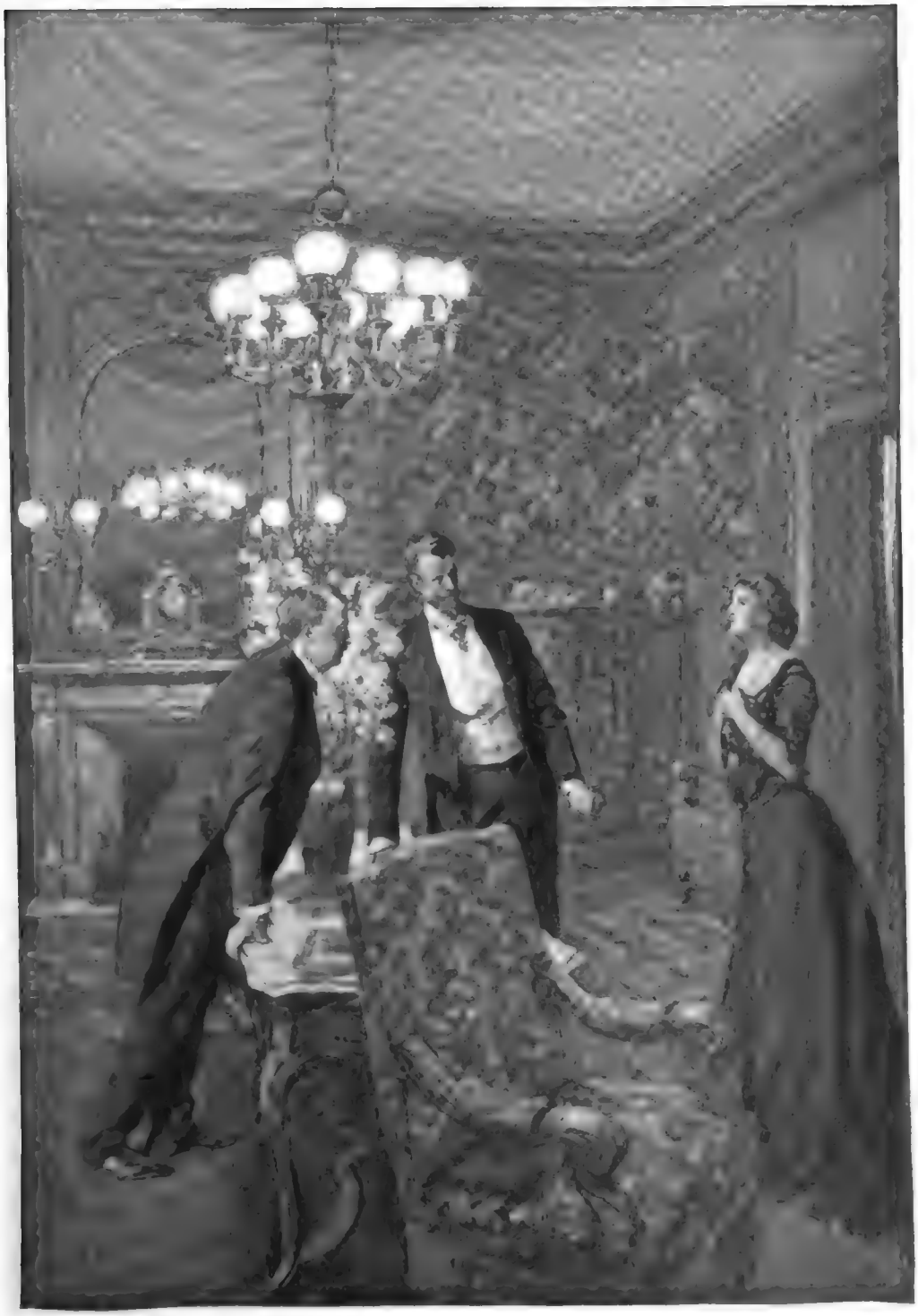

"I CANNOT BE YOUR WIFE, MONSIEUR, WHEN ANOTHER CALLS ME WIFE."

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wish to see him. My—my friends wish that I should see him, and so I am going home."

"Where is your carriage check?" Burrell asked.

She repeated his words in evident surprise.

"Carriage check? But I have none. Monsieur d'Arny has it, I suppose. I thought I would go home, very quickly, now, and send the carriage back for them."

"It makes no difference," said Burrell. "Though it will probably take a bit more time. Will you take my arm?"

She laid her gloved fingers on his arm, standing tall and slim beside him, a golden lily swaying on its stem. He had never heard of a golden lily, but at the instant the simile seemed entirely natural and appropriate.

"Is there a back way we can get out?" she asked anxiously. "That man—monsieur, I must not see him!"

He stood looking down into her eyes with that in his own of which he was wholly and happily unaware, but which made her flush a trifle more brilliant, her eyes more shy.

"A foreigner," he thought rapidly. "With the d'Arnys. Clue number one." Aloud he said firmly and more rashly than he was at all aware:

"Surely you shall not see him if you do not wish to. I'll take care of that."

Her glance of gratitude came perilously near making him more than ever rash. They made their way from the conservatory into the corridor toward the entrance. Many glances followed them, a handsome couple, he matching her flowerlike grace with his easy strength. He got her wrap, and put her into it, and the perfume of her bronze-gold hair added to the havoc her beauty had wrought. He hurried into his own coat, and, pushing his way through the crowd, rejoined her at the entrance, to find her glancing among the people with frightened eyes.

"I have seen him!" she whispered anxiously. "He is looking for me. Oh, please, let us hurry!"

Outside, the great arc-light of the porte-cochère cast its frosty radiance on the throng of carriages crowding the wide semicircular drive, on the waiting footmen, uneasily alert, seeking their masters among the departing guests. A voice was bawling numbers through a megaphone; there was a continual clatter of hoofs. Carriages rolled up, received their loads, and whirled away. "Mister d'Arny's carriage!" was howled for at intervals. The confusion became momently greater as more people left. The girl unexpectedly clutched at Burrell's arm.

"Oh, *mon Dieu*—there he is—by the pillar! Monsieur, for the love of Heaven take me away—do not let him see me!"

Her fear and distress were obvious. Bur-

THE WEDDING-PARTY STARTED, ATTENDED BY THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

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rell, in a hasty glance around, saw a tall man in a fur-lined coat, bearded, dark, and with eager eyes. He was searching among the crowd, his hawklike gaze flashing from face to face. Burrell turned so as to place himself between the foreigner and his frightened charge. A policeman, purple with cold, ran up to them.

"Misther Downey's carriage, is ut? Here ye are, sorr—right at the shteps!"

The girl started forward with an exclamation of relief, Burrell keeping close beside her. A smart brougham was standing at the steps, its big bay prancing in the traces. Into it the girl sprang with a swirl of green draperies, crying to the muffled figure on the box: "Home—quickly—quickly!"

There was a sudden commotion on the steps. The girl caught Burrell's arm as he was closing the carriage door.

"He has seen—he is coming!" she exclaimed. "Monsieur—he will follow—you must come with me! Oh, be quick—be quick!" Her hands were fluttering on his arm, beseeching, urgent.

There was a shout—"Hold on there!"—a man's figure breaking through the crowd of footmen. The girl fell back in her corner, her hands before her face. Burrell shouted to the driver: "Go ahead, quick!" sprang in, and slammed the door as the horse leaped forward. In an instant they were flashing down the drive and the way into the avenue was clear before them.

Burrell drew a long breath of amazement; the girl gave a half-sob of relief.

"You're safe now," he assured her, with no smallest idea as to that from which she was safe. A hand slid out of the shelter of the lace cloak.

"You are so good to me—how can I ever thank you!" a very soft voice murmured. Burrell took the hand, and being by no means recovered from his attack of rashness, raised it gallantly to his lips.

"That man, he is so wicked!" said his fair convoy. She drew her hand away and patted her hair into shape. "He is a Russian, a count, and he wants to marry me. He has bought me, and now because I will not marry him——"

"He has what?" Burrell ejaculated.

"Bought me," repeated his charge calmly. "Do not men buy wives in your country? You see, I am a stranger—I do not know. He is wealthy—my faith, it is incredible. And he saw me in Paris, a long time ago—a year, two years, maybe—and he said to Monsieur d'Arny, who is my uncle and my guardian—'I will give you so much if you permit that I shall marry that girl.' And Monsieur d'Arny, he is not rich, and he thinks—'I have fed and dressed that girl all these years—now it is time that I recompense myself.'"

"Do you mean to tell me that your guardian has sold you in cold blood to this Russian?" Burrell demanded with indignation.

"But yes, monsieur—it is the same as that. I am worth eight hundred thousand francs. That is—eh, I cannot do it in your money without the pencil and paper."

"Are you French?" Burrell asked.

"Truly no!" said the girl. "I am American." At his exclamation of surprise she explained hastily. "My parents died in France when I was a very little baby, and left me to Monsieur d'Arny to bring up. He put me in the convent du Sacré Cœur, and I did not know I was American until the sisters told me a little time ago. And then—somehow I was so glad!"

"And about this Russian?" Burrell suggested. The strangeness of the situation ceased to trouble him; he forgot his friends, who, presumably, were awaiting him at the White House; forgot everything save this low-browed, bronze-haired beauty who was telling him her woes as frankly as though he had known her all her life.

"Last night, monsieur, this Russian came in our house. Monsieur d'Arny sent for me, and said—'Alais——'"

"Her name is Alais!" thought Burrell exultantly.

"'Monsieur the count does you the honor to ask your hand in marriage, and I have consented. You will be very happy, my dear; the count loves you devotedly, and the marriage will take place two months hence, when I shall take you to Paris.' And I had seen the count but two times or three in my life! Then he went away, and left me with him. It—oh, it was horrible!"

Suddenly she began to cry, softly, so that Burrell set his teeth.

"To-night he found me, the count, and got me away from my aunt, and I could not keep him from making love before all the people. I was disgusted, and so frightened, and I sent him to get me a scarf, and then I ran away. But I cannot run away for always."

They fell silent, vividly conscious each of the other. Burrell was a man, in his world and of it. Much knocking about that world

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had rubbed away most of his sharp corners, leaving the smooth, marble-hard surface of worldly wisdom, polished by experience. The girl might be an adventuress, or an innocent catspaw for deeper schemes, acting her part either exceedingly well or exceedingly badly; she might be any number of things—or she might be exactly what she represented herself. He glanced at her as the carriage rolled under an electric light.

"Now don't make an ass of yourself, my friend!" he muttered severely.

"I beg your pardon!" said the girl anxiously. "Perhaps I did not understand quite——"

"I was merely speaking to myself!" said Burrell hastily. "I do it sometimes when I'm thinking very hard——"

He stopped, for the girl made a motion forward, as one seized by a new idea.

"If I were married to some other man, the count could not get me?" she inquired tentatively.

"Surely not," Burrell affirmed.

She considered, her pretty head on one side.

"Then, it will be quite easy. Monsieur, will you marry me?"

Burrell suppressed an insane desire to laugh aloud. Was the girl joking? He stole an agonized glance at her from the corners of his eyes. Her gaze was on him, frankly appealing.

"Why—er—" he stammered brilliantly.

"You are not married already?" she asked with a shade of nervous alarm in her voice.

"Oh, no—certainly not!" he answered hastily.

"I have thought it all out," she told him. "It would be only for a little while, you see. And I cannot think of anything else to do. Your eyes are kind—I think you would be nice for just that little while. And I, myself"—she hesitated—"I am thought by one man to be worth more than half a million francs. I have twenty years; I am well brought up—why do you not speak? Do you not wish to do it? But perhaps I am not pretty enough for monsieur's taste!" Her voice held a hint of wounded pride.

"You are utterly beautiful," said Burrell, when his mingled emotions would let him speak. "But this—if you don't mind my saying so!—has been—well, a bit sudden." He laughed nervously. "That sounds abominably like a parody on the comic papers, doesn't it?"

"It will be quite easy!" she broke in eagerly. "All you must do is to say—'I, whoever you are, take thee, Alais Venoble, to be my wife'—and I say—'I, Alais Venoble, take you, whoever you are, to be my husband.' Then you will give me a ring, and I will wear it in my bosom as the ladies do in the books. And when my uncle will give me to that wicked man, I will pull out that ring, and say: 'I am out of your power; here is my ring—another calls me wife.' Then the count cannot have me, and my uncle will send me out of the house. Oh, I read just how to do it in a novel which a working girl brought once to the convent. It is the only novel I have ever read, and when the sisters found it out I wished I had not read that one."

"Good heavens, child!" said Burrell in despair. "Don't you realize what a mess you'd get yourself into?"

"Monsieur, what else can I do? What will it cost you to say those little words? My uncle shall never know whose ring it is; I will never name your name to any one. It will not bring you trouble, I promise you—and when I am free from them I will send back the ring, and you will forget it all, and it will be as though it had never happened."

"But what will you do when you get away?" Burrell asked anxiously.

"I have a friend, but I cannot go to her until I know where she is," said Alais. "She is from her home, where I have sent the letter to be forwarded to her, and it will take time to reach her and to get her answer. Oh, yes, I shall be all right then. But it is for the now—my uncle and the count will not wait for that! Monsieur, it will not harm you in any way—just so I can say—you have called me—your wife—" Her voice fluttered. "Oh, I am dreadful to say this! But I am not bad—I am not wicked! It is but that I must help myself, and I do not know how!"

Her voice broke; a sob caught her slender throat. Burrell's world whirled with him.

"I—for God's sake don't cry!" he said desperately. "If you think it will do you any good, I'll do it——"

Her sob turned into a little croon of joy. She caught his hand with no more consciousness than a child might have shown.

"Oh, you are good to me! It is a so easy way, is it not? Will it be so hard to call me your wife for just that little time?"

She leaned to him in her eagerness, and again the perfume of her hair stole into his senses. His hand closed over hers. He felt

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the lace cloak pressed against his shoulder, the magnetic flutter of the slim fingers in his grasp——

"What do you wish me to do?" he said somewhat unsteadily.

"I will say it first," said Alais's eager voice. "Have you a ring?" She looked at the plain gold band on the fourth finger of the big hand still firmly closed over her own.

Quite unconsciously Burrell's face changed. His saner mind warned him that women are clever when men are weak. But if she really was in trouble—if she thought she had taken the only way out of her difficulty, it was not his place to throw obstacles in her way, knowing as little as he did about her case.

"It was my mother's wedding-ring," he said. "She left it to me to keep for the girl who is to be my wife." There was a slight pause.

"That—is sacred," said the girl below her breath. Her great eyes, clear and innocent as a child's, sought his. "And this—what I am asking you to do—is not worthy of it—is to you a foolishness which you can forgive only because it is feminine, even though it may mean much to me. Is it not so?"

"Yes," said Burrell honestly. "But I can see it does mean something to you. This—" he slipped the ring from his finger—"is the dearest thing I have in the world. I would lose anything I own rather than this."

"I had a mother once," said Alais very low. "If I had her now—oh, *maman, maman!*—I should not be asking help of strangers!"

Again he took her hand, patting it awkwardly and consolingly, and bent to look into her averted face.

"There, don't cry! We'll pull out of this somehow. You sha'n't marry the count—you sha'n't ever do anything you don't want to do—" He pulled himself up in confusion. "It's all foolish, but we're going to be foolish together, and we'll make our friend the count the most foolish of the lot. Here—pull off this glove—you can't be married with gloves on!"

He stripped the long white glove from her left hand, and put it into his pocket—for safekeeping. He held the small cold hand tightly, and slipped the ring on her finger, and the leaping of pulse to pulse almost cost him his voice.

"I, Robert Ames Burrell, take you, Alais Venoble, to be my wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or worse——"

She stopped him with a gasp.

"Oh, but that is enough! All I want is that you should say I am your wife, so that I shall not tell quite all a lie—" She drew back from him with a quick change of tone. "How I am foolish! You will go away and laugh at me, and I shall deserve it——"

"No, by Heaven, I won't!" said Burrell. His voice also changed. "My wife—would it be better than the count, Alais? Perhaps—who knows? Stranger things have happened——"

"Now it is you who are foolish!" said Alais severely. "I have told you just what it will be."

"It's your turn now," said Burrell.

Obedient, she began, with a hesitation which was not lost upon him. Burrell was an astute young man.

"I, Alais Venoble, take you, Robert Ames Burrell, to be my husband—" She stopped short. "I did not know it would be so bad as this!" she said naively. "Somehow it—it is all different from what it was those little moments ago!"

Burrell's soul began to shout a pæan of triumph.

"The difference is in us," he said sagely. "We're not strangers any more, you see—that makes the difference. It isn't any different really——"

She looked at him through the gloom with grave eyes of wonder.

"You are—different," she said in perplexity.

"It's gone to my head a little, that's all," said Burrell. "Did you ever hear of a man remaining perfectly normal while getting married? Alais—" he leaned nearer—"doesn't a husband usually kiss his wife?"

She drew back a trifle.

"How should I know?" she murmured. He gave her time for no more. He drew an armful of lace cloak into his embrace, grim determination in his face and quaking terror in his heart, and heard a smothered and scandalized exclamation from the midst of it. And then Fate and the coachman worked his way; the carriage lurched, throwing fairly upon his breast a white face from which two shadowy eyes gleamed upon him and two lips parted with a gasp of quick fright. He bent his head, and his lips found those other lips and held them.

"Alais! Why need it be all pretense?" he whispered blindly. "Can't we make it come out true?" But instantly he released

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her. "I beg your pardon!" he said huskily. "I—I was wrong to have done that. I was a brute to forget myself so—but I mean it—I——"

"Please—you must not talk to me like this!" she said. "You have helped me, oh, so much, and I—you cannot know how grateful I am because I have not words to tell you. Now we are at home."

The carriage stopped.

"Will you not tell me where to send this ring back to you?" she said demurely. "I will be so very careful of it."

"I am sure you will," he hastened to say. "Address me at the Metropolitan Club."

He helped her to the sidewalk.

"The carriage will take you where you wish to go," she told him.

Insensibly, in a breath, their conversation had returned to a footing entirely conventional. He a society man, she a society girl—and beneath their calm exterior the memory of the scene just past lingered, throbbing in the minds of both. She tendered her carriage to him—and felt again the strength of his arms about her, when she had rested a moment against his heart. He gave her his address quite calmly and rationally—and felt again the quiver of her soft lips under the quick passion of his. She dared not look at him; he could not keep his eyes from her.

He declined the carriage, and she sent it away. He helped her up the broad stone steps of the house.

"I must see you again," he said, standing bareheaded on the step below her. "Will you let me know how things go with you? Your uncle is probably a member of the club; I'll make an opportunity of meeting him, and get his permission to call. And if you want help—if the count proves too strong for you, will you send for me? Promise!"

The door was opened by a sleepy maid.

"I—promise!" she said shyly, and ran inside with a swirl of fluffy skirts. The door closed.

"Now it's up to me!" said Burrell grimly, and felt for the long white glove in his inner pocket.

II

Count Boris entered the d'Arnys' library, tall, well-groomed, in evening dress. Alais, reading in one of the big chairs and awaiting the announcement of dinner, rose and went toward the door. But the count, suave, always courteous, blocked her way.

"Will mademoiselle honor me one moment? I have something to say before monsieur your uncle appears. He was good enough to invite me to dine; I came early, hoping to see you."

Alais stopped unwillingly.

"Alais, why do you seek to avoid me?" said the count with a change of tone. "All this week you have escaped me. Not since the night at the White House have I seen you." He stood looking down on her ruddy hair, his eyes veiled and watchful. Alais moved one shoulder and looked at the toe of a red slipper.

"Because I did not wish to see you, monsieur," she answered.

His mouth hardened.

"Are you not pledged to me by your uncle's consent? Have you been brought up in France for nothing? Is not a French girl supposed to abide by her guardian's choice?"

"You forget, monsieur, that I am not a French girl," said Alais. "American girls are not sold——"

The count raised his eyebrows.

"Without their own consent," finished Alais gravely. "I do not wish to be sold—to you, monsieur. That is final."

"Pardon!" said the count. His voice lost a trifle of its suavity; as Alais drew back he came a step nearer. "Your uncle has selected me to be your husband. What can you say that will alter that? What is the use of resisting? I love you—shall I then give you up?"

He caught her wrist, and beneath his fingers her white flesh reddened.

"Monsieur, you forget yourself! Is it because you love me that you insult me?" said Alais steadily. "You are stronger than I; if I resist you will use your strength. And I am not a chambermaid, to scratch and scream."

"You are a strange girl," said the count, with covetous eyes upon her. He bent his head, and Alais shivered.

"*Eh bien*, are you coming to dinner at all?" said a querulous voice from the doorway. "It has been announced to you twice."

The count released Alais and wheeled. D'Arny stood on the threshold, a pink and portly person, with a small black waxed mustache and prominent eyes. He rubbed his hands at sight of the count's abrupt motion. "I am sorry to interrupt, my chil-

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dren, but it is necessary that we finish dinner early, that there may be time for preparations. Alais, I trust you have reconsidered your decision not to appear. It is my wish that you shall be present to-night. As you know, your aunt is to have a large reception, and I desire that your betrothal to Count Boris shall be announced."

Alais turned red and then white. Visibly she nerved herself to speak.

"What you desire is impossible, Uncle Jean. I . . . shall not become engaged to monsieur the count."

The count laughed into his intended's eyes. D'Arny brought his fist down on the library table.

"Why not?" he demanded.

Alais hesitated, and the count seized his chance.

"Monsieur, if you will permit me to woo and win my wife, it is possible that the engagement may be announced with less loss of time."

"I cannot be your wife, monsieur," said Alais, low-voiced, "when another already calls me his wife."

The count stared; d'Arny leaned forward, his hands gripping the table edge.

"What is this?" he demanded wrathfully. "Understand, *ma petite*, that this is not a joke."

"I understand!" said Alais. She put her hand to her throat, and her fingers touched a thin gold chain which lost itself in the laces of her gown. "If you had spoken of this before, you would have seen how it is impossible. Now it is too late."

D'Arny swore.

"A marriage clandestine! This is infamous! I will have it annulled. Who is the scoundrel?"

"I will not tell you if you call him bad names," said Alais, sweetly. The count, studying her face, interposed.

"How long since did this marriage which so destroys my hopes take place, mademoiselle?"

"Not so long ago," said Alais, calmly.

"Was it in this country, mademoiselle, or in France?"

"In this country," said Alais, and flushed scarlet with memories.

But d'Arny was marshaling his forces as a guardian and an uncle. He addressed his niece with grave authority.

"Do you realize how serious this is, my child? By whom was this marriage performed, and who witnessed it?" His voice was suspiciously gentle. "You will comprehend that it is most necessary that I find out about this matter at once."

"Ask me what questions you will, my uncle," said Alais. "I think that I can answer them all. But not before strangers. There is no need to obtrude our affairs upon monsieur."

The count lost his temper.

"Strangers—name of a little dog! Monsieur d'Arny, you will pardon if I look with doubt upon this story of your niece's. It is a clever scheme—yet I think it is only a scheme. How is it that one hears no word of this amazing marriage until now? If it is true"—his voice was deliberate—"you are clever to have kept your secret so well, *ma belle*."

Alais pulled out the golden chain from the neck of her gown. From it there swung a plain gold ring. She took it off, and held it out to them on her palm.

"Here is my ring!" she said. Her heart was beating hard, but she kept her eyes upon her uncle's face. Would they believe? Were they really so stupid, so easily fooled, as to believe? "I have not worn it before, since I wished to keep my secret. Now I see that the time has come to speak." She slipped the ring upon her finger. "Monsieur the count, I have the honor to decline your suit for very good and sufficient reasons. Some day I hope to have the pleasure of presenting to you my—my husband."

So far all had gone well. Perhaps she had carried it to an extreme point—in her mental excitement she could not tell. She had spoken calmly, collectedly. Now the amazed face of her uncle, the incredulous horror of his round eyes, the chagrin and baffled rage of the count's dark face were suddenly too much for her. She sank back in her chair, overcome with helpless laughter.

"Oh, but it is droll!" she cried, her voice rising hysterically. "If he could see you now, and what I have done—*mon Dieu*, he would die with it!"

The count looked frightened, d'Arny more angry than ever. Madame d'Arny entered the room, as though at her cue for a stage-entrance. Ordinarily she was a timid woman, who rarely raised her eyes above your top waistcoat button; but now she fairly pushed her husband aside and put her arm about the girl's shaking shoulders.

"Come with me, my dear," she said quietly. "There has been enough of this.

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Jean, open the door! The child will be in hysterics."

D'Arny obeyed with alacrity; hysterics were something with which he wished to have nothing at all to do.

"When she is recovered, bring her downstairs," he commanded. "She is not ill, and I must insist that she help you to receive our guests. That is sufficient."

Burrell, entering d'Arny's house upon d'Arny's own invitation, found Garvin in the hall, struggling with a pair of abnormally tight kid gloves, and hailed him. He had maneuvered Garvin into introducing him to d'Arny at the club the week before; and d'Arny, taking a fancy to his new acquaintance's genial face and obvious friendliness, had sought him out and finally invited him, in all innocence, to the last reception of the season. Garvin was a solidly built young man, with cheeks as pink as d'Arny's own, and thin dark hair worn long enough to be brushed artfully over the baldness of his crown. Him Burrell pushed relentlessly into a corner. Burrell's manner betrayed nothing unusual to Garvin's surprised gaze; it was only perhaps that his square jaw was a trifle firmer set, his gray eyes somewhat more steely. But at his words the stout one gasped in incredulous delight.

"Tom, I told you something of what happened at the White House recently, didn't I? And I told you why I wanted an introduction to d'Arny, and you said you'd help me. Didn't you?"

"Well, I guess yes," said Garvin briefly and emphatically. "What's doing now?"

"This morning I got a note from her," said Burrell. He specified no further, but Garvin's eyes began to twinkle with entire comprehension. "She said that they were too much for her; they didn't believe the story she had concocted about being married, and told her to prove it. She returned my ring, and said it was no use fighting any longer; the engagement was to be announced tonight." His voice dropped to a husky note of fury. "There were tear-blots on the paper—*tears*, man! She had been crying. What the devil are you grinning at? Now I'm going to take the game into my own hands—and the law, too. You needn't object; she's the only one to do any objecting in this. I'm going now to find her. I want you to stay here by the door, where I can get you when I want you. Whatever I tell you to do, you do it first and talk afterward if you've got anything to say. My motor-car is standing two doors up the street on the north side. You'll know where to find it if you need it."

He disappeared into the crowd that was moving into the reception-room, and Garvin looked after him with sparkling eyes of anticipation.

"Looks as though Bob was going to move things around some!" he commented, and took his station by the door.

Burrell went through room after room with a speed which in the circumstances amounted to recklessness. She was not with her uncle, nor with madame, nor with the count. The latter at the moment was visibly writhing in the clutches of an ancient dame with four marketable daughters, so that Burrell blessed the old lady, and hurried on. And in a corner under the stairs, dimly lighted by a single crimson-shaded lamp, he found her.

She was sitting in a low chair beneath the lamp, her figure relaxed in the pose of one who has suddenly given out under long-continued strain. Burrell's hands clenched and his lips tightened as he watched her a moment unseen. Soft shadows fell upon her white shoulders; the jet trimmings of her dress stirred with her breathing. She raised one hand, very quietly, and brushed the slow tears from her eyes. Burrell stepped into the corner and stood looking down at her. She started, and half rose, and sank back again with a quick catch of breath.

"You!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I," said Burrell. "I'm here tonight by your uncle's invitation. I've come—" He stopped. "I've come to tell you that I love you, and to ask you to marry me, now, within the hour."

She looked up at him in startled silence, her eyes wide and dark.

"I've seen you five times," said Burrell, steadily. "You've seen me once. Yet I'm asking you to marry me, to trust yourself to me, and let me stand between you and those who are hunting you down."

"To trust you!" she repeated. The old child-look slipped away from her face, leaving it for a moment strange with a new sweetness. "That is what women must do—always, to trust as they would in God. It is so easy to say, and it means so much! Do men ever know how much? Could I trust you?" Her eyes searched him.

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"Before God—yes!" said Burrell. He dropped on one knee before her chair, a hand on either arm of it. "We played a game together, Alais, you and I, and for me the game has turned out earnest. I love you—I think I loved you from the moment I saw you sitting in the greenhouse with the red flowers behind you. You know nothing of me, but if you'll take me, on—on trust, I'll never give you cause to regret it. I'm just an average sort of fellow; I've gone the pace with the rest of them, but I've never done anything I'd be ashamed to own up to."

She leaned back, her troubled eyes seeking to read what was written in the face on a level with her own.

"If—I married you, the count——"

"*When* you marry me, you'll have nothing further to do with the count," said Burrell. Again his eyes turned steely, even as they rested on her own. "That will be my business."

Suddenly she hid her eyes from him.

"I do not know—oh, I do not know!" she said tremulously. "I am all alone—they are all against me; even my aunt would see me marry with him. I do not know you—but I do know—him. When he looks at me as though—as though—" She choked back a sob, and Burrell's hand tightened on the arm of her chair. "You do not look at me like that! Your eyes are kind—oh, help me, and tell me what it is that I must do!"

Burrell rose to his feet. His face was quite white and his eyes were burning.

"Marry me!" he said swiftly. "Give me the right to take care of you, to keep that beast away from you. Alais, come to me! Am I not better than the count? Do you fear me as you fear him?"

"You—would be good to me?" said Alais low and breathlessly.

"So help me God, I will!" he answered. But her eyes wavered and fell. "Oh, go—please, please go for a little moment! I must think—you are giving me no time—and there is no time! It is to-night—there is no time at all!"

She hid her face in her hands, and the crimson lamp touched her dark hair to golden lights. He stood an instant looking at her bent head, and turned and left her.

Straight to Garvin he went, where the latter stood faithful at his post. His face was white and his eyes glittered, but his voice was even and controlled.

"Tom, take the car and go down to Burke Fraser's as quick as the Lord'll let you. Find him wherever he is and get a license from him—he's a good friend of mine since that police-court affair two years ago, and he'll do all he can for you. I don't care how you fix it so long as the thing is straight. On your way back, stop at Dr. Bache's. The rectory's just this side of Saint Timothy's church. Say you came from me, and I want to be married as quick as he can manage it. Then blow your horn twice outside here, and we'll—we'll come. I've got her carried half off her feet—" for the first time his tense voice shook—"now it's up to you. Hustle the car all you can, for God's sake!"

"Trust *me!*" said Garvin, and bolted for the door.

Burrell went back to the corner with the crimson-shaded lamp. At his approach the girl rose.

"They have sent for me," she said, with a desperate calmness in her low voice. "My uncle wishes at supper to announce my betrothal to the count."

Burrell came close to her.

"Alais, is it yes?"

A long moment she looked at him, and he met her gaze squarely, with honest eyes. She held out her hand, white, and ringless, and trembling.

"I will trust you," she said softly.

Burrell took the hand and kissed it.

"Will you get a cloak at once, please?" he asked. "We must be ready to go to the minister's as soon as my friend returns to say the arrangements are made. When I explain matters to your uncle and his—his friend, I intend to leave absolutely no room for doubt."

She looked startled.

"I—did not think so soon!" she murmured. She made a motion toward the door, but turned back to him. "Perhaps I may be selfish, to save myself through you. But I will try—oh, truly I will try to be a good wife to you, and please you——"

"You'll find me a very easy person to please," said Burrell lightly, seeing her perilously near a breakdown. He smiled down into her misty eyes. "I'll promise not to beat you, if you'll promise not to throw dishes at me."

Her gurgle of laughter was music to him. She went up-stairs, looking down at him over the banisters, and he watched her with a light upon his face which was not altogether from the crimson-shaded lamp.

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A horn sounded twice outside. Burrell held out his hand to Alais. She glanced at him, half frightened, half pleading, and met his answering smile. The lace cloak concealed her black dress; a black scarf, thrown over her hair, half hid her face. An unsuspecting footman opened the door for them.

At the wheel of the panting car sat Garvin, bareheaded and triumphant. In the tonneau sat a policeman.

"I'm arrested, for making haste swiftly," Garvin greeted them with glee. "I couldn't stop, and this fellow wouldn't let me go, so I brought him along. He'll come in first rate as a witness."

"Sorry, sir," said the policeman civilly. "I'll have to take the gentleman back with me, but I don't mind if he sees you through first if I'm along. I'll get in front so you can sit behind with your lady. He was doing an easy forty."

The wedding-party started, attended by the majesty of the law.

A faint light glowed through the windows of the church as Garvin brought the car to a stop before the door. They trooped through the side entrance, taking the policeman with them in spite of his evident desire to sit in the car and wait.

In the church midnight stillness reigned. The great golden cross on the altar gleamed upon them from the gloom. A figure in flowing robes came down the chancel steps.

"This is good of you, doctor," said Burrell. "I want you to meet my fiancée, Miss Venoble, Dr. Bache. I suppose my friend gave you an idea of the case?"

Dr. Bache's gray-bearded, kindly face softened as Alais put back the shrouding scarf.

"He has arranged for you," he said. "I know of no reason why I should not perform the ceremony for you. I take a special interest in you, Miss Venoble, for I have known Robert ever since his childhood, and have looked upon him almost as one of my own sons."

The girl looked at him with grateful eyes. But the doctor's eye was caught by the policeman's uniform. He turned an obviously inquiring glance on Burrell.

"He's mine," explained the best man hastily, catching the look. "We brought him along to have the law on our side as well as the church. Can't we—er—begin?"

The light at the altar fell upon them softly, showing forth the group against the velvet gloom of the church. Dr. Bache opened his book. His deep voice rolled sonorously through the emptiness of nave and transept.

Burrell slipped the plain gold ring once more upon the girl's finger.

"I, Robert, take thee, Alais, to be my wife, to have and to hold from this day forward . . ."

Alais lifted her head, swaying toward him, and for the first time looked at him across the darkness.

Then it was all over, and the game had become a bit of real and throbbing life. Again they were standing in the corner under the crimson-shaded lamp—wholly forgetful of the devoted best man, who had departed, grinning, with the majesty of the law, to meet his fate. Burrell helped the girl out of the lace cloak, making no effort to touch her although his eyes were eager. But Alais looked at him under her lashes, her lips trembling to a smile.

"Doesn't—a husband—usually kiss his wife, monsieur?" she murmured.

The lace cloak slipped to the floor. His arms closed about her, and she raised her hands to his shoulders and lifted her face to his.

"Now we'll go in and let uncle announce it," said Burrell.

Brotherhood

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

GOD, what a world!—if men in street and mart
Felt that same kinship of the human heart
Which makes them, in the face of flame and flood,
Rise to the meaning of true brotherhood.

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The Glorious Fourth

By EUGENE WOOD

Author of "Back Home," etc.

Illustrations by J. R. Shaver

THEY say every dog has his day. I don't remember just when the dog-days come—some time in hot weather, I believe—but I'll swear the Fourth of July isn't one of them.

I never had a hunting-dog, so I am prepared to believe that one of them might put up with the boisterous noises that gunpowder makes. Perhaps he might even come to find that the shotgun's disconcerting bang! which at first made him jump part way out of his hide, imparted to his nerves a titillating rasp, very desirable. But when I consider the Fourth of July as related to dogs I have in mind the ordinary four-legged garbage-can, the dear companion of our youth, Maje, or Tige, or Bounce, or Gyp, or Fido, or Spot, or whatever he was named, that long ago has gone before us in the way we too must walk one day. Poor old dog! When he laid his muzzle on our knee, and looked so longingly at us with his big brown eyes, I know his soul flung itself despairingly at the thin partition of speechlessness that separated him from us. Poor old dog! He was neither useful nor ornamental. He was just a hanger-on, and could pay for his keep only with his company, but he was none the less beloved for all that. Lots of men have no better excuse for being.

On other feasts and fasts, when anything was going on, he was right there, Johnny-on-the-Spot, close to the footlights in the center of the stage, but on the Nation's Birthday his native modesty asserted itself and he withdrew from public gaze.

"How would it be," we asked each other after the first few firecrackers, when an awfully funny notion struck us, "how would it be if we took and tied—" The knowing look passed from eye to eye. "Where is he? H-yuh Spot! H-yuh Spot! H-yuh! H-yuh! Whoo-eet!"

Wouldn't he act funny, though? He wouldn't know what struck him. H-yuh Spot! Why, where was the darn dog?

For he came not bounding to us, wiping his paws on our clean waists that our Ma had put on us that day with: "Now, don't burn any holes in that," and "Don't you get it to looking like a mop inside of five minutes." He did not leap upon us, licking our faces in moist caress. We hunted him high and low.

"H-yuh Spot! H-yuh Spot!—The barn! Betchy anything he's in under the barn."

We sought the hole he usually crawled in. Away, 'way over in the far corner we made out two flaming red disks, that bashfully averted themselves when we began our blandishments.

"Noi-oi-oice old doggie! Ya-a-ase, he was a noice old fellah. *Come* here. *Come* here." In vain we fluted the word "Come" and expressed an almost tearful affection. We could hear his tail thump, and he whined as much as to say he'd like awfully to oblige, but really we'd have to excuse him this time.

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Now, what I want to know is: What put him wise to what we were up to? Was it talked around in dog society about firecrackers tied to tails? There was a forsaken, homeless fice came down South Main Street on a Fourth, and made friends with a fellow

YOU FELT THE SHIVERS RUNNING ALL OVER YOU.

in front of Ryan's place, a fellow with a keen sense of humor, who would sacrifice a whole pack of firecrackers as lief as not. Well, sir, that dog just about tore up the earth getting away from there when the popping began. He banged into everything, and squalled "Ah-oop! Ah-oop!" in shrill falsetto. The funniest thing you ever heard of. Aaron Williams, who kept the tin-shop, like to hurt himself laughing He screamed, and slapped his legs, and stamped on the ground in an ecstasy of mirth. The fice crawled under the tin-shop (which was right next to the cooper-shop) and it promptly took fire and burned to the ground. Aaron laughed out of the other side of his mouth at that.

But, even suppose Spot had heard talk of that, how could he remember? It's a mighty long time from one Fourth of July to another, I'll have you understand. (Or at least it used to be so. It's got so now they whiz a-past so fast you get a crick in the neck from watching them.) Why should a dog remember that firecrackers are dangerous things, when a boy can't? I'll bet you any money that this coming Fourth there'll be at least half a dozen boys who will wonder (all new, as if it had never been done before) if the fuse of a giant firecracker hasn't gone out, and will blow on it to see, and will find it hasn't gone out, and—well, don't let's begin the horrible part of it so soon.

Only, I marvel why Spot should have crawled under the barn before the day got really good and going.

And, now that I think of it, I don't remember seeing much of the cat on that day either. Come anywhere near him ordinarily, and he would thin his body upward, and rub his hairs off on your leg, purring like a coffee-mill, but if you saw him this day, he was all scrooched up, and gave you a malignant glare, as much as to say: "You're the young divvle that tied my feet up in papers, ain't ye? You dast to lay a hand on me—" And as you took one step toward him, he was gone like lightning in a cloud.

I seem to recollect a buggy splintered and sliding on its side, with a man dragged by the lines, his face as white as putty except for a thin trickle of blood on the forehead. It seems to me I smell firecrackers as I see this, but whether in memory or imagination I cannot say for certain. Nevertheless, I believe that dogs and cats and horses and Mas do not approve of the Glorious Fourth.

However it might be with them, it was certainly the Day of Days for the rest of us. Other festivals connoted hatreds of the other fellows, penning the flock off into little coops of ancient religious and racial spats and feuds. But on Our Country's Birthday all these partitions and spite-fences came down. Rich and poor, high and low, white and black, Republican and Democrat, Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, native-born and foreign-born forgot for once their petty anti-social meannesses, and joined in the celebration of the day whereon a whole people cried out in the hearing of an unbelieving world that God had made all men free and equal, and bestowed upon them rights that cannot be bargained away or overridden by force—the rights to life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Everywhere floated the Flag "whose banners make tyranny tremble," and in every home Ma tied up burnt fingers with apple-butter and a rag.

It is fine to think that upon this day, all over this broad land of ours, we lay aside our business and pay our homage to a doctrine that we respect even if we do think it is too righteous to be practical. "All over this broad land," did I say? Ah, me! I wish it

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were so. But they tell me that in southern Indiana Fourth of July is little thought of, not half so much as the Annual Celebration of the Morehead Settlement, whatever that may be. They shut up the stores, it's true, but they save their shooting crackers and their fireworks for Christmas Day! For Christmas Day! Isn't that Hoosier for you? Why, punk-sticks and scraps of red paper smoldering in the gutter, and empty Roman candle tubes that you can blow on like a bottle belong in hot weather, not when there's snow on the ground. They can't make me think Indiana is really civilized, I don't care how many literary geniuses come from there, when the people act like that.

Speaking of Christmas Day, Fourth of July resembles it in just one respect, early rising. On Christmas Day you want to; on Fourth of July you have to. You may be having ever so thrilling a dream; you may be clinging by finger-hold to the slanting top of a granite cliff nine miles high, and polished like Colonel Hoosey's monument in the cemetery. You can't go on with your dream after that vociferous "Boong!" that rattles on your windows just before sunup. "Yes!" you cry, "I'm up!" your daily lie, this morning utterly unnecessary, as you sheepishly realize the moment after. It's a waste of time to try to turn over for another nap. In the early days of our Republic you might have counted off thirteen loud "Boongs" and composed yourself for more slides over the edges of granite cliffs; but now that there are— How many are there now? Forty-four or forty-five? Beswitched if I can keep track of 'em.

And, by the way, did you know that one Fourth they wouldn't shoot off but twelve guns? The old Confederation had petered out, and all but little Rhody had come under the "new roof" of the Constitution. In those days there wasn't any Senator Aldrich to hold the rest of the country up by the tail, and the other folks were pretty hot about such carryings-on. If little Rhody hadn't come right down off her perch, and acted white in a hurry, they were going to put up tariff walls against her goods, and let her flock all by herself and see how she liked it.

In the matter of our national salute at dawn I feel a sense of deep personal humiliation. Other people can tell you interesting stories about the cannon they had in their town "back home," and how there was a rivalry between the Hill crowd and the Valley crowd as to which should get hold of it, and hide it from the others. They can tell you all about Who's-this-now that was in such a hurry he didn't swab out the gun good, and when What's-his-name was ramming home the charge, blamed if she didn't go off, ker-boong! and there was his arm gone, slick as a whistle. And they felt so terrible that they went away and left the cannon, and the other fellows got it and kept it for two years. *Two years!* What do you think of that? We didn't have any cannon. Kind of a one-horse place, I'm afraid. And even if we had had one, my folks wouldn't have let me have anything to do with it. (I never had any kind of a time at all.) To this day, I don't know the first thing about loading up an anvil and shooting it off on the Fourth of July. I don't even know which is the trigger end of an anvil.

But I'm fairly well posted on firecrackers, little square flat packs, you know, with a thin red paper stuck on, stamped with a gilt dragon and funny letters that didn't spell anything. Each of us got a whole single pack and two punk-sticks, and that had to last out the day. Down-town after dark, wild fellows that had lots of money to spend used to set off a whole

ELSIE, IN HER STARS-AND-STRIPES FROCK.

pack at a time. That was reckless extravagance, but it was splendid on that account. Who cares for ten cents? Plenty more where that came from! And to hear the snapping like corn in a popper, only more so, and to see the flashes of light in the darkness, jerking

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this way and that! Gur-reat! Great! And, after you'd think the whole pack was gone, there'd be one solitary snap as much as to say: "Here! I'm in this too. You don't want to overlook me." It was great. There's no two ways about it; it was great. But that was for the evening and somebody else. In the morning we had our own firecrackers while our enthusiasm still had a cutting edge, and we were careful in disentangling the crackers' little tails from the braided fuse with which they interwove. When we shot one off it was with a screwed-up wincing face and we tasted a fearful joy. We used to heap up forts of dust, and p'tend the cannons were pointing out through "embrasures." (They had "embrasures" in "The History of the Great Rebellion.") The worst of it was that the siege-guns would destroy the illusion by all coming apart. If you broke off the end of one and touched the punk-stick to the black dust in the muzzle of the gun it would shoot out fire just as in the picture of the Monitor and the Merrimac, but it was only a "fizzer," and anyhow you don't touch off a real cannon from the front end. Still, you could piece out a good deal with imagination, and, after all, that's where the fun comes in. I pity the poor young ones these days that have toys and playthings that look exactly like real things.

"SAMATTER WITCHES?" YOU'D SAY.

It was also kind of exciting to stand on a firecracker and feel the pleasant jolt it gave when it exploded. That is, it was pleasant if you had shoes on; it kind o' stung if you were barefooted.

And you could light one and hold it in your fingers until je-e-e-est the last fractional part of a second when the fuse was beginning to act hysterical and fidgety, and then you flung it up high and it was "the bomb bursting in air," as it says in the "Star-spangled Banner." Out of this practise developed a test of heroism similar in spirit to the sun-dance of the Indian braves. You held one in your fingers (as far off as you could, and with your eyes all squinched up) and felt the shivers running all over you as the fuse began to sputter, and when you lived through the shock of the explosion, how happy you were! That called for real courage, and in some cases, if I mistake not, it called for witch-hazel too.

And there was an intellectual problem in connection with firecrackers. Why was there one in the pack sometimes that was wrapped with green paper instead of red? I have puzzled over that no little, and it still remains the dark mystery it always was. What was there about it that deserved the green paper? It wasn't louder than the others; it wasn't weaker than the others, for those who said it always was a fizzer generalized from insufficient data, as boys are wont to do. All our lives long we are jostled and elbowed by riddles we cannot solve, and this is one of them. Old Maje, who cannot talk, and we who cannot understand — we're all alike.

Firecrackers are the norm of Fourth of July. On the timid side, explosives shade off into the pink paper disks that your little brother shoots in a brown varnished cast-iron dummy pistol.

"Now don't you go pointing that at people," excitedly cries your mother.

"Aw! That cain't shoot nothin'," you explain, scandalized at her crass ignorance. "Cain't you see it don't go through from the cap place to the barrel?"

"You don't know what might happen," she persists, in her unreasoning way. "You hear tell of lots of people getting killed with guns that *weren't* loaded. What ever possessed you, Pa, to go and get that boy a *pistol* beats me. You know he just delights in running headlong into danger. It would serve you right if he was marked for life with that thing. Mercy me! I'll be glad when this day's over. Elsie! Come here to me. Come away from that firecracker."

(Women are awful foolish. They haven't got near the sense of us men-folks.)

Elsie, in her Stars-and-Stripes frock, has

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these twisted white paper torpedoes, that crack when you throw them hard down on the sidewalk. They're very nearly as loud as a parlor match and a little safer. They fretted your mother as much as the firecrackers though; they mussed up the place so. There's nothing that makes a front porch look so slack as scraps of paper and little bits of gravel.

Beyond the firecracker on the bold side was the bottle of powder. With that you could lay a train to where you had poured out quite a little heap of powder and covered it with dirt. That was a rebel fort you were going to blow up. It's fine sport, and if you should ever meet a man with a glass eye and a lot of blue specks in his face, you ask him if he doesn't think so, for it is almost certain that he played that very game when he was young.

But away, 'way out on the bold side is the revolver. Not one of these brown varnished cast-iron things where it doesn't go through from the cap place to the barrel, but the real thing, a revolver that you can put real "cattridges" in made out of real lead bullets, one that you can kill people with, and can carry around in your hip-pocket. It must give a fellow a lot of moral courage to have one. You could bend down the front of your Johnny Jones hat, and smack it up behind, and kind of slouch it over one eye, and you'd rock your head a little from side to side, and talk out of the corner of your mouth. "Samatter witches?" you'd say. Just like that. And if anybody got too gay or anything, you wouldn't have to call out: "Quit now! Quit, I tell you. Now you just leave me be!" No. You'd smile a baleful smile, and press the cold ring of the muzzle into his quivering flesh and coldly remark: "That'll be about all from you. Un'stand?" And he'd understand right away.

IT WAS ONLY A "FIZZER."

Why, talk about learning how to box so as to be able to protect yourself, a revolver has the manly art of self-defense beaten to a stiff froth. I don't care how handy with your fists you might be, the other fellow might be handier, or he might be bigger, or he mightn't fight according to the Marquis of Queensberry. And anyways, you'd be sure to be rumpled up some before you got through, your nose bleeding, or one eye a little puffy. But with the revolver you just go Bang! Bang! and there he is flat on the sidewalk.

Any day in the year a revolver is a fine thing for a boy to have, but especially is it a fine thing on the Fourth of July. It puts you right up where you belong, among the nobility and gentry. It takes you out of the ranks of mere kids that play with firecrackers. An old-maidish and fussy public opinion prescribes blank cartridges when one shoots to make the occasion gay with noise. I suppose it's well to defer for the sake of keeping out of trouble; but if it was me, I'd shoot real bullets. I should think it would sound nicer, and there'd be more excitement in it. I should try not to kill anybody, of course, but——

I don't know of anything that more effectively convinces the man who has grown up and come to New York to live that the country is going to the dogs as fast as the wheels of time can carry it than the horrifying discovery that the metropolitan young ones begin the firecracker season along about Decoration Day, and keep it up till some time in August. Well, maybe it isn't quite as bad as that, but when you're positive that the country *is* going to the dogs, you've simply got to make your statements a leetle strong in order to arouse the people to their lost condition. And that the firecracker season should be prolonged by even so much as one day is enough to make any peace-loving citizen tremble for our institutions. Oh, my unhappy country! For anything they do in New York is sure to become all the go in the outlying districts one of these days. And then what will be the use in fixing your vacation so that you will get the Fourth out in the country? Why, in my day and time, a boy that would shoot off a firecracker on the third of July was a sneak. It was just as bad as peeking on a Christmas Eve. And a boy that would shoot off a firecracker on the fifth

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of July was green and behind the times. To be sure, if you happened to find in the dewy grass the next morning a firecracker with its fuse half-burnt, you were allowed to put it out of its misery, and a waif and stray you might set off. But that was only to prevent a wicked

CLIMBING THE GREASED POLE WASN'T NEARLY AS FUNNY AS YOU'D THINK IT WOULD BE.

waste. It was on the same principle that you eat when you are so full you can hardly crowd it down; you suffer so that the food won't have to be thrown away. But to deliberately buy shooting-crackers and set them off a day before or a day after the Fourth— The mind reels with horror from the bare suggestion. And yet such is the degeneracy of the age, they do that very thing in New York City year by year and never bat an eye.

Along about dinner-time—well, lunch-time, then, if you're so possessed to put on airs; you know what I mean, noon—the day sort of petered out. The firecrackers were all gone, and excessively early rising was getting in its deadly work. But the main reason, I do believe, was the same that makes the grocery man put in only about two inches of sweet sugar on the top of the barrel, and fill up the rest with sugar that has kind of a bitterish, cloying taste. Nothing can be more delightful than an irregular series of sharp explosions; but it's like everything else, "there comes a time." If I were a free man, and could be as psychological as I dog-gone pleased, nothing would suit me better than to cut loose right here, and show you the cause of this tendency on the part of metropolitan children to prolong the excitement of the firecracker season; how, deprived as they are of all the fun that they really ought to have, they seek violent and unwholesome stimulation; and to point out that I wasn't altogether fooling when I talked about the degeneracy of the age. But they dock my pay every time I get serious. So you'll have to figure it out for yourself, or else read about it in some big book with "subjective" and "objective" and "telic" and "genetic" and all such hard words in it.

The afternoon of Fourth of July has a strong tendency to be poky. To avert this catastrophe many devices have been introduced. One of them is to have a picnic. Now, there are two opposing and mutually exclusive schools of thought *in re* the Fourth of July picnic. The one school holds that it always rains on that afternoon; the other denies that proposition, and maintains that those who so vividly recall standing under a tree—a tree as a shelter when it rains pitchforks and feather-beds is the rankest kind of a swindle, and something ought to be done about it—standing under a leaky tree and watching "the little men" jumping in the lemonade-tub while the table-cloths soak into sodden rags, and the layer cake pitifully dissolves, are really thinking of the annual Sabbath-school picnic, when of course it rains. I dislike very much to take sides on any question. I am like the politician who was campaigning in a neighborhood divided on entirely non-political lines into two parties, one maintaining that it was just foolishness to say that the earth turned clear over every day, and the other that it must be so because it said so in the geography book. "You know about such things," they asked him. "Now, does it? It don't, does it? Not clear over?"

"We-ell. . . . Ha! . . . It does a little," he said.

I will concede this much: That in view of the grea-eat concussion of the atmosphere on

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the Glorious Fourth, due to the well-nigh universal explosion of firecrackers, cap-pistols, anvils, and all such, it is not antecedently impossible—mark my words—it is not antecedently impossible that here and there *some* rain might be joggled loose from whatever it is stuck to up there in the sky. And if the picnic were announced for a considerable period of time beforehand, I think it extremely likely that it would rain. If it was got up on short notice, why, the weather might be taken by surprise and so not be able to squeeze out a shower. Still, I shouldn't like to commit myself either way. I'm only telling you.

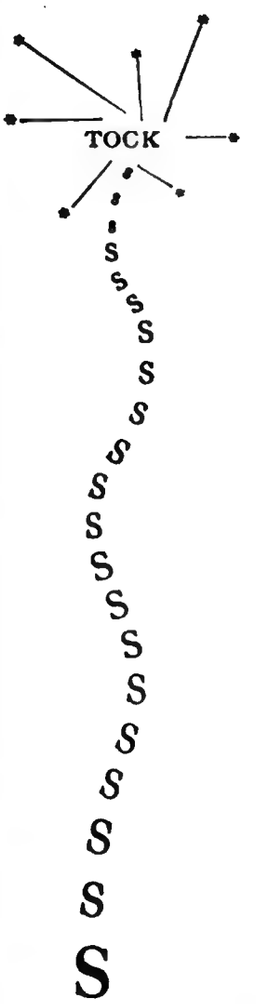
I suppose that away back in the early days they had regular celebrations of the day in which the school children took part and sang the grand old patriotic airs, of which we know the tune but not the words. Indeed, in the song-book they had in the schools there was a piece that seemed to have been made on purpose for the Fourth of July. The Continental Congress wouldn't let a living soul know what was going on, but the people felt kind of interested to know whether or not they were to be broken off from the old country, it being a hanging matter, and so the Congress strained a point and agreed to have the bell rung in case the Declaration was passed. Now, away, 'way up in the belfry (and if you've ever been in Independence Hall you know it is a terribly tall building—I guess, anyways, three stories tall without the belfry) there was the sexton and— But I'd better quote a verse of the song:

High in the belfry the old sexton stands,
Grasping the rope in his thin, bony hands;
Fixed is his gaze, as by some magic spell,
Till he hears the welcome tidings: "Ring, ring the bell!"

CHORUS—"Ring the bell, grandpa! Ring! Ring! Ring!"
Yes, yes, the good news is now on the wing.
Yes, yes, they come! And with tidings to tell,
Glorious and blessed tidings! "Ring, ring the bell!"

You see, it was his little grandson that told him when to ring, and—well, it was a nice song, but we never got a chance to sing it on the Fourth of July, because school was let out then, and they never had a regular doings on that day, "back home."

Oh, yes, they did too. Now that I think of it, they did celebrate the Birthday of the Nation once by a regular program. They had a sack race, and a three-legged race, and a potato race, and a fat men's race, and a slow race, and a ladies' race, which is not the same thing as a slow race. And they chased the greased pig, which was funny because the pig was thoroughly excited, and squealed hysterically, and tripped people up and played hob generally. And they had climbing the greased pole, which wasn't nearly as funny as you'd think it would be. And the band played and played and played till, when it was all over, not one of them except the two men on the battery could have whistled if it was to save his life. Hadn't any lip. Or rather they had too much lip, for every horn-player's mouth looked as if it had been stepped on and had had time to swell. It was a grand time, and the *Examiner* said it was "a celebration worthy of the festive occasion."



I forget whether they had strawberry shortcake that night for supper or not. That's kind of stupefying, you know. Anyhow there was something we could eat a lot of, something that made a snug fit for our appetites after such a busy day, so that after dark began to fall, it seemed a long, long time since we had jumped to hear the window-rattling "Boong!" of the first gun of the national salute. Pap gave us an imitation of a skyrocket by knocking the dottle from his pipe, and pretty soon away off downtown the real rockets began to garter-snake their upward way through the air, opening up when they had climbed their height, and flinging colored jewels by the reckless handful, red, and green, and blue and white, sometimes broadcast, and sometimes strung upon a thread, as it were, a broken necklace on the dusky bosom of the night. For a while we wondered at the sheer beauty of it all, and then a little longer we amused ourselves with mimicking them, *"s-s-s-s- Tock! Look out for the stick!"* But more and more the lovely vision melted into reverie. The fire balloons drifted farther and farther, low-hanging, flick-

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ering stars that seemed to beckon our ambition toward the conquest of the kingdom of the air. . . . We sighed . . . we longed with longing, somehow gently sad until—until——

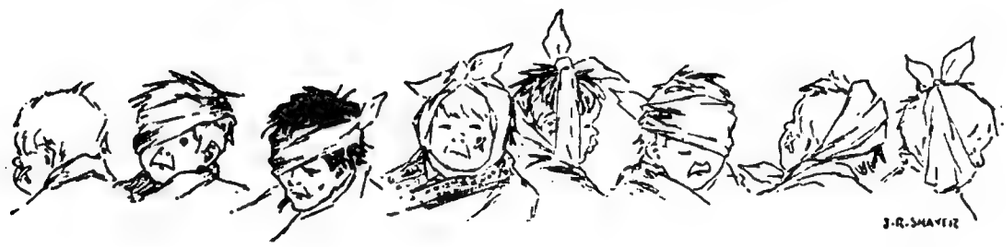
"Here, mister! Time for you to be in bed. Pillow's a-hollerin' for you."

You may have noticed that I haven't said a word about the public reading of the Declaration of Independence. It didn't happen. Never in my life have I heard that read aloud, clear through. When that immortal statement was first put forth, nobody dreamed that those who worked for wages had any rights. In those cruel days, ere ever compassion had been born, the negro slave was better off than the poor wretch who owned no property. The ballot was later given to him grudgingly, but this government of ours didn't become his and it isn't now. It isn't meant to be. The way we live, the average wages of the men and women who take the raw earth that God Almighty gave to all His children for a heritage, and turn it into what we eat and wear and take our comfort from, the average wages of the men and women who put all the value into anything that has a value, is about $400 a year. Some get more; more get less. Figure to yourself how much of life a man can have on $400 a year; how much of liberty; how he can pursue happiness after his board and keep are paid for. In the census year of 1900 those who have only themselves to sell made in this country thirteen billions of dollars' worth of goods; out of that thirteen billion dollars' worth they got two billion dollars. Who got the other eleven billion dollars? I'll take my oath it wasn't George the Third. Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles his Cromwell, George the Third his Washington, and—if that be treason, make the most of it.

It didn't do to read the Declaration of Independence. It made folks uneasy. That Smith who has been rescued from the obscurity native to Smiths by his ferocious sobriquet of "Hell-roaring Jake" did the State some service when he described the Declaration of Independence as "a damned incendiary document." That's just what it is. Particularly that part where it says that whenever a government does not preserve to all the people their rights to life and liberty and happiness, it is about time to change the form of government and get the kind that will preserve them.

I think it would be a good thing to revive the practise of reading aloud the essay of that red-headed fiddler fellow from Virginia. It is 130 years old, I know, but it is so far from being out of date that these restless days of ours are the days when it is most likely to be realized in full.

On its inspiration we did the business for George the Third. It seems to me it's good for one more whirl.



Common Lot

By MARY NORMILE

SHE sighed a bit, yes, cried a bit,
But learned the trick of a smile;
She worked a bit and hoped a bit,
And dreamed a world o' while.

Now the working days are over,
The hopes are put away,
And here 'neath straggling clover
She dreams—oh, who shall say?

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The Dawn of Russian Liberty

By VANCE THOMPSON

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The plain, clear truth about Russia to-day—all of us have wanted it for months. Believing that the terrible and mixed-up elements of Russian politics and social conditions were to be concentrated at the Duma, we selected Mr. Vance Thompson, an experienced and keen observer of European affairs, as EVERYBODY'S representative there. With wonderful sympathy and closeness of observation has he watched the painful, blundering, almost hopeless struggle of a nation striving to set itself right. Here is shown the grotesque Emperor, puny in body, mind, and heart, and yet regally indifferent to the menace of a revolution only half intelligible to him; here are shown the gorgeous, careless, blasé Russian aristocracy, the most highly educated people of Europe and the least sensible; here are shown the delegates of the people, and their leaders, dazed, sullen, and suspicious at one moment, and in the next rabid for savage revenge for their years of oppression—but always terribly in earnest. Through all and over all thrills the foreboding of a revolution of blood as well as of a revolution of laws—"the red hope of the black brigade." The reader who overlooks this article misses a chance to know, once for all, the inside working of the biggest movement going on in the world to-day.

THE last autocrat in the white world summoned his people to confirm the title which once he held from God!

The date will get itself cut deep in the granite of history—May 10, or according to the old calendar, April 26, 1906. This day the little Tsar, bent under the weight of his omnipotence, laid part of his burden down; and for the first time his vague millions—the Red Russians and the White, Poles and Tartars and Calmucks, Armenians and Jews and Circassians, Georgians, Letts, Esthonians, all the far-flung races of the land—found articulate national voice.

It was a pageant and an experiment—the loosing of unknown forces.

You may see in it, if you will, the dawn coming up over Russia; and there is a haunting coincidence in the fact that on another day in May, France—it was long ago—hailed such a dawn. Over the Latin world liberty broke vehement and red. Well, often history is written twice over.

I

AT THE TOMB OF HIS ANCESTORS

"HAVE your own way," said Maria Feodorovna, "but I do not wish to be Marie Antoinette."

A hard old woman, this Mother-Empress; it was against her will that Nicholas summoned, like the French king, his States General; but when it was all arranged in spite of her, and the little Tsar—who, ever since January, 1905, memorable for massacre, had hid in his country palaces—decided to visit his Imperial City, she went first to test the situation. Since Grand Duke Sergius was "removed" this grim old woman has had the distinction of being the worst-hated member of the royal family. So where she might pass safely even the Tsar had little to fear. Two weeks before the opening of the Duma, then, she went to St. Petersburg. Without a guard she drove through the streets, flaunting the royal crim-

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son uniforms. Openly she visited the Cathedral of Kazan and prayed there among the women. She walked back to her carriage through a silent crowd. Since she came and went in safety, it was decided the Tsar might venture into his capital city; but precautions were taken. Oh, nothing was left to chance that 10th of May. At daybreak—it was two o'clock and already the short Arctic night was over—mysteriously down the wide streets and across the bridges the troops began to move. They traversed the empty city in all directions. Over all the twelve wards they wove a military network, so meticulously fine that through the interstices hardly the leanest Anarch could have slipped. Cavalry, infantry, gendarmerie—and everywhere the police.

Everywhere the watch was set. My hotel in the Bolchaia Morskaia had not been overlooked. When I went down, the halls were thronged with officers, gallooned and cloaked and plumed; with Slavic lords from far-away governments, with grand-ducal folk, whose crimson servants hung about the door; and among them, disguised as gentlemen, the frock-coated spies of the Third Section stepped softly, so that there was no one, from the Tartar servants to the old historian Leroy-Beaulieu, who was not shrewdly studied. Out of doors the troops were drawn across the street, shutting off the approach to the Dvortsovy Place and the Winter Palace. In the Nevski Prospekt the shops were closed and barred with shutters of iron and wood. And the people idled and strolled in the sunlight. It was a curious crowd: working men; students in uniform; mechanics, their hands blackened from ironwork; women in summer frocks; and black-coated shopkeepers, fat and indifferent. And few words were said. On toward the Neva I was stopped everywhere—at almost every street—by the cordons of soldiers or gendarmes. The bridges were all guarded. The quays in front of the Winter Palace were swept naked of people; but on the far side of the river black crowds were gathered—mile-long crowds, shepherded along the quays by gendarmes. And from one side to the other none might cross. The city was cut in twain—here an imperial desert; yonder swarming, anonymous democracy. Empty, too, was the river, save for a few slim police-boats, darting here and there like water-flies. All the boats and barges had been removed to the right bank; they lay there, moored to the quays and packed with police. The great waterway was ready for the coming of the Tsar. It shone like steel in the radiant morning. For day had

THE BUILDING IN WHICH THE DUMA ASSEMBLED.

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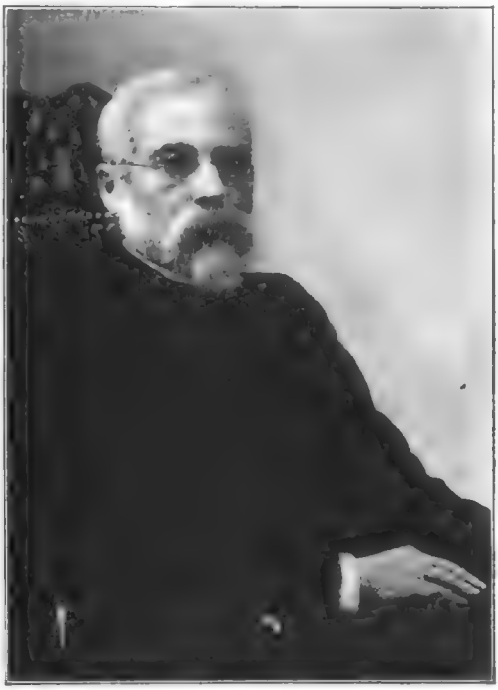
come yellow and hot. Not in one hundred years, they told you, had so fierce a sun beat down upon the city. Such days come now and then in August in New York. No air stirred. I do not quite know whether I have called up the scene for you—the naked, metallic river, the black crowds herded on the far side, the sunlight and the silence; then far down the stream three light-colored launches crept into sight; slowly they came up-stream; slowly they passed—a melancholy little procession, unheralded, unhailed. So the Little Father came to give his children liberty. He landed at the grim old fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. You could see him step ashore first of all—short of leg, long-bodied, a square-stepping man in a white military coat. Two women followed, his wife and his mother. Opening their parasols they went up the red-carpeted stairs and disappeared in a cloud of soldiery and police. At that moment (it was ten o'clock) everywhere over Petersburg the bells began to clamor—from gilded domes and gilded belfries and gilded spires; and in all the cathedrals and churches and temples—here and all over thirty degrees of latitude—a *Te Deum* was celebrated. The Little Father prayed. There among the white-marbled tombs of the Romanovs—by the bones of the great Peter and Catherine and the dead Alexanders—the Little Father prayed, prostrate before the golden iconostasis.

In the streets of the Admiralty quarter the crowds—the fatted shopkeepers, the shrill women in white, the idle mechanics, and the students in uniform—strolled indolently past the empty churches; they smoked little cigarettes and chatted. Even the Cathedral of St. Isaac was deserted; no one prayed before the thirty-three saints of enamel and gold. Midway in the Nevski Prospekt is a little shrine open to the street. There a *moujik* had thrown himself down, with outspread arms, before the altar. Humbly he prayed, the Eternal Peasant; and his prayer was mystic and sad as that of the Little Father praying among the tombs.

II

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE

A TRIPLE cordon of troops is drawn around the Winter Palace and its quays and the gardens—there where the massacre took place in January a year ago. The great square behind is held by hussars and lancers. And every approach to the big low palace is barred. It lies in a zone of silence and isolation. A monstrous, rectangular building, squat and absurd. Its color is a dirty yellowish-brown. It has neither dignity nor age; it lies like a discolored fungus beside the splendid river.



PRESIDENT MUROMTSEV.

Along the quay in front of the palace the populace—as a stage-manager would say—has been marshaled: at each extremity a little group of men and women, three or four hundred in all. They have been costumed for the rôles they have to play. Dressed like "men of the people," "women of the people," they are to clamor their loyalty to the Tsar who comes with gifts. The government has left nothing to chance. In the square behind the palace the carriages begin to arrive. Almost all, they are drawn by black stallions; all are driven by bearded coachmen, fat and monstrously padded. Goremykin passes, the Prime Minister, a sleepy man with mutton-chop whiskers; Stissinski passes, minister of agriculture—this old pupil of Ploehwe, a painted, smiling, dangerous man, the heart of the reaction; Ignatiev passes, his hat over his eyes. And always from the carriages white-cloaked women descend, their coronets catching the sunlight. Very wonderful is the great

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square at this moment, with its barbaric riot of colors—the troops in orange, in blue, in white, plumed and plastered with gold; troopers splendid and dirty; and their chargers, weighted with trappings, dancing in disorder; farther on, the military bands; and always in the foreground the stream of carriages and automobiles, bringing aristocracy to witness the grim triumph of democracy.

Your permit has carried you through the three cordons, past the guard at the little side door; scarlet flunkies guide you through halls and corridors and up the stairs leading to the little gallery which looks down on the throne room. Officers and soldiers at every step. You pass through lanes of bayonets and sabers. It is as though you had entered a fortress, held against a dangerous enemy. (In a little while he will come—the enemy—a bearded, visionary man in blouse and dirty boots, and stare about him.) The great hall of St. George, upon which you look down, is almost empty. At one side the musicians have already taken their places; a few private gentlemen in evening dress whisper together; a few gold-braided officers come and go. For all its cold splendor—the white Corinthian pillars, the gilt chandeliers, the gold armorials—the throne room has a little the look of a stage before the curtain rises. There stands the empty throne, an arm-chair over which the stage-manager has thrown, with an effect of carelessness, the imperial mantle of purple and ermine; in front of it a table covered with cloth of gold serves as an improvised altar. Upon it stands a black ikon—it was the ikon of Peter the Great and has been brought hither from his chapel of the Isles. A servant gives a final touch to the table-cloth; then he takes a rag from his pocket and wipes the black ikon.

The hour set for the ceremony—one o'clock—has gone by; little by little the guests and functionaries begin to arrive, a welter of gold uniforms; and the choir comes—a swarm of little boys in wine-colored gowns, like the children of the choir at Rome. At the door leading from the Nicholas Hall there is a moment's confusion. Then a tall chamberlain, splashed and ribboned with gold, steps to one side and a deputy of the Duma enters. He is a stocky man with a ragged beard; he wears a brown jacket, dusty black trousers, and yellow shoes: a labor deputy from what factory town I know not. He glances about with a dazed air, at the empty throne, at the little wine-colored boys, at the functionaries cuirassed, from shoulder to thigh, in gold. After him a fat and smiling prelate, trailing violet robes, and on his face a look of fatuous pride—the Catholic Bishop of Wilna. A *moujik*, in a blouse of faded rose, crosses himself before the altar. Deputies from the cities, overfed lawyers, old professors, in shapeless frock coats or evening coats; working men in jackets, blue, brown, gray; peasants in rough cloaks; Poles in tight-fitting trousers and boots; Tartars with oblique eyes and almost beardless faces, wearing sleeveless coats and fumbling their gray bonnets; long-haired popes in black—the new parliament huddles together at one end of the hall and is fenced in by golden officialdom. Simultaneously the senators have come from the hall of Hermitage Pavilion. Old men of dignity, they wear red senatorial robes or the uniforms of their rank. Among them waddles an enormous general in a distended blue tunic—a Cossack member of the Imperial Council. The Prime Minister, Goremykin, promenades his skepticism to and fro; for a moment he has word with the Count Lamsdorf—a slim, white-haired, dainty man. And yonder is Witte, a great, lumbering figure in ill-fitting uniform; no one speaks to him and few greet him; the cloud is over him, and gloomy and solitary he bides his time. (Did not Necker come again?)

Massed far back at either end of the throne room the people wait; nearly two-thirds of the hall is reserved for royalty. It is almost two o'clock when the clergy enter in procession, old bishops so swathed in cloth of gold and brocade they can hardly move along toward the door opposite the throne. There they range themselves, awaiting the coming of the Tsar. One of them bears the aspersorium, a little rod of green twigs, upon a metal plate. A priest lights the six candles on the little table in front of Peter's black ikon. Somewhere some one raps softly with a wooden baton; that was like the *trois coups* that announce the rising of the curtain in a French playhouse. Far off a band plays the *Boje Tsara Krani*. The deputies—this mass of *moujiks*, mechanics, and word-mongers herded to the left of the throne—surge forward a little and crane their necks toward the closed door. It opens slowly from without. Pompous courtiers enter bearing on velvet cushions the imperial emblems, the eagle, the scepter, the sword, the seal, the diamond crown; and lastly there comes one who uplifts the imperial standard, heavy with silver and gold. Then abruptly the Tsar enters, fol-

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CAUCUS OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY HELD PRIVATELY THE DAY BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE DUMA. THIS PARTY IS RUNNING THE ASSEMBLY.

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THE TSAR, HIS MOTHER, AND HIS WIFE ENTERING ST. GEORGE'S HALL, PRECEDED BY THE CLERGY. IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE FAMOUS IKON THAT BELONGED TO PETER THE GREAT.

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THE TSAR READING HIS RESCRIPT IN THE WINTER PALACE. IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND ARE THE MEMBERS OF THE DUMA, ON THE LEFT, THOSE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE EMPIRE OR UPPER HOUSE.

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lowed by the two empresses, and advances, asperged by holy water, to the little altar. Nicholas II wears his colonel's uniform of the Preobrajenski regiment; on the greenish tunic the red ribbon of St. Alexander shows like a splash of blood. So calm a little man! There is no meaning to be read into that still, bearded face. At his right hand the Empress-Mother takes her place; Maria Feodorovna wears a Russian tiara and an immense court mantle of white satin, edged with fur; the Empress, standing at the Tsar's left hand, is dressed in cream-colored robes, sewn with gold and pearls; they are stately women, towering above the little green-clad, bearded man between them. They stand there immobile, unreal, among the liturgic figures, hieratic and Byzantine, of the old priests. Far to the rear is a little group of grand dukes; they bow low and make vague signs of the cross. The grand duchesses and ladies of the court sweep over to the right of the throne and coil their long trains in front of them; what you see is row upon row of gleaming tiaras and naked shoulders and breasts. The wine-colored choir boys chant softly; as the service proceeds the Tsar crosses himself again and again. At last the priests make an end. The empresses pass to the side of the throne and stand in front of their women. The clergy withdraws.

The little Tsar is left alone. For a moment he does not move. An immense space has been made round him. In the silence a little boy runs out from the grand-ducal party and starts toward the Tsar, smiling and important. It is the Grand Duke Dimitry Pavlovitch; parental authority reaches out and captures him. Then with an effort, it seems, the Tsar begins his long, solitary march, the length of the hall, toward the throne. He bows slightly to right and left—the gilded dignitaries abase themselves; the deputies stare at him with eyes troubled, skeptical, bewildered. And who would not stare at this little green figure, strutting with short-legged dignity, through splendor so barbaric, to the theatrical throne? A somber little man! With care not to disarrange the purple mantle he sits down upon the throne. A chamberlain hands him a paper. He glances it over and rises; and in a steady, metallic voice he reads the speech from the throne. Now and then the even flow of words is broken by a stress of emphasis; but he makes no gestures. Very calmly, without visible emotion, he recites the words which, though he knows it not, strip him of autocracy, and free the one hundred and forty millions of men he has held in the hollow of his hand.

"I salute in you," and he glances at the black mass of the people's deputies, "the chosen, best men, whom I commanded my subjects to elect. Difficult and complicated duties await you. I am convinced that love of your native land and a true desire to be useful to it will dictate your acts. I, on my part, will protect, without wavering, the institutions which I have granted, for I am firmly convinced that you will do all in your power to serve the fatherland with devotion; to give satisfaction to the needs of the peasants, so dear to my heart; to force the education of the people and the development of their prosperity, always remembering that for a state to be really prosperous it does not only need liberty, but also order, based on the principles of the constitution. May my ardent wish to see my people happy be realized, and may I leave as an inheritance to my son a solid, well-organized, and highly civilized state. May God bless the task which is before me in collaboration with the Council of the Empire and the Duma, and may this day of rejuvenation for Russia, from the moral point of view, mark the renaissance of new forces. Go to the task for which I have convoked you, and may you fully justify the confidence of the Tsar and of the Russian people. May God help me and help you."

Even as he says "God help us!" the wild cheers break out; it is a tumult enormous, uncouth, frenetic; wave after wave, the cheers roll across the hall, echoing and reechoing; the grand dukes are shouting — Boris, red and swollen with drink, waves a blue handkerchief; and the white-breasted duchesses, in broidered *sarafans*, cheer; and the old generals and the old senators and the old *tchinovniks* cuirassed in gold. The military bands crash the national hymn. Only the deputies do not cheer. They are silent and morose. On the side where they are grouped not one cry is raised. When the Tsar, passing out, bows to them, they give no sign. They huddle there, timid, melancholy, confused—it was not for this they had been sent up to Petersburg, bearing the hopes of the nation. And when the empresses have departed, followed by lesser royalties, they shuffle out of the throne room, whispering bitter words.

One old peasant (whom you shall see again) looks with somber eyes at the naked backs

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and white breasts of the women and says: "Do they think they can buy us with that!"

And Seniek, the Cossack, glares at dignitaries plastered with gold, and says: "They told us there was no gold left in Petersburg!"

And the little mechanic-deputy in the yellow shoes waves a dirty hand and cries aloud a phrase. They tell me that what he said was: "All this is ours—and we'll take it, too!"

A pageant and an experiment—the loosing of unknown forces.

You come out on the quay in time to see the Tsar take boat. He still wears the green trousers and boots, but has donned a white tunic. As he comes down the steps the "populace"—stationed at either extremity—raises a loyal cry. The deputies, straggling by, pay no heed. And for a little while the Tsar stands there in the sunlight, the center of a little circle, dominated by the tall old man with gray side-whiskers—the Grand Duke Vladimir. Then unaccompanied he goes down to the little wharf. The Empress and the Dowager-Empress walk slowly after him, one in black and the other in gray. The little launch puts out into the stream and the Tsar is taken back to the safety of Peterhof.

III

THE VOICE OF THE NATION

THE Taurus Palace got its name from that general of Catherine II who conquered those Asian hills. It was built a few years before the French Revolution. It stands in fair gardens out in the Liteiny quarter, flanked by barracks of the troopers of the guard; on one side is a prison; and on the other rise the five blue domes of the Cathedral of the Resurrection of the Redeemer. Architecturally, its bastard classicism recalls the old White House at Washington. It was toward this vast edifice that all St. Petersburg marched that torrid afternoon, for the Little Father had gone and the streets were free once more. Soldiers and police looked on, indifferent. The crowd poured into the broad Chpalernaia leading to the Taurus Palace, and, when the street was filled from side to side, men scaled the balconies and perched on walls and roofs. And through this close-packed mob there throbbed a fierce rhythm of exultation. There were thousands of women, old and young; some of them were pretty in a haggard way. Louder than the men they lifted the cry of liberty—*svoboda! svoboda!* It became a chant, a menace, a declaration of rights. *Svob da*—I saw one girl who leaped in the air and spat full in the face of a trooper. He wiped his beard and did not budge. And the crowd yelled with delight. Oh, liberty had come at last! I began to understand the soul of the mob. Such mænads as these, lean and hysterical, shouted once "À Versailles! À Versailles" and may some day shout "To Peterhof To Peterhof!" Women of the people and female students; with them many well-dressed men, but one and all the product of the great city; city-bred, too, these visionary students, Poles, Jews, Armenians, dreamers, fanatics, gaunt "intellectuals," hungry with ambition, afire with envy, thrown up from the black under-world of city life—*svoboda!* So much they had already gained, that speech was free. Here one and there another started up to harangue his fellows, impatient, verbose, with Slavic indignation and fury. From the balcony of the Democratic Club in the Chpalernaia an orator declaimed wild words. Suddenly a little detachment of cavalry came moving down the crowded street. The mob broke and fled in panic-stricken disorder. For a moment it had forgotten it was free. The soldiers rode by laughing as one laughs at children. And the women, suddenly remembering they were free, screamed, "Death to them! Death Death!" The orator on the balcony gesticulated and beat his palms together, and there was no end to his liberty of speech.

Heat intolerable, the sun blazing down, and from democracy in sweat and triumph an odor rising more intolerable than the heat.

Carriages began to struggle through the crowd. Police nor soldiers made a way for them. Chamberlains, functionaries, ambassadors got through as best they could. Many of the deputies came afoot, fighting their way. At last two men—one a pope and the other a student—made a lane for them through the press of people; when the heavy-footed peasants passed the crowd shouted "Land and Liberty!" But the dominating cry was "Amnesty! Amnesty!" From the barred windows of the prison innumerable handkerchiefs fluttered and hands were thrust out —*Amnestia!*

Iron gates; then a broad court; finally you go up a strip of red carpet and, showing your card, enter the vestibule of the palace. Farther on is the Hall of Wasted Footsteps, light-

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OPENING OF THE COUNCIL OF THE EMPIRE OR UPPER HOUSE, ON THE SAME DAY AS THE DUMA.

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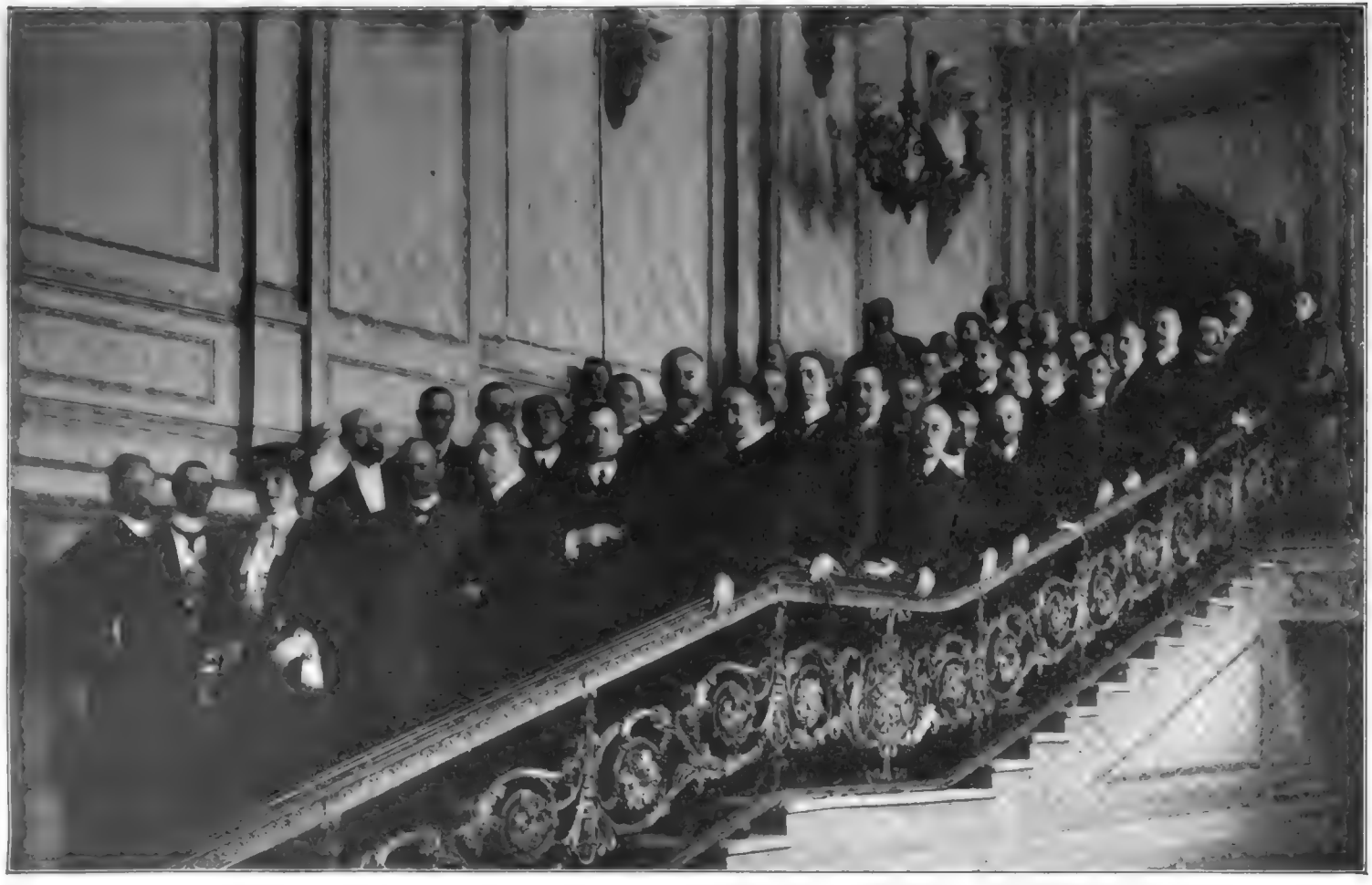

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS, AMONG THEM SEVERAL AMERICANS, AWAITING THE SIGNAL TO ENTER THE DUMA.

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PEASANT DEPUTIES STANDING AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE DUMA.

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ed by great windows veiled by sulphur-colored curtains; round the walls stand red velvet benches, severely *Empire;* fastened to the pillars are little boxes into which aristocracy tosses half-burned cigarettes and into which democracy spits. The men who come and go are history-makers. Sooner or later their names will get themselves impressed on the public mind—Stakhovitch and Kovalevski, the "liberal leaders"; Milyoukov, the historian (he was once a professor in Chicago), who is a leader among the constitutional democrats, a skeptical, theorizing man; Nabokov and Fedorov, who look toward the French constitution as a basis for Russian republicanism; and, more than any one else, Roditchev, the orator of the Assembly. Speak for a moment with this man. He is Sourov, deputy of the peasants of the Valuga: a dark, bearded man, with black hair waved off his forehead; and to your question, "What do you want?" he laughs, showing strong, white teeth, and answers, "Everything!" No political platform could be simpler.

These men have their grip on the future.

What will they make of it? For instance, Savvelier, the labor deputy from Moscow, a working printer; he has a face of savage energy, big mustache, outstanding ears, and frowning brows; or this Tartar from the government of Oufa, who wears the dress of his race—Huramchitch, a slow, deep, dangerous man. And here, soft-stepping, hugely bearded, comes a Jewish rabbi and takes your hand: "I am Levine, the deputy of Wilna."

You have speech with him in German; suddenly he asks: "Do you know my sister? She is a playwright in New York. Her name is Martha Morton."

And this is Khevilenko, of Poltava, a calm old man. He takes your hand between both of his big paws and holds it while he talks. "I have been sent here to get the land for the people—the land for the people," he says slowly, "and unless I get it I shall never go back—my brothers will kill me surely." From him you turn to a tall, clear-eyed, indifferent gentleman, who watches with amused eyes these *moujiks* and rabbis and mechanics, and he says: "The best thing is autocracy enlightened by public opinion"—it is Englehardt, a leader of the Autocratic Party. Out of such clashing opinions and ambitions and wants the Duma is to make a government. Before we go in, however, to the Chamber, you should mark this burly, handsome, insolent man, who strolls up and down with half-shut eyes. He is Prince Paul Dolgoroukov. Moscow elected him to the Duma; he resigned his seat in favor of a Jewish banker, Hertzenstein.

"He knows more about finances than I do," said the Prince, with a pretty gesture of indifference.

A son of Rurik, of older royal race than the Romanofs, he looks upon the Little Tsar as a kind of usurper who has got in his way; and in a covert fashion he dreams of making a constitutional Russia of which he shall be the head. He seeks friends in all parties—even the reddest. "Why shouldn't they throw bombs?" he asks and shrugs his shoulders. And so with half-shut eyes he walks up and down the Hall of Wasted Footsteps, dreaming.

The Chamber is bright and spacious, a hall infinitely better than those in which England and France and Germany house their parliaments. Behind the President's chair and tribune is a great circular window; to the right, the ministerial benches—Isvolski, the new minister of foreign affairs, has already taken his place; in front the members' seats rise, circle after circle. There is a long gallery facing the tribune, set apart for journalists and ambassadors. It is nearly five o'clock when the four hundred and twenty-three deputies take their places. The peasants come last, for they have waited for the *Te Deum*, which was chanted in the Hall of Wasted Footsteps. There is little ceremony. M. Fritsch, the senior member of the Council of the Empire, opens the sitting in the Tsar's name; and the State Secretary, Ixhull, summons the members to sign the oath of allegiance. This takes a long time; for an hour the members file past —Mohammedans, Jews, Catholics, Russians, taking the vow of loyalty to the throne. And then comes the election of President. It is evident at once that this matter has been settled in preliminary caucus. By six o'clock Muromtsev has been elected almost unanimously; and a few moments later the first President of a Russian parliament takes the chair amid a whirlwind of applause. All this is very dull and businesslike.

For a moment Muromtsev is worth studying, though, according to the inexorable law of revolutions, he will be eclipsed ere long like his prototype, the Abbé Sieyès. He is a grave old man, a professor of law. His turn of mind is wholly academic. And yet in the first flush of his triumph he shows a flash of energy. On the floor of the House the Tsar's func-

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L. PETRACHITSKI, A MEMBER OF THE DUMA.

tionaries come and go, whispering the Deputies into order. Muromtsev glares at them through his spectacles. Then in a harsh, schoolmasterly voice he orders them to leave the Chamber. They troop out, angry or laughing, and the deputies applaud by clapping their hands. For the first time Democracy feels its power.

In due order the Vice-Presidents and Secretaries should be elected; but the Chamber is in no mood for work. The street cries, "Amnesty! Amnesty!" are still ringing in their ears. Petrunkevitch rises. He waits for no man's permission. An old, gray insurgent, he has spent half his life in the exile of Siberia and Archangel.

"I demand the amnesty!" he shouts; and looses a torrent of high-keyed eloquence. So time brings in its revenge. When the present Tsar took the throne, Petrunkevitch came up bearing the congratulations and allegiance of the Zemstvo of Tver, and, as he bowed to his monarch, he said: "Majesty, Russia is ripe for a constitution!"

The Tsar made two answers. He said, "It is a senseless dream." And sent Petrunkevitch to Siberia.

The years have made that senseless dream a reality, and in a constitutional assembly the old exile demands liberty for those who have fought, conspired, and killed in the holy cause. Think you the deputies cheer? The wild Muscovite cries rise like points of flame and menace. Only the old Muromtsev watches; all this is out of time and order; the speech from the throne must be answered first; and with schoolmasterly decision he adjourns the Duma, bidding the deputies come again in two days. It is not very parliamentary, but so ended the first day.

Shall we call it the first act of the tragedy?

Revolutions, you know, rarely have a happy ending until they have worked their way through the red coil of melodrama.

In the Palace of the Taurus the authorities had established a buffet, a restaurant, and a tea-room. I was sitting at one of the little tables drinking tea from a glass and eating cherry-tarts. In the garden without was a little lake with an island; down the lilac-lined paths soldiers in white tunics, with red and white caps, were loitering.

"You see our guard of honor, eh?"

It was Seniek, the Cossack, who spoke; he is a friend of mine. He sat down and called for beer.

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EUGENE KEDRINE, ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

"Well, at last," said I, "you've got your constitution."

Seniek is a big fellow, with wild, black eyes and a heavy fist; he beat the table till the glasses danced and declared that constitutions were a farce—"We want the Commune!"

Roditchev, the great orator, came up and listened with a calm, cynical smile; then he shrugged his shoulders and lit a cigarette.

"You see," he said, "what is to be done?"

Now Roditchev is wise, broad, liberal; withal he is a man of fiery democracy—when he speaks, the blue eyes shining, the gray-blond hair tossed back from the white forehead, you feel the force of real things; and yet his knowledge leads him no further than: "What is to be done?" So well he knows the turbulent races of his land! And you and I, before we go away from this palace where history has been made, let us try to untangle the multiple threads of the problem. Petersburg has its Dream of liberty; outside the city, drunk with the Dream, goes shouting—men kiss each other and weep. Here we may drink our tea, you and I, searching for what lies under the pageant and the experiment.

IV

THE RED DREAM

ONE fact should be held in mind: the revolution has been aimed not so much against the Tsar as against the bureaucracy. It was this extraordinary organization which formed the nation out of chaos. The bureaucracy made Russia. Since Catharine's day it has exercised, in the name of the Tsar, absolute authority. It was strong enough to annihiliate the efforts of two Tsars—one of whom said, "I shall live and die a republican"—to deliver their power to the people. The present popular movement has its roots far back in the past. The question now is, not whether the people will triumph, but how they will triumph. Are Tsar and people to triumph together; or is the somber little idealist of Tsarskoe-Selo to be dragged down in the ruin of the bureaucracy?

Before the meeting of the Duma, he promulgated what he called the Fundamental Laws of the Empire. This was neither a constitution nor a charter. It was a declaration of what the crown would yield and of what it would keep. It announced his supreme, autocratic authority. It gave him the power of veto on all laws voted by the Duma.

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It reserved to him alone the direction of the foreign policy of the state and the right to declare peace or war. It declared inviolable the person, domicile, and property of the individual—"save in certain cases foreseen by law." Lastly it decreed Russia "one and indivisible forever."

And with such phrases autocracy hopes to endike and canalize the rising tide of popular liberty. Surely it is a dream more visionary than that of Seniek, longing for a commune of the Steppes.

The Duma is a ferment of men and ambitions. Hardly as yet has it fallen apart into organized parties. Those who have been elected to it represent the calmer thought of the country, for the will of the electors was expressed only in its second intention. In spite of this the whole tone of the assembly is more democratic, more radical if you will, than is, for instance, that of the labor-party of England. Many of the members would accept the Tsar as a constitutional monarch, but the great majority is openly in favor of a republic; the radicals want a United States of Russia, with a single chamber elected by the universal suffrage of men and women alike, and, in addition, they advocate a single tax on income. Farther to the left are grouped the independent working men whom the wretched Gapon betrayed; and on the extreme left are the revolutionary socialists of Gorki and Minski, with Krustalev's democrats. The aristocracy has abdicated; the bureaucracy has scattered in disarray; there is left only this Third Estate —in caftan and yellow boots——

Behind it is grouped the vague and obscure mass of the peasantry; they demand their own liberty and the land of others.

And the Conservatives? There are no Conservatives; they have gone down into democracy as into a cave where they may hide. The moderate men, the constitutional democrats who control the Duma to-day, will pass. In revolutions power moves always to the left. Sooner or later the red battalion will ride into power. And then there will be left neither Witte (who is less a man than a stratagem) nor Prince Paul, making himself little that he may be made great; the fatted lawyers, too, and the gray professors will go their way—not, however, that dark and savage little printer from Moscow. Sourov will remain; he who wants "Everything!" In other words, revolution to-day means socialism; in Russia, as everywhere else, it is the great fact. Moreover, in Russia as everywhere else socialism is a creation of the intellectual protelariat. It was born in the Muscovite world a generation ago. After the Turkish war bureaucracy asked itself why it had been so badly served—why its information bureaus had failed; and some one answered: "It is the lack of education."

"Education? What's that?"

"It's something they have in Germany."

"Ah, then, send to Germany and get some."

And all over Russia colleges and universities were established—in cities and towns, broadcast. Generation after generation was given "education." But what was to be done with them? Thousands were fitted into the bureaucratic organization; thousands more came clamoring—lean and hungry intellectuals, too fine for the work of the fields, afire with ambition and discontent. So Russia had "education" and the revolution. The gaunt intellectuals went to the people. They taught the peasant the simple socialism of coveting the land of his neighbor and the land of the state. They gave the red hope to the black brigade of the factory towns. And they are the power that waits without, while in the Duma the academic Girondins cheer each other's speeches. It is of them that Roditchev speaks as the "Red Reserve."

The peasants want the land; the Poles want Home Rule; the Jews want equality; each race, each caste, has its own ambitions and needs. One and all demand a freedom greater than the world has known. And this poor little Duma has been thrown to them as one throws a worm into an ant-heap. It is the beginning, not the end. Surely never any nation was so charged with the elements of hate, of fearful hope, of lawless idealism. It is as though the social structure were sapped and filled with powder awaiting the first spark. What may come I know not, nor does any man; for in the darker ways of Russian life the eternal Anarchs prowl and from one to the other they pass the word: "We are the dogs of revolution that gnaw the bones of kings!" and recognize each other in the dark. What will be will be. The Tsar has opened the door not to reform but to the great social revolution; and throughout the immense Russias the Red Dream is spreading from town to town, from mir to mir.

The glasses of tea are empty; there are no more cherry tarts; let us go out into the city and the night.

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Bucket-Shop Sharks

II

By MERRILL A. TEAGUE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this, his second article, Mr. Teague begins the work of putting the acid test on the glittering pretensions of the bucket-shop thieves. Most of the gilt "Banker and Broker" signs which lure the small would-be stock gambler into disastrous "speculation" turn very green and tawdry when one inquires: "With what stock exchange, board of trade, or produce exchange is this firm connected?" Relentlessly Mr. Teague tears the masks from some of the daylight robbers who organize fake exchanges to fool their dupes; who conduct imitations of "buying and selling" to evade the law and their just dues. He names them and gives their records as criminals. The hyena-like glee with which the thieves congratulate one another on the deftness of the skinning of their victims is illustrated by quotations from their correspondence. Mr. Teague reveals the subterranean connection between several gangs of notorious bucket-shop swindlers and some supposedly reputable members of legitimate stock exchanges.

THE term "bucket-shop" was coined in London half a century ago. Beer-swillers from the East Side prowled through the streets with buckets, draining kegs thrown out of public houses and picking up castaway cigar butts. They congregated at cellar-dens and disported themselves. These places came to be known as bucket-shops. The name came to America, and was fastened upon the places where speculation is counterfeited. The beer-swiller was a night-skulking exemplification of the most extreme personal degradation. Your bucket-shopper is a blatant-lipped swindler, crafty, expert in crime and its concealment, brazenly indifferent to the woe he works—a thief who boldly walks in public places. The beer-swiller regaled himself with keg-drainings, "snipes," and coarse jests in the gloom of an obscure cellar. Your bucket-shopper takes divertisement in the clink and jingle of $100,000,000 annually filched from tens of thousands of sweat-laborers. His knavery never tips the scale of a calloused and conscienceless nature. So long as, holding himself immune from the law, he has opportunity to amuse himself with palatial city and country residences, yachts, automobiles, foreign tours and licentiousness, he is content.

In his newspaper advertisements, in circulars and "market letters" distributed by aid of the United States mails, the bucket-shopper is always a "bull." Better than any other man, he knows humanity's proneness to optimism; it is the chord upon which he is always publicly thrumming. "Prices are going up, up, up; buy, buy, buy." Behind the scenes he is a thief undisguised. Whatever of influence he may be able to wield, every one of his "underground" connections with legitimate exchanges is exerted upon the "bear" side of the market to force down the prices he has encouraged his dupes to believe are sure to advance. When every other device fails, he makes sorties into the arena of legitimate speculation as a marginal gambler; day by day the tape shows effects of his invasions. In these sorties the bucket-shopper aims only to get upon the tape a quotation which will enable him to "close out" his customers' accounts; to excuse his thievery by the plea, "Your margin was exhausted." In this phase of his knavery he indulges in the most odious of all market operations—"wash

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sales." Upon every legitimate exchange there are brokers ready to aid him in this nefarious work.

Suppose "Joe" Flannagan, a notorious Boston bucket-shopper, backer of the Metropolitan Stock Exchange and of J. J. Quinlan & Co., casts up his accounts this morning to discover that 100 of his dupes, scattered all over New England, have, all together, "bought" 1,000 shares of Amalgamated Copper at 107, and that the average of their marginal deposit is only one per cent. Obviously, if Amalgamated advances one point "Joe" Flannagan will stand to lose $1,000. Flannagan's motto is, "My own pocket all the time." What is easier than for him to set in motion his "underground" machine connecting with legitimate exchanges, and, by a series of quick, well-managed minimum-lot "wash sales" made at the opening of the market, get on the tape quotations purporting to show the sale of Amalgamated at 106¾, 106⅞, 106½—and as the 106½ quotation is ticked off naively to button into his own pocket the $1,000 that stands on his books as belonging to 100 of his dupes; to "close out" those 100 accounts and plead exhaustion of margins? This method of consummating bucket-shop thievery is daily, hourly resorted to; the bucket-shoppers' rule being to "close out" when margins are within half a point of exhaustion. Bucket-shop gamblers in stocks, grain, cotton, and provisions—victims North, East, South, and West are constantly being robbed of their little savings by conspiracies of this sort, and in their ignorance they believe *bona fide* market fluctuations have visited disaster upon them. This thievery costs the "Joe" Flannagans only a few dollars paid out to supposedly legitimate brokers as commissions on deals they have "washed" in order that $1,000 may be stolen by the bucket-shopper from 100 credulous and ignorant *habitués* of a gambling den masquerading as the office of a "Banker and Broker."

George G. Turner, of the Haight & Freese Company swindle, once wrote to J. M. Campbell:

"Relative to the A. B. Daniels account which was transferred to us quite recently from J. S. Bache & Co.: This account yesterday I was compelled to close out for exhaustion of margin. If you remember the same, there was 38 shares of Consolidated Lake Superior and 88 shares of common. . . . This I did, *by selling and buying* through Jamison Bros. 400 Phila. Elec. at 73¾, 38 Consolidated Lake Superior pref. at 36¼, and 88 Consol. Lake Superior com. at 6¾. It was absolutely necessary that this step was taken inasmuch as *I had to have appear upon the Philadelphia tape especially the transactions for the fractional lots of Sup. stocks.* . . . I have Mr. Daniels's account entirely closed out with the exception of 100 Sugar and 100 Fort Scott pref. There has not been a sale of the latter in two days, so could not have closed the same. *Have arranged with Mr. Rand to force a transaction on Fort Scott pref. through C. G. & Co. on Monday.*"

The italics are mine. Daniels was in. Turner wanted him out. Through a regular stock-exchange house he "laundered" 526 shares, throwing in a buy and a sell of 400 shares of Philadelphia Electric stock to divert suspicion and get quotations on "the fractional lots of Sup. stocks" on the Philadelphia tape. And this particular conspiracy for thievery went to the point of arranging for a transaction in Fort Scott preferred to be made two days after the date of the letter in order that Turner might complete the "closing out" of his victim. The skill of Turner as a bucket-shop thief has been excelled only by his mania for bland confession as a letter-writer. The letter is but one detail in substantiation of the description of how the "Joe" Flannagans of the bucket-shops, in forcing their dupes to lose, are throwing their influence to the "bear" side of the market, against the interests and well-being of producers. Similar rascally maneuvers are daily executed by the bucket-shoppers of the South, who specialize in gambling upon cotton quotations, and by those of the West, where the fever for gambling in grain and provisions sows rich fields for bucket-shop thieves to harvest.

It is a popular superstition that speculation is confined almost exclusively to the ranks of the well-to-do. The superstition holds true only with respect to those that speculate through legitimate brokerage houses. For every transaction in legitimate brokerage, there are hundreds and thousands of bucket-shop bets. It is the bucket-shop thief who dangles the lure of speculation before those of small estate; who, by his "Banker and Broker" office, set up in the hamlet and in the city, entices along the road to inevitable ruin the underpaid wage-earner, the low-salaried employee in positions of trust where peculation may be easy, the widow who seeks to increase the small store her husband left her, the farmer who, as a producer, takes conceit in his knowledge of the markets, and the thousand-and-one other unfortunates too ignorant to distinguish between legitimate operations and bets in a bucket-shop.

And speculation—legitimate speculation—must carry the odium of the bucket-shoppers'

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roguery. Every bucket-shop victim is pointed to as "a wreck wrought by speculation"; the misery spread all about by bucket-shop thieves is held forth to public view as the work of speculation's engineers. Legitimate speculation is chargeable with sufficient evil of its own doing not to be saddled with responsibility for the putrid work of the bucket-shop gamblers. That the interdiction of all marginal gambling by rigidly enforced laws in every State would still further profit the producer cannot be gainsaid. But since the spirit of speculation is an inherent human quality, effective interdiction of marginal gambling, through regular brokers, members of legitimate exchanges, is an altruistic dream.

It is therefore to the extermination of the bucket-shops that society may wisely apply strong endeavors. The bucket-shopper neither buys nor sells on his patrons' orders, so that the dollar-laden tide which daily flows to the doors of his gambling-den makes in no measure for the profit of the producer. Next to the immediate victims, the heaviest losers by bucket-shop knavery are the producing classes. Your bucket-shopper takes either side of a bet—that prices will go up or that they will go down. Right of choice of first position is accorded the dupe, just as the bookmaker permits the man who thinks he can "beat the ponies" to display his conceit in "choosing a horse to win." But from the moment you name your position—on the "buy" or "sell" side of a supposititious market—the bucket-shopper strives to betray you by means so transparent that it seems astounding any one is ever deceived. Patrons of bucket-shops, like regular marginal gamblers, are inclined to optimism. "Buy" orders in anticipation of rising prices preponderate. "Sell" orders, by those who would "go short of the market" in expectation of declining prices, are relatively few, except during an irresistible "bear" movement. The "bull" market, with masses of "buy" patrons piling up profits, either breaks the bucket-shopper or gives him excuse to "welch" on his customers—to "fail." In a "bear" market, with prices tumbling, he is busy closing out the preponderating "bull" accounts—swelling his bank-account with stolen funds. Even in normal markets he is daily resorting to the conspiracy of "wash sales" to rob his dupes, and by every other species of trickery he is manipulating the strings by which he so controls his game that he may always win and his victims always lose.

CHAPTER V

SINCE extermination of the bucket-shop is a duty society owes to itself, and since society is unskilled in differentiating between legitimate brokers and their thieving counterfeits, it is necessary that we should have a primary standard for its guidance. Scattered throughout the United States and Canada are hundreds and thousands of these gambling dens. In Eastern States the counterfeit of speculation in stocks and negotiable securities holds first place in the scheme of the bucket-shopper. In the Central and Western States the bucket-shopper caters to the prevalent conceit that "beating the market" on grain and provisions is comparatively easy. In the South, the bucket-shopper uses cotton as the medium for catching his dupes. All over the country the characteristics and even the furnishings of the bucket-shops are the same; the broker's office is counterfeited to the last detail. Blackboard for the posting of quotations, ticker for receiving quotations, and telegraph for the seeming purpose of forwarding orders to regular exchanges for execution, has each its place. There are rooms for patrons, comfortably furnished and frequently decorated with a conspicuous display of pictures of women in various stages of nudity. Newspapers, well-known financial journals, and an array of "daily market letters" are given prominent position. The larger houses make a practise of serving attractive luncheons, followed by cigars, to all who may be in "the trading-room" at luncheon time; regular *habitués* know where "the canteen" is.

In large cities the bucket-shopper is invariably a "Banker and Broker," whether his dive is operated for men or for women; and bucket-shops maintained especially for female gamblers are numerous in every city of consequence. In the smaller cities, he is generally a "Commission Broker," or "Commission Agent." In hamlets and country towns, his game usually is to conduct a local "Board of Trade." How enticing all of this, especially to the rural eye and ear! What a boon to Farmer Brown, Planter Jones, or Stockman Smith, as he hauls his product to market, to have access to a "Board of Trade"! Brown, Jones, or Smith is always convinced that unless he looks sharp the middleman, immediate buyer of his product, will "do" him out of a point or two on the price. It is great satisfaction to him to know that before going to the market he can step into

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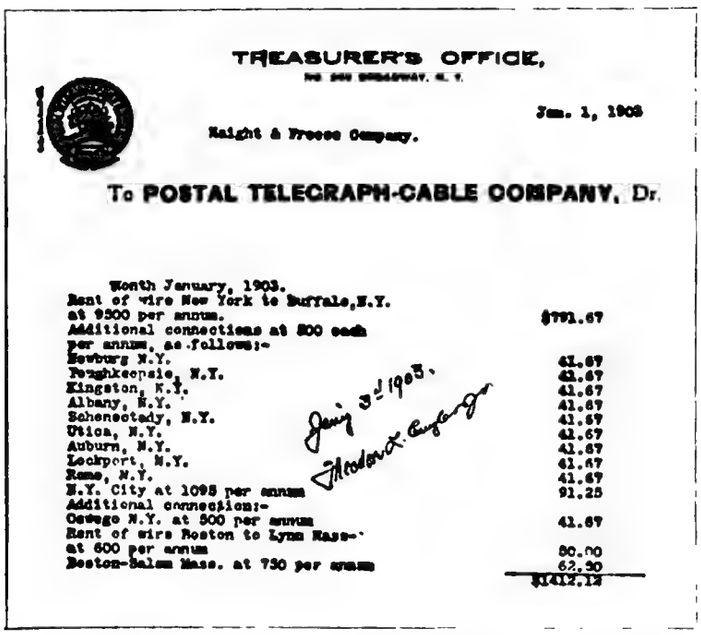
the "Board of Trade," backed by a Cella, a McHie, an O'Dell, an Adams, or a what-not, and get the last quotation from the great central dominating exchange! No chance in a community so favored for Elevator-man



TREASURER'S OFFICE,

Jan. 1, 1903

Haight & Freese Company.

To POSTAL TELEGRAPH-CABLE COMPANY, Dr.

Month January, 1903.

Rent of wire New York to Buffalo, N.Y. at $300 per annum.	$791.67
Additional connections at $00 each per annum, as follows:-	
Newburg N.Y.	41.67
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.	41.67
Kingston, N.Y.	41.67
Albany, N.Y.	41.67
Schenectady, N.Y.	41.67
Utica, N.Y.	41.67
Auburn, N.Y.	41.67
Lockport, N.Y.	41.67
Rome, N.Y.	41.67
N.Y. City at 1095 per annum	91.25
Additional connections:-	
Cswego N.Y. at 500 per annum	41.67
Rent of wire Boston to Lynn Mass. at 600 per annum	50.00
Boston-Salem Mass. at 750 per annum	62.50
	$1412.15

Jany 3rd 1903. Frederick Engagor

ONE RECEIPT SHOWING HOW THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH-CABLE COMPANY, BY LEASED WIRES, AIDED THE HAIGHT & FREESE BUCKET-SHOP SYNDICATE IN SPREADING THE EVIL.

Burns, Factor Johnson, or Stock-buyer Hall to "do" Brown, Jones, or Smith out of a penny! And Brown, Jones, and Smith rise up and call the Flannagans, Turners, Lillises, Cellas, McHies, O'Dells, and Adamses blessed, the while they damn Burns, Johnson, and Hall—lifelong neighbors and friends, and local business men of standing and repute—for a supposed predisposition toward petit larceny.

It matters not whether these thieves pose as "Bankers and Brokers," "Commission Brokers," "Commission Agents," or as mere philanthropic backers or managers of a local "Board of Trade," this fact stands:

They, and all their ilk, are bucket-shoppers, and, ergo, thieves and swindlers, unless, and save only, they can show a regular connection with a legitimate exchange upon the floor of which prices for the commodities in which they profess to offer trading facilities actually originate.

This connection may be by direct membership. Or it may be indirect, in which event the broker will be an accredited correspondent of a direct member. Direct or indirect, the connection must exist, and be clearly demonstrable, else your broker is a bucket-shopper. Nor is the broker the man to prove his legitimacy. If you catch a man drilling the lock on your safe you scarcely accept at par his asseveration that he is not a burglar. Why, then, should you accept at par an assertion of legitimacy by a man who, against the rules and ethics of legitimate brokerage, entices you, by newspaper advertisement, daily market letter or circular, to become a speculative gambler? Put your broker to the test; go to headquarters for information as to his quality. Headquarters is the exchange with which he pretends to have connection. Ask your broker: "Of what exchange are you a member?" or, if he professes only a corresponding relationship: "Who are your principals, and of what exchanges are they members?"

When he has answered, *write, not to any other firm or individual, but to the secretary of the exchanges named* for precise information as to the membership of your broker if he pretends membership, or as to the membership of his principal and his own regularity as an authorized correspondent if he professes a correspondent's relationship. By the answers you will receive you may, with unfailing precision, determine whether your broker is legitimate or whether he is enrolled with the vast army of bucket-shop thieves. For your immediate protection and future guidance, it may be well for you to know that the following are the more prominent legitimate exchanges, where prices actually originate, and where *bona fide* transactions—actual transfer of things bought and sold—can be consummated:

New York Stock Exchange.
New York Produce Exchange.
New York Cotton Exchange.
Consolidated Stock and Petroleum Exchange of New York City.
New York Coffee Exchange.
Board of Trade of the City of Chicago.
Chicago Stock Exchange.
Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce.
Merchants' Exchange of St. Louis.
St. Louis Stock Exchange.
Boston Chamber of Commerce.
Boston Stock Exchange.
Boston Fruit and Produce Exchange.
Baltimore Stock Exchange.
Baltimore Chamber of Commerce.
Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce.
Philadelphia Stock Exchange.

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Commercial Exchange of Philadelphia.
Board of Trade of Kansas City, Mo.
Toledo Produce Exchange.
New Orleans Board of Trade (Ltd.).
New Orleans Cotton Exchange.
Corn Exchange of the Chamber of Commerce, Buffalo, N. Y.
Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce and Merchants' Exchange.
The Merchants' Exchange (San Francisco).
Duluth Board of Trade.
Detroit Board of Trade.
Pittsburg Stock Exchange.
Cleveland Stock Exchange.
Omaha Grain Exchange.

There may be other small exchanges which are honest, but which have escaped notice in the preparation of this article; moreover, this list does not include mining exchanges, a few of which only are legitimate.

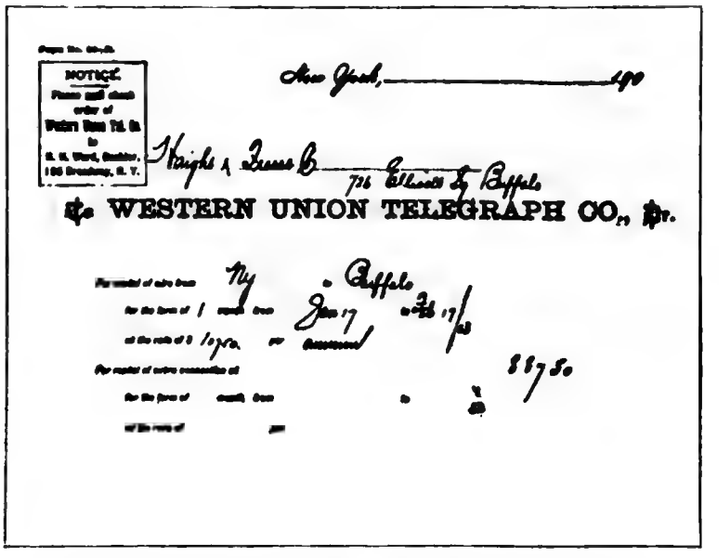
EXCHANGES IN CANADA

Winnipeg Grain Exchange.
Toronto Board of Trade.
Montreal Chamber of Commerce.

It does not follow, even should your broker establish his legitimacy beyond doubt, that you will succeed. We hold no brief for marginal gambling on regular exchanges. But the poignancy of your disappointment may be mitigated when disaster descends, by the knowledge that your broker gave you a "gambler's square deal," instead of sand-bagging you as you entrusted your fortune to him.

Why is all this stress laid upon exchange membership? If you are gambling, why may not you get as fair a deal at the bucket-shop as at the legitimate broker's? You lose sight of the fact that the legitimate broker is a disinterested intermediary; that if he has any concern in your operation it is that your transactions may be successful, and that your deals may multiply. His stake is his commission; the bucket-shopper's stake is the equivalent of the money you have wagered with him. You lose sight, too, of the fact that when you deal through the legitimate broker, the issue of your venture will be determined by actual market processes. Nowhere is the importance of exchange connection more perfectly recognized than among bucket-shoppers. Because of their inability to gain admittance to any regular exchange, these thieves have created numerous so-called exchanges and boards of trade for their own uses. Some of these institutions are maintained for the manufacture of quotations, their existence made necessary by the vigor shown by a few regular exchanges in keeping quotations from bucket-shops. Other exchanges are maintained by bucket-shoppers for the purpose of enabling them to "clear their sheets."

The clearing-house is of an importance in every regular exchange second only to the trading-floor. One hundred brokers do business to-day upon the floor of the Chicago Board of Trade. Each broker is both a buyer and a seller, according to orders received from clients. Each does business with scores of his fellow brokers. As deals are made, each broker makes notation of the broker to whom he has sold, or from whom he has purchased, together with the quantity and price of the thing traded in. Before a certain hour to-morrow each must turn into the clearing-house a sheet showing all his purchases and all his sales of to-day. The sheet must show the things traded in, their quantities and prices, together with the name of the broker who took the opposite end of each deal. If the sheet shows that the broker must pay a sum of money in settlement of his trades, the sheet tells the clearing-house to whom that sum is due, and the broker must turn in with the sheet a check in settlement of the balance. The clearing-house balances these sheets, deposits to its credit the checks received, and issues its checks in settlement of balances shown to be due various brokers.


NOTICE.
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.,

THE WAY THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY SHARED IN THE HAIGHT & FREESE CO. "SWAG."

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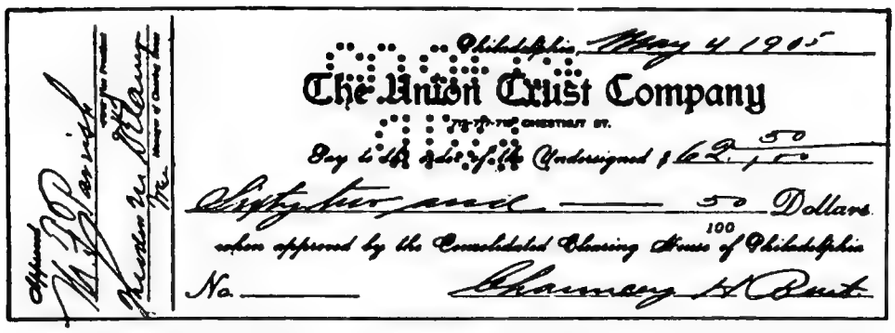
The sheets are then approved, and they stand as a record of actual transactions regularly made upon the floor of the exchange; duly certified by the exchange management. This clearing-house operation is the exchange's



FAKE CLEARING-HOUSE CHECK PASSED BY HAIGHT & FREESE'S SALARIED CLERK, WHO PRETENDED TO BE A BROKER.

check against illegitimate trading; it requires settlement by actual transfer, or by payment of the equivalent in money. It is also a check held by brokers' customers, since an appeal will discover whether trades ordered were made, and whether the broker fairly performed his function as an intermediary.

In the scheme of the bucket-shopper, his exchange is nothing more than a mask for illegitimacy. Trades are not actually made upon the floor; trades are unnecessary since the bucket-shopper is merely betting his money against yours, and quotations only are required to determine the wager. The thing essential to him, if ever you hale him to court, in civil or criminal proceedings, is that he be able to produce some proof that he did make trades you ordered. He must maintain his pretense of serving you as a commission broker. Therefore, he and his pals organize an exchange. They erect in it a clearing-house, and to-morrow they put through clearing-house sheets purporting to show execution of all orders received to-day. For this purpose each bucket-shopper uses salaried clerks, one posing as a floor representative, while another takes the rôle of the independent broker who has assumed the opposite end of each trade.

Down to the smallest detail, even to passing checks in settlement of balances, the conspiracy for counterfeiting the clearing-house system of regular exchanges is perfected by bucket-shoppers as a safeguard against suits by losers to recover. Spurious exchanges maintained by bucket-shoppers, either as "quotation foundries" or for "clearing the sheets," are:

Consolidated Stock Exchange of Philadelphia.

Metropolitan Stock Exchange of Boston.

National Board of Trade of Kansas City, Mo.

National Cotton Exchange of Memphis.

Superior Board of Trade, Superior, Wis.

If your broker claims membership in any one of the exchanges in this list, or professes to be a correspondent of anybody who has such a membership, your quest for the truth may terminate; you may then know your broker for a bucket-shopper. And almost as certainly he is a thief.

With the two lists given here, there can be no excuse for any man or woman, no matter how ignorant, to continue in the clutches of the thieves, swindlers, and confidence men who, with the law of the States in a condition approaching total paralysis, infest America with dens where thievery is the principle and practise. A little prudent, inexpensive inquiry, a checking up of what your broker pretends, will determine for you whether you are in the hands of genuine or spurious brokers—whether you are to have a marginal gambler's "square deal" and "a run for your money," or whether it is to be stolen out of hand.

CHAPTER VI

"THE bucket-shop is a thief." The quotation is from an address presented in 1887 by C. C. Christie, of Kansas City, to the Missouri Legislature. Christie knew. He was then a legitimate broker. He knew more perfectly in later years. For afterward he became a bucket-shopper; won the public title, "Bucket-shop King of the Northwest." And the Northwest learned through Christie that "the bucket-shop is a thief." Expert testimony this—not to be scorned.

On April 24, 1905, in a letter to W. H. Lillis, of Boston, executive head of the Haight & Freese corporated swindlers, George G. Turner wrote:

DEAR BILL: Nine *interments* here to-day! Three suits started against us as a result of newspaper notoriety. . . . We are in a delicate position; *if we confess gambling by stocks, which lets us out in this*

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State, the d—— paper might encourage proceedings by the losers against us as a gambling house. . . . I will defend with view to delay. The "*system*" should take in some cash to-day and wipe out some obligations. . . .

More expert testimony, not to be scorned. On another occasion Turner wrote to Lillis:

MY DEAR BILL: . . . You know my sentiments as to selling; anything that would let us out now with $300,000 each or more I would feel inclined to accept. *You and I could go into some nice legitimate business together*, where, if the profits were not so large, they would be certain without molestation. . . . I think the Met., Pattee and as many others as are good from Boston should be brought into alliance with H. & F., Loring, McLean and Labaree; Baxter, Labaree and McLean have joined issues with H. & F. and Loring. *Together . . . we are a power . . . separately we are vulnerable and amenable to the law. . . .*

If a greater fool than George G. Turner ever essayed activity as a letter-writer his identity is yet to be discovered. Lillis, of the Haight & Freese swindle, had some skill in that direction; as, for example, when he wrote a series of letters inspiring the forgery of 108 books of account for production as evidence in a court of justice; but it was Turner, again, who wrote this letter:

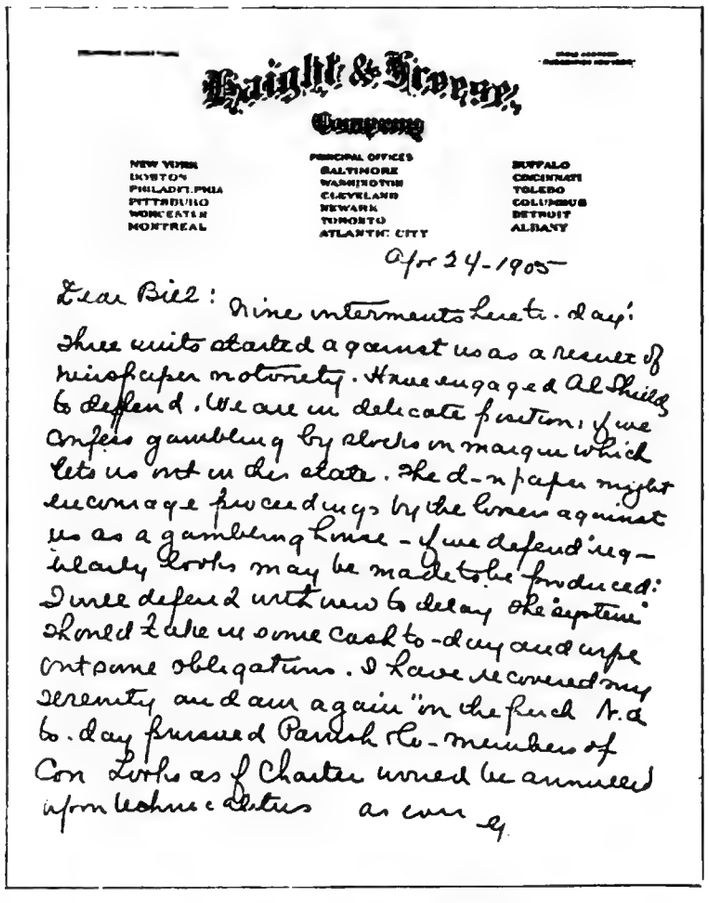
FEBRUARY 24th.

DEAR BILL: Will try to put through some orders for Broadhurst, and will let you know in a letter to-morrow about *how much we can hold down on Monday in addition to salaries.*

When the first "Dear Bill" letter was written, the Haight & Freese Company was being explained to the readers of the Philadelphia *North American*. Three weeks later, this "Bankers and Brokers" corporation went into the hands of receivers. Twelve days after the crash Lillis surrendered to James D. Colt, receiver at Boston, $97,000 — money filched from victims and secreted in safe-deposit boxes rented in the name of Lillis's wife. Subsequently Turner explained in an interview that "*interment*" as used in the first "Dear Bill" letter was bucket-shop slang for the closing out of a customer's account — the consummation of the bucket-shop theft.

Broadhurst, to whose account allusion was made in Turner's second "Dear Bill" letter, was a dummy in whose name an account was carried at the Philadelphia offices of the Haight & Freese Company. This account was solely to enable Lillis and Turner to steal ("hold down") sums in addition to annual salaries of $50,000 and $35,000 respectively. It was one detail in their disguise of legitimacy. Their daily sheets were cleared through the Consolidated Stock Exchange of Philadelphia; Broadhurst was the pipe-line through which they drained the money the spurious clearances showed customers had lost. John M. Warwick, formerly bookkeeper for the swindlers at their offices in Philadelphia, explained the Broadhurst account, under oath, to the United States Circuit Court at Philadelphia. He said:

I have repeatedly seen orders *executed in a manner for this account after the stock-market had closed.* Their custom was to buy 500 or 1,000 shares of stock at the high point of the day. . . . *After* 3 *o'clock they would pick out a stock that was up 2 or 3 points in the day and sell 500 shares of it and cover it up at the low price, or vice versa, whichever way they saw fit to work it.* As I say, I have seen these orders repeatedly come over after 3 o'clock, after the market was closed. The tickets would be written out, and come to the same routine the rest of the business did.


Haight & Freese Company

NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, PITTSBURG, WORCESTER, MONTREAL

PRINCIPAL OFFICES
BALTIMORE, WASHINGTON, CLEVELAND, NEWARK, TORONTO, ATLANTIC CITY

BUFFALO, CINCINNATI, TOLEDO, COLUMBUS, DETROIT, ALBANY

Apr 24-1905

Dear Bill: Nine interments Lucita. day: three suits started against us as a result of newspaper notoriety. Have engaged Al Shiels to defend. We are in delicate position: if we confess gambling by clerks in margin which lets us out in this state. The d-n paper might encourage proceedings by the losers against us as a gambling house - if we defend injunction Books may be made to be produced: I will defend with view to delay. Think to take us some cash to-day and wipe out some obligations. I have recovered my serenity and am again in the fight. To-day pursued Parish & Co - members of Con Exchs as Charter would be annulled upon technical status as ours is

FACSIMILE OF TURNER'S "DEAR BILL" LETTER.

In fewer than three months these rogues managed to "hold down in addition to salaries," through the Broadhurst account, $56,000. And this was only one of several

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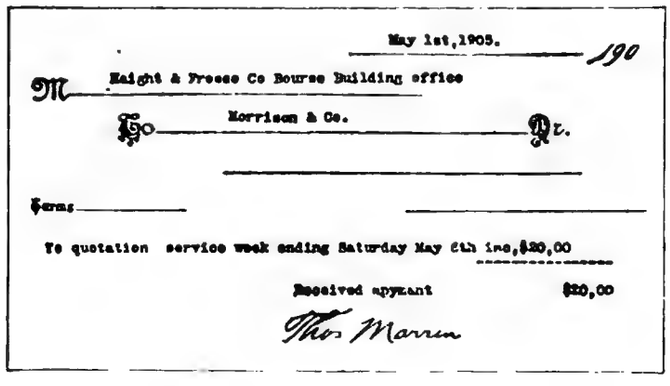
accounts carried at the Philadelphia offices for this same purpose.

Graham & Co. was the name of a bucket-shop that formerly had offices in Broadway, and in the Harvard Building, 102 West Forty-Second Street, New York. The ostensible head of the firm was Edward Marrin, who held a membership in the Consolidated Stock Exchange of New York, a body whose members are not always, all of them, beyond suspicion. The real backers were Frank C. Marrin, alias "Judge" Franklin Stone, alias Thomas Harper, etc., and Walter B. Riggs, alias W. B. Raymond, alias W. Beach Richmond. Frank C. and Edward Marrin are brothers.

Another brother is Thomas Marrin, who, with the connivance of regular telegraph companies, steals quotations of the New York Stock Exchange, and vends them, over the "Marrin Pirate Wire," to bucket-shops in the Eastern States. Frank C. Marrin was a forger, embezzler, and fugitive from justice in Brooklyn in 1894; a get-rich-quick swindler and fugitive from justice in Chicago in 1900; and, with Riggs, alias Richmond, Stanley Francis, and Sophia Beck (now Mrs. Richard Graham), queen of all female confidence swindlers, the founder, in Philadelphia five years ago, of the Storey Cotton Company, the most gigantic get-rich-quick fraud ever perpetrated in America. Four million dollars were stolen from 8,000 poor and ignorant men and women by these swindlers; hundreds of


May 1st, 1905. 190

M Haight & Freese Co Bourse Building office

To Morrison & Co. Dr.

Terms

To quotation service week ending Saturday May 6th inc. $20.00

Received apyment $20.00

Thos Marrin

ONE OF THOMAS MARRIN'S RECEIPTS FOR STOLEN QUOTATIONS.

thousands of dollars of the "swag" being made way with by checks drawn to the order of "Graham & Co.," and charged on the books of the Storey Cotton Company as payments on account of "cotton margins."

So much for some of the bucket-shoppers that have passed. Those that exist to-day are not more worthy than those whose exploits may be read in criminal records, whose portraits adorn Rogues' Galleries, and whose skill perfected bucket-shop thievery to its present high state.

A chain of bucket-shops, covering a large portion of the United States, is operating out of New York under the name "The Stock, Grain & Provision Company of New York." The backer of this particular conspiracy for thievery—confessed bucket-shoppers in Connecticut—is one Frank L. Loring. And Loring, now grown to be a millionaire, is the notorious get-rich-quick expert who managed the first discretionary pool swindle in America, "Fund W," which collapsed in Chicago in 1882, leaving its dupes to hold the bag for $2,000,000. For several months after that crash Loring's activities were limited by the four walls of a cell in the Cook County, Ill., jail. Associated with Frank L. Loring in the "Fund W" swindle was his brother, Daniel A. Loring, now living in New York and reputed to be worth $15,000,000. When "Fund W" collapsed Daniel A. Loring fled from Chicago to Texas. Subsequently he returned to Chicago, procured his brother's release from jail, and the Loring brothers advented in New York as "The Stock, Grain & Provision Company." Later Daniel A. Loring backed the bucket-shopping firm of Greulich, Martin & Co., 30 Broad Street, New York; which firm was raided by the police in 1899. In 1904 Greulich, Martin & Co. went out of business, and L. J. Greulich, the apparent head, is now engaged in managing the Buckeye-Osage Oil Company, operating in the Indian Territory, into which Daniel A. Loring has put a considerable sum of money filched during his active career as a bucket-shopper. Another slice of Daniel A. Loring's ill-gotten money was used in the purchase of a seat on the New York Stock Exchange for his son, Daniel A. Loring, Jr. And young Loring goes about Wall Street, doing business in offices and among men as far removed as possible from any taint of crooked dealing.

Wherever one goes in the States of the Central West, one is almost certain to find branch offices of the Hammond Elevator Company, of Hammond, Ind. From 1894 to 1901 this outfit was known as the Central Stock & Grain Exchange of Chicago. In the latter year it was moved to Hammond, Ind., to escape the Chicago Board of Trade's vigorous crusade against bucket-

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SNAP-SHOT OF "AL." ADAMS, THE NOTORIOUS BUCKET-SHOP AND POLICY MAN.

shop thieves; and in 1903 the title was changed to the present style. Sidmon McHie, who has frequently been under indictment in State and Federal courts, is the backer of this syndicate bucket-shop. McHie—and, by the way, that name has a reputation for quick changes and queer contortions—lives most of the time at the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York. His trades as a marginal gambler on legitimate markets are freely taken by Charles G. Gates & Co. and W. R. Holligan & Co. The former firm holds membership on every important legitimate exchange in America, beginning with the New York Stock, and the latter is a New York Stock Exchange house. The Hammond Elevator Company leases from the Western Union Telegraph Company a system of wires that covers Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio like a close-meshed net, and touches points in Kentucky, Iowa, and Wisconsin. Just now McHie's bucket-shop money is backing a seat on the New York Stock Exchange purchased for the ostensible head of a firm with offices in the Trinity Building, New York—an ex-telegraph operator who, until he suddenly blossomed forth as a New York Stock member, was employed in a Broadway brokerage house at a salary of $166.66 a month.

Out of Cincinnati W. J. O'Dell is operating the O'Dell Stock & Grain Company, a syndicated bucket-shop with offices all over Ohio, and in nearly every city of consequence in the Union. O'Dell has been one of the minor bosses under George B. Cox, and, backed by powerful political influence, defies the courts. In 1899 the style of his firm was W. J. O'Dell & Co. A receivership, procured upon application of George Stapley, a partner and still one of O'Dell's active lieutenants, terminated this firm. Then it was the O'Dell Commission Company, and, egged on by litigation, the name was changed, just as easily as one changes coats, to the O'Dell Company, and finally to the present title. The Chicago Board of Trade and the New York Cotton Exchange have recently attacked O'Dell in the Federal courts alleging that this "banker and broker" steals the quotations he uses as the basis of bets made in his bucket-shops, and praying for injunctions to stop that particular branch of his thievery.

Hailing from Minneapolis, and covering the

SOPHIA BECK, QUEEN OF ALL FEMALE CONFIDENCE SWINDLERS.

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THE NATIONAL BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, CHRISTIE'S "QUOTATION FOUNDRY," IN KANSAS CITY.

Northwest and reaching into Canada, in apparent succession to the defunct Coe Commission Company, the backer of which was George T. Hammond, bucket-shop and get-rich-quick swindler, wire-tapper, and jailbird, is the Edwards-Wood Company. Forest B. Wood is the leading spirit in this particular bucket-shop conspiracy. Formerly Wood hailed from Washington, D. C., where he "laid down" on his customers when sailing under the title, Ferry & Wood. He had money, despite his failure, when he reached the Northwest, and something above one hundred offices in Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Winnipeg, and the smaller cities of the Northwest attest his ability as a promoter of the bucket-shop game. A brother, Lewin A. Wood, and a Minneapolis real-estate broker joined the "busted" Forest upon his advent in the Northwest in forming the firm known as Edwards, Wood & Co. The robber methods of this outfit soon brought about their expulsion from the Chicago Board of Trade and the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, and led to their conviction for robbery in the Minnesota courts. Absolutely without exchange facilities, they are still working the public, through their one hundred-odd offices, under the name of the Edwards-Wood Company.

And now we come to C. C. Christie, the man who so truly said "The bucket-shop is a thief." Christie was formerly a legitimate broker in Kansas City and St. Joseph, Mo., but a predilection for crooked work brought about his expulsion from regular exchanges, and he went to the "buckets" as naturally as a hog goes to the swill-trough. He began bucket-shopping in the 90's, under the title "Christie Grain & Stock Company," which still is the name of his syndicate. John Hill, Jr., who so ably managed the great crusade the Chicago Board of Trade made against bucket-shops in the first years of this century, caught Christie stealing quotations by means of a delicately adjusted telephone-receiver concealed behind the blackboard in a legitimate broker's office, and connected with his own "plant" by hidden wires. This quotation thievery was broken up, and in 1900 Christie began suit against the Chicago Board of Trade to restrain it from refusing him quotations. The courts decided he was a bucket-shopper, and he lost the suit. May 8, 1905,

Photograph by Thomson, Kansas City.

C. C. CHRISTIE.

The man who said, "The bucket-shop is a thief."

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the United States Supreme Court, in a decision already quoted, enjoined Christie and his outfit from stealing Chicago Board of Trade quotations. Christie then established the National Board of Trade of Kansas City for use as a "quotation foundry."

Next to the money of gullible dupes, quotations are the most essential feature of a bucket-shop. Without them, the bucket-shopper has nothing on which his dupes may bet. Whenever the legitimate exchanges succeed in withholding quotations from the bucket-shop thieves the end of this nefarious business will be marked, except in the event that men like Christie establish and operate "quotation foundries," whose work the public will accept as a fair basis for bets. The tape game of a decade ago, in which industrious clerks spent the night marking supposititious quotations on a tape that in the morning was unwound from a box while the gamblers wagered their money as to what would be the next figure to appear, was quite as legitimate as is the work of these "foundries," of which Christie's National Board of Trade is such an elaborately devised example. The officers of this organization are: C. C. Christie, president; A. M. McDearmott, another Kansas City bucket-shopper, treasurer; and E. W. Woods Minneapolis; Bruce Deitrich (a Christie employee), Kansas City; G. W. Clawson, St. Louis; C. P. Hunt, Memphis, and J. C. Burger, Denver—all notorious bucket-shoppers—directors. This "foundry" opened for business in June of last year, and sells memberships at $10 each to the ever-gullible public. The quotations are manufactured by a corps of salaried clerks, without reference to real markets, and are posted on the blackboard of nearly every bucket-shop in the West as a basis for betting. A recent demand for delivery of 1,000 bushels of wheat bought on this "exchange" threw the entire organization into a panic. Nobody had a pint of wheat, and it was three days before delivery was made by the seller. But with this National Board of Trade, and with his own Christie Grain & Stock Company, C. C. Christie is bucket-shopping on a stupendous scale in Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Oklahoma, Texas, Indian Territory, and Tennessee, his leased wires reaching every city and town of consequence in these subdivisions of the Republic.

The Cella Commission Company of St. Louis owns a system of bucket-shops that reaches most of the cities of importance in the United States with the exception of New York and Boston. This concern is owned by the Cellas, of race-track fame, who defy the police and the courts, and build sky-scrapers with bucket-shop and race-track money wrung from poor unfortunates who are led to patronize their game. The wires operated by this outfit are thickest in the States of Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, Missouri, and throughout the Cotton Belt; but recently they have begun heavy operations in Eastern States. The Cella Commission Company would be in New York to-day but for the passage of the stock-transfer-tax law. Frank J. Miner is the manager of the Cella Commission Company bucket-shop syndicate. One of Miner's most intimate friends and active lieutenants is Henry Burton King, founder of the New York Bureau of Information, now managed by his brother, J. D. W. King. King is a tout, sleek enough in his methods to have corralled bankers and brokers of unimpeachable legitimacy as clients for the New York Bureau of Information. His portrait, until it was surreptitiously removed, was No. 295G in the Chicago Rogues' Gallery, and he has the distinction of having served a penal sentence for the larceny of goods from such masters of merchantry as Levi Z. Leiter and Marshall Field. One of the characteristics of the Cella Commission Company is its practise of arbitrarily closing out customers' accounts when they "get right" with the market; that is, when they get on the winning side. This was done in 1901 when cotton advanced. The Cellas, at their Southern offices particularly, were loaded up with cotton "buy" orders, and the players of the game were in a way to make a "killing," all at the expense of the Cellas. The cotton trades were all closed, and the Cellas withdrew from the Southern field; but they are now doing business there again.

Such are a few of the bucket-shoppers of America, discovered in a fleeting glance about the country. Their full name is legion. And vast as is their number, they differ in no essential particular from those who have been mentioned. One and all, they play the game by recognized rules; always to the more secure establishment of the description which Christie so aptly fitted.

In the August number Mr. Teague will explain in detail the workings of the robber exchanges, significantly called by the thieves themselves "plants."

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The Error of the Day

By GILBERT PARKER

Author of "The Seats of the Mighty," "The Right of Way," "The Ladder of Swords," etc.

Illustrations by Harry Stoner

The "Error of the Day" may be defined as "The difference between the distance or range which must be put upon the sights in order to hit the target and the actual distance from the gun to the target."
(Admiralty Note.)

A great naval gun never fires twice alike. It varies from day to day, and expert allowance has to be made in sighting every time it is fired. Variations in atmosphere, condition of ammunition, and the wear of the gun are the contributory causes to the ever-varying "Error of the Day."

"SAY, ain't he pretty?"

"A Jim-dandy—oh, my!"

"What's his price in the open market?"

"Thirty millions—I think not."

Then was heard the voice of Billy Goat—his name was William Goatry:

"Out in the cold world, out in the street;
Nothing to wear, and nothing to eat,
Fatherless, motherless, sadly I roam,
Child of misfortune, I'm driven from home."

A loud laugh followed, for Billy Goat was a popular person at Kowatin in the Saskatchewan country. He had an inimitable drollery, heightened by a cast in his eye, a very large mouth, and a round, good-humored face; also he had a hand and arm like iron, and was altogether a great man on a "spree."

There had been a two days' spree at Kowatin, for no other reason than that there had been great excitement over the capture and the subsequent escape of a prairie-rover who had robbed the contractor's money-chest at the rail-head on the Canadian Pacific Railroad. He had been caught forty miles from Kowatin by the tall, brown-eyed man with the hard-bitten face who leaned against the open window of the tavern, looking indifferently at the jeering crowd before him. He was not unpopular with them, but he had been a failure for once, and, as Billy Goat had said, "It tickled us to death to see a rider of the plains off his trolley—on the cold, cold ground, same as you and me."

This man, leaning idly against the wall, staring into the sunlight, and smoking a Mex-

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ican cheroot, had been, as Billy Goat said, "so dang successful" that they had a peculiar joy in his coming a cropper, as they had done in their time too often. They did not undervalue him. If he had been less a man than he was, they would not have taken the trouble to cover him with their drunken ribaldry. He had scored off them in the past in just such sprees as this, when he had the power to do so, and used the power good-naturedly and quietly—but used it.

Then, he was Sergeant Foyle of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, on duty in a district as large as the United Kingdom. And he had no greater admirer than Billy Goat, who now reviled him. Not without cause, in a way, for he had reviled himself to this extent, that when the prairie-rover, Halbeck, escaped on the way to Prince Albert, after six months' hunt for him and a final capture in the Kowatin district, Foyle resigned the Force before the Commissioner could reproach him or call him to account. Usually so exact, so certain of his target, some care had not been taken, he had miscalculated, and there had been the "Error of the Day." Whatever it was, it had seemed to him fatal; and he had turned his face from the barrack yard.

Then he had made his way to the Happy Land Hotel at Kowatin, to begin life as "a free and independent gent on the loose," as Billy Goat had said. To resign had seemed extreme; because, though the Commissioner was vexed at Halbeck's escape, Foyle was the best non-commissioned officer in the Force. He had frightened horse thieves and bogus land agents and speculators out of the country; had fearlessly tracked down a criminal or a band of criminals when the odds were heavy against him. He carried on his face the scars of two bullets, and there was one white lock in his brown hair, where an arrow had torn the scalp away as, alone, he drove into the Post a score of Indians, fresh from raiding the cattle of an immigrant trailing to the farther north.

Now he was out of work, or so it seemed; he had stepped down from his scarlet-coated dignity, from the place of guardian and guide of civilization, into the idleness of a tavern stoop.

As the little group swayed round him, and Billy Goat started another song, Foyle roused himself as though to move away—he was waiting for the "mail-stage" to take him south.

"Oh, father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You said you were coming right home from the shop
As soon as your day's work was done.
Come home—come home——"

The song arrested him, and slowly he leaned back against the window again. A curious look came into his eyes, a look that had nothing to do with the acts of the people before him. It was searching into a scene beyond this bright sunlight, and the far green-brown grass, and the little oasis of trees in the

WITH A SNARL, HALBECK STEPPED OUT.

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distance marking a homestead, and the dust of the wagon-wheels out on the trail beyond the grain-elevator, beyond the blue horizon's rim, quivering in the heat, and into regions where this crisp, clear, life-giving, life-saving air never blew.

"You said you were coming right home from the shop
As soon as your day's work was done.
Come home—come home——"

He remembered when he had first heard this song in a play called "Ten Nights in a Barroom," many years before, and how it had wrenched his heart and soul, and covered him with a sudden cloud of shame and anger. For his father had been a drunkard, and a brother had grown up a drunkard, that brother whom he had not seen for ten years until —until——

He shuddered, closed his eyes, as though to shut out something that the mind saw. He had had a rough life, he had become inured to the seamy side of things—there was a seamy side even in this clean, free, wide land; and he had no sentimentality; though something seemed to hurt him now.

"As soon as your day's work was done.
Come home—come home——"

The crowd was uproarious. The exhilaration had become a kind of delirium. Men were losing their heads; there was an element of irresponsibility in the new outbreak likely to breed some violent act, which every man of them would lament when sober again.

Nettlewood Foyle watched the dust rising from the wheels of the stage, which had passed the elevator and was nearing the Prairie Home Hotel far down the street. He would soon leave behind him this noisy ribaldry of which he was the center. He tossed his cheroot away. Suddenly he heard a low voice behind him.

"Why don't you hit out, sergeant?" it said.

He started almost violently, and turned round. Then his face flushed, his eyes blurred with feeling and deep surprise, and his lips parted in a whispered exclamation and greeting.

A girl's face from the shade of the sitting-room was looking out at him half-smiling, but with heightened color and a suppressed agitation. The girl was not more than twenty-five, graceful, supple, and strong. Her chin was dimpled; across her right temple was a slight scar. She had eyes of a wonderful deep blue; they seemed to swim with light. As Foyle gazed at her for a moment dumbfounded, with a quizzical suggestion and smiling still a little more she said:

"You used to be a little quicker, Nett." The voice appeared to attempt unconcern; but it quivered from a force of feeling underneath. It was so long since she had seen him.

He was about to reply, but at the instant a reveler pushed him with a foot behind the knees so that they bent quickly forward. The crowd laughed—all save Billy Goat, who knew his man.

Like lightning, and with cold fury in his eyes, Foyle caught the tall cattleman by the forearm and, with a swift, dexterous twist, had the fellow in his power.

"Down—down, to your knees, you skunk," he said, in a low, fierce voice.

The knees of the big man bent—Foyle had not taken lessons of Ogomi, the Jap, for nothing—they bent, and the cattleman squealed, so intense was the pain. It was break or bend; and he bent—to the ground, and lay there. Foyle stood over him for a moment, a hard light in his eyes, and then suddenly, as if bethinking himself, he looked at the other roisterers, and said:

"There's a limit, and he reached it. Your mouths are your own, and you can blow off to suit your fancy, but if any one thinks I'm a tame coyote to be poked with a stick—" He broke off, stooped over, and helped the man before him to his feet. The arm had been strained, and the big fellow nursed it.

"Hell, but you're a twister!" the cattleman said with a grimace of pain.

Billy Goat was a gentleman, after his kind, and he liked Sergeant Foyle, with a great liking. He turned to the crowd and spoke.

"Say, boys, this mine's worked out. Let's leave the Happy Land to Foyle. Boys, what is he—what—is—he? What—is—Sergeant Foyle—boys?"

The roar of the song they all knew came in reply, as Billy Goat waved his arms about like the wild leader of a wild orchestra:

"Sergeant Foyle, oh, he's a knocker from the West,
He's a chase-me-Charley, come-and-kiss-me tiger from the zoo;
He's a dandy on the pinch, and he's got a double cinch
On the gent that's going careless, and he'll soon cinch you;
And he'll soon—and he'll soon—cinch you!"

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Foyle watched them go, dancing, stumbling, calling back at him, as they moved toward the Prairie Home Hotel:

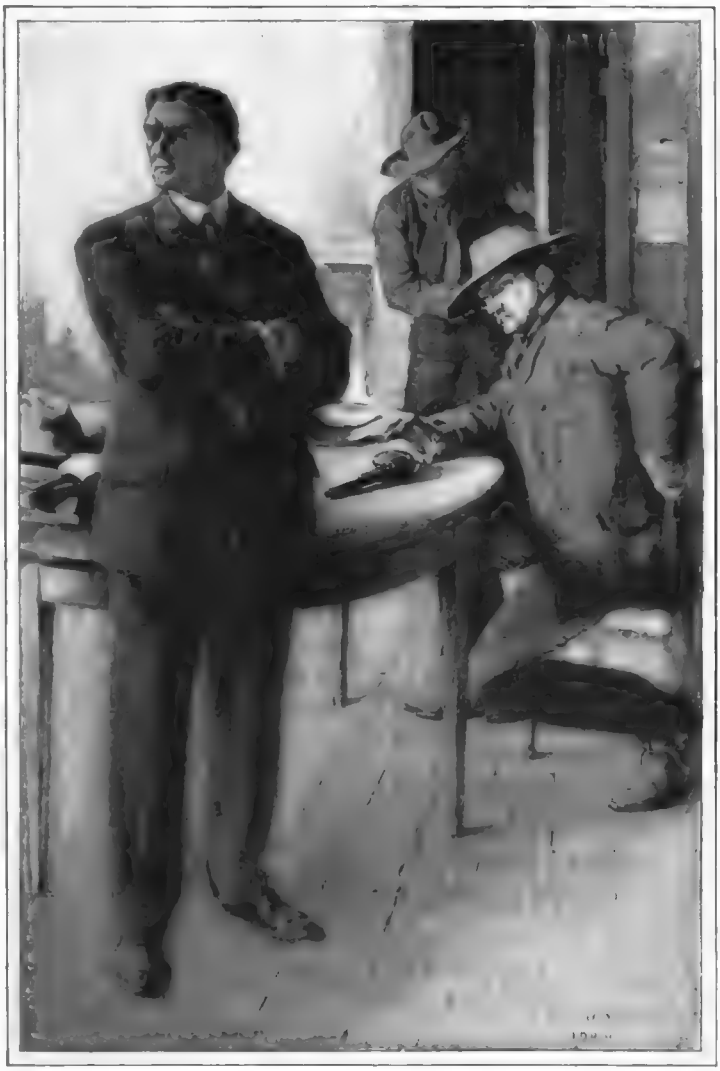
"And he'll soon—and he'll soon—cinch you!"

His under lip came out, his eyes half-closed, as he watched them. "I've done my last cinch. I've done my last cinch," he said.

Then, suddenly, the look in his face changed, the eyes swam as they had done a minute before at the sight of the girl in the room behind. Whatever his trouble was, that face had obscured it in a flash, and the pools of feeling far down in the depths of a lonely nature had been stirred. Recognition, memory, tenderness, desire swam in his face, made generous and kind the hard lines of the strong mouth. In an instant he had swung himself over the window-sill. The girl had drawn away now into a more shaded corner of the room, and she regarded him with a mingled anxiety and eagerness. Was she afraid of something? Did she fear that—she knew not quite what, but it had to do with a long ago.

"It was time you hit out, Nett," she said, half shyly. "You're more patient than you used to be—but you're surer. My, that was a twist you gave him, Nett. Aren't you glad to see me?" she added hastily, and with an effort to hide her agitation.

He reached out and took her hand with a strange shyness, and a self-consciousness which was alien to his nature. The touch of her hand thrilled him. Their eyes met. She dropped hers. Then he gathered himself together. "Glad to see you? Of course, of course, I'm glad. You stunned me, Jo. Why, do you know where you are? You're a thousand miles from home. I can't get it through my head, not really. What brings you here? It's ten years—ten years since I saw you, and you were only fifteen—but a fifteen that was as good as twenty."



"IF YOU KILL ME, YOU WILL NEVER GET AWAY FROM KOWATIN ALIVE."

He scanned her face closely. "What's that scar on your forehead, Jo? You hadn't that—then."

"I ran up against something," she said evasively, her eyes glittering, "and it left that scar. Does it look so bad?"

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FOYLE STOOD OVER HIM, A HARD LIGHT IN HIS EYES.

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"No, you'd never notice it, if you weren't looking close as I am. You see, I knew your face so well ten years ago."

He shook his head with a forced kind of smile. It became him, however, for he smiled rarely; and the smile was like a lantern turned on his face; it gave light and warmth to its quiet strength—or hardness.

"You were always quizzing," she said with an attempt at a laugh; "always trying to find out things. That's why you made them reckon with you out here. You always could see behind things; always would have your own way; always were meant to be a success."

She was beginning to get control of herself again, was trying hard to keep things on the surface, for she did not know—"You were meant to succeed—you had to," she added.

"I've been a failure—a dead failure," he answered slowly. "So they say. So they said—you heard them, Jo."

He jerked his head toward the open window.

"Oh, those drunken fools!" she said indignantly, and her face hardened. "How I hate drink! It spoils everything."

There was silence for a moment. They were both thinking of the same thing—*of the same man*. He repeated a question.

"What brings you out here, Jo?" he asked gently.

"Dorland," she answered, her face setting into determination and anxiety.

His face became pinched. "Dorl!" he said heavily. "What for, Jo? What do you want with Dorl?"

"When Cynthy died she left her five hundred dollars a year to the baby, and——"

"Yes, yes, I know. Well, Jo?"

"Well, it was all right for five years—Dorland paid it in, but for five years he hasn't paid anything. He's taken it, stolen it from his own child by his own honest wife. I've come to get it—anyway, to stop him from doing it any more. His own child—it puts murder in my heart, Nett. I could kill him."

He nodded grimly. "That's likely. And you've kept Dorl's child with your own money all these years?"

"I've got four hundred dollars a year, Nett, you know; and I've been dressmaking—they say I've got taste," she added with a whimsical smile.

Nett nodded his head. "Five years. That's twenty-five hundred dollars he's stolen from his own child—it's eight years old now, isn't it?"

"Bobby is eight and a half," she answered.

"And his schooling, and his clothing, and everything; and you have to pay for it all?"

"Oh, I don't mind, Nett; it isn't that. Bobby is Cynthy's child; and I love him—I love him; but I want him to have his rights. Dorl must give up his hold on that money—or——"

He nodded gravely. "Or you'll set the law on him?"

"It's one thing or the other. Better to do it now when Bobby is young and can't understand."

"Or read the newspapers," he commented thoughtfully.

"I don't think I've a hard heart," she continued, "but I'd like to punish him—if it wasn't that he's your brother, Nett; and if it wasn't for Bobby. Dorland was dreadfully cruel, even to Cynthy."

"How did you know he was up here?" he asked.

"From the lawyer that pays over the money. Dorland has had it sent out here to Kowatin this two years. And he sent word to the lawyer a month ago that he wanted it to get here as usual. The letter left the same day as I did, and it got here yesterday with me, I suppose. He'll be after it—perhaps to-day. He wouldn't let it wait long, Dorl wouldn't."

Foyle started. "To-day—to-day——"

There was a gleam in his eyes, a setting of the lips, a line sinking into the forehead between the eyes.

"I've been watching for him all day, and I'll watch till he comes. I'm going to say some things to him that he won't forget. I'm going to get Bobby's money, or have the law do it—unless you think I'm a brute, Nett." She looked at him wistfully.

"That's all right. Don't worry about me, Jo. He's my brother, but I know him—I know him through and through. He's done everything that a man can do and not be hanged. A thief, a drunkard, and a brute—and he killed a man out here—I know it," he added hoarsely. "I found it out myself—myself. It was murder."

Suddenly, as he looked at her, an idea seemed to flash into his mind. He came very near and looked at her closely. Then he reached over and almost touched the scar on her forehead.

"Did he do that, Jo?"

For an instant she was silent and looked down at the floor. Presently she raised her eyes, her face suffused. Once or twice she

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tried to speak, but failed. At last she gained courage and said:

"After Cynthy's death I kept house for him a year, you know, taking care of little Bobby —I loved him so—he has Cynthy's eyes. One day Dorland—oh, Nett, of course I oughtn't to have stayed there—I know it now; but I was only sixteen, and what did I understand! And my mother was dead. One day—oh, please, Nett, you can guess. He said something to me. I made him leave the house. Before I could make plans what to do, he came back mad with drink. I went for Bobby, to get out of the house, but he caught hold of me. I struck him in the face, and he threw me against the edge of the open door—it made the scar."

Foyle's face was white. "Why did you never write and tell me that, Jo? You know that I—" He stopped suddenly.

"You had gone out of our lives down there. I didn't know where you were for a long time; and then—then it was all right about Bobby and me, except that Bobby didn't get the money that was his. But now——"

Foyle's voice was hoarse and low. "He made that scar, and he tried—and you only sixteen— Oh, my God!"

Suddenly his face reddened, and he choked with shame and anger. "And he's my brother!" was all that he could say.

"Do you see him up here ever?" she asked pityingly.

"I never saw him till a week ago." A moment, then he added, "The letter wasn't to be sent here in his own name, was it?"

She nodded. "Yes, in his own name, Dorland W. Foyle. Didn't he go by that name when you saw him?"

There was an oppressive silence, in which she saw that something moved him strangely, and then he answered: "No, he was going by the name of Halbeck—Hiram Halbeck."

The girl gasped. Then the whole thing burst upon her. "Hiram Halbeck! Nett —Hiram Halbeck, the thief—I read it all in the papers—the thief that you caught, and that got away. And you've left the police because of it, and—oh, Nett!" Her eyes were full of tears, her face drawn and gray.

He nodded. "I didn't know who he was till I arrested him," he said. "Then, afterward, I thought of his child, and let him get away—and for my poor old mother's sake—she was fond of him in spite of all. She never knew how bad he was even as a boy. But I remember how he used to steal the brandy from her bedside, when she had the fever, and drink it. She never knew the worst of him. But I let him away in the night, Jo, and I resigned, and they thought that Halbeck had beaten me, had escaped. Of course I couldn't stay in the Force, having done that. I couldn't. But, by the heaven above us, if I had him here now, I'd do the thing—I'd do it—do it, so help me God!"

"Why should you ruin your life for him?" she said with an outburst of indignation. All that was in her heart welled up in her eyes at the thought of what Foyle was. "You must not do it. You shall not do it. *He* must pay for his wickedness, not you. It would be a sin. You and what becomes of you mean so much." Suddenly with a flash of purpose she added, "He will come for that letter, Nett. He would run any kind of risk to get a dollar. He will come here for that letter—perhaps to-day."

He shook his head moodily, oppressed by the trouble that was on him. "He's not likely to venture here, after what's happened."

"You don't know him as well as I do, Nett. He is so vain he'd do it, just to show that he could. He'd probably come in the evening. Does any one know him here? So many people pass through Kowatin every day. Has any one seen him?"

"Only Billy Goatry," he answered, working his way to a solution of the dark problem. "Only Billy Goatry knows him. The fellow that led the singing—that was Goatry."

"There he is now," he added, as Billy Goat passed the window.

She came and laid a hand on his arm. "We've got to settle things with him," she said. "If he comes, Nett——"

There was silence for a moment, then he caught her hand in his and held it. "If he comes, leave him to me, Jo. You will leave him to me?" he added anxiously.

"Yes," she said. "You'll do what's right —by Bobby."

"And by Dorl, too," he replied strangely.

There were loud footsteps without.

"It's Goatry," said Foyle. "You stay here. I'll tell him everything. He's all right—he's a true friend. He'll not interfere."

The handle of the door turned slowly. "You keep watch on the post-office, Jo," he added.

Goatry came round the opening door with a grin.

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"Hope I don't intrude," he said, stealing a half-leering look at the girl. As soon as he saw her face, however, he straightened himself up; he took on different manners. He had not been so intoxicated as he had made out, and he seemed only "mellow" as he stood before them, with his corrugated face and queer, quaint look, the eye with the cast in it blinking faster than the other.

"It's all right, Goatry," said Foyle. "This lady is one of my family from the East."

"Goin' on by stage?" Goatry said vaguely, as they shook hands.

She did not reply, for she was looking down the street, and presently she started as she gazed. She laid a hand suddenly on Foyle's arm.

"See—he's come," she said in a whisper, and as though not realizing Goatry's presence. "He's come."

Goatry looked as well as Foyle. "Halbeck—the devil!" he said.

Foyle turned to him. "Stand by, Goatry. I want you to keep a shut mouth. I've work to do."

Goatry held out his hand. "I'm with you. If you get him this time, clamp him, clamp him like a tooth in a harrow."

Halbeck had stopped his horse at the post-office door. He dismounted, looked quickly round, then drew the reins over the horse's head, letting them trail, as is the custom of the West.

A few swift words passed between Goatry and Foyle.

"I'll do this myself, Jo," he whispered to the girl presently. "Go into another room. I'll bring him here."

In another minute Goatry was leading the horse away from the post-office, while Foyle stood waiting quietly at the door. The departing footsteps of the horse brought Halbeck swiftly to the door, with a letter in his hand.

"Hi, there, you damned sucker!" he called, and then saw Foyle waiting.

"What the hell—" he said fiercely, his hand on something in his hip pocket.

"Keep quiet, Dorl. I want to have a little talk with you. Take your hand away from that gun—take it away," he added with a meaning not to be misunderstood.

Halbeck knew that one shout would have the town on him, and he did not know what card his brother was going to play. He let his arm drop to his side. "What's your game? What do you want?" he asked surlily.

"Come over to the Happy Land," Foyle answered, and in the light of what was in his mind his words had a grim irony.

With a snarl Halbeck stepped out. Goatry, who had handed the horse over to the hostler, watched them coming.

"Why did I never notice the likeness before?" he said. "But, gosh! what a difference in the men. Foyle's going to double cinch him this time, I guess."

He followed them inside the hall of the Happy Land. When they stepped into the sitting-room, he stood at the door waiting. The hotel was entirely empty, the roisterers at the Prairie Home having drawn off the idlers and spectators. The barman was nodding behind the bar; the proprietor was moving about in the back-yard inspecting a horse. There was a cheerful warmth everywhere, the air was like an elixir, the pungent smell of a pine-tree at the door gave a kind of medicament to the indrawn breath. And to Billy Goat, who sometimes sang in the choir of a church not a hundred miles away—for people agreed to forget his occasional sprees—there came, he knew not why, the words of a hymn he had sung only the preceding Sunday:

> "As pants the hart for cooling streams,
> When heated in the chase——"

The words kept ringing in his ears as he listened to the conversation inside the room—the partition was thin, the door thinner, and he heard much. Foyle had asked him not to intervene, but only to stand by and await the issue of this final conference. He meant, however, to take a hand in, if he thought he was needed, and he kept his ear glued to the door. If he thought Foyle needed him—his fingers were on the handle of the door.

"Now, hurry up! What do you want with me?" asked Halbeck of his brother.

"Take your time," said ex-Sergeant Foyle, as he drew the blind three-quarters down, so that they could not be seen from the street.

"I'm in a hurry, I tell you. I've got my plans. I'm going south. I've only just time to catch the Canadian Pacific three days from now, riding hard."

"You're not going south, Dorl."

"Where am I going, then?" was the sneering reply.

"Not farther than the Happy Land."

"What the devil's all this? You don't mean you're trying to arrest me again—after letting me go?"

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"You don't need to ask. You're my prisoner. You're my prisoner," he said in a louder voice—"*until you free yourself!*"

"I'll do that damn quick, then," said the other, his hand flying to his hip.

"Sit down," was the sharp rejoinder, and a pistol was in his face before he could draw his own weapon.

"Put your gun on the table," Foyle said quietly. Halbeck did so. There was no other way.

Foyle drew it over to himself. His brother made a motion to rise.

"Sit still, Dorl!" came the warning voice.

White with rage, the freebooter sat still, his dissipated face and heavy angry lips looking like a debauched and villainous caricature of his brother before him.

"Yes, I suppose you'd have potted me, Dorl," said the ex-sergeant. "You'd have thought no more of doing that than you did of killing Linley, the ranchman; than you did of trying to ruin Jo Byndon, your wife's sister, when she was sixteen years old, when she was caring for your child—giving her life for the child you brought into the world."

"What in the name of hell—it's a lie!"

"Don't bluster. I know the truth."

"Who told you—the truth?"

"She did—to-day—an hour ago."

"She here—out here?" There was a new cowed note in the voice.

"She is in the next room."

"What did she come here for?"

"To make you do right by your own child. I wonder what a jury of decent men would think about a man who robbed his child for five years, and let that child be fed and clothed and cared for by the girl he tried to destroy, the girl he taught what sin there was in the world."

"She put you up to this—she was always in love with you, and you know it."

There was a dangerous look in Foyle's eyes, and his jaw set hard. "There would be no shame in a decent woman caring for me, even if it was true. I haven't put myself outside the boundary as you have. You're my brother, but you're the worst scoundrel in the country—the worst unhanged. Put on the table there the letter in your pocket. It holds five hundred dollars belonging to your child. There's twenty-five hundred dollars more to be accounted for."

The other hesitated, then with an oath threw the letter on the table. "I'll pay the rest as soon as I can, if you'll stop this damned tomfoolery," he said sullenly, for he saw that he was in a hole.

"You'll pay it, I suppose, out of what you stole from the C. P. R. contractor's chest. No, I don't think that will do."

"You want me to go to prison, then?"

"I think not. The truth would come out at the trial—the whole truth—the murder, and all. There's your child Bobby. You've done him enough wrong already. Do you want him—but it doesn't matter whether you do or not—do you want him to carry through life the fact that his father was a jailbird and a murderer, just as Jo Byndon carries the scar you made when you threw her against the door?"

"What do you want with me, then?" The man sank slowly and heavily back into the chair.

"There is a way—have you never thought of it? When you threatened others as you did me, and life seemed such a little thing in others—can't you think?"

Bewildered, the man looked around helplessly. In the silence which followed Foyle's words his brain was struggling to see a way out. Foyle's further words seemed to come from a great distance.

"It's not too late to do the decent thing. You'll never repent of all you've done—you'll never do different—you never would."

The old reckless, irresponsible spirit revived in the man; he had both courage and bravado, he was not hopeless yet of finding an escape from the net. He would not beg, he would struggle.

"I've lived as I meant to, and I'm not going to snivel or repent now. It's all a rotten business, anyhow," he rejoined.

With a sudden resolution the ex-sergeant put his own pistol in his pocket, then pushed Halbeck's pistol over toward him on the table. Halbeck's eyes lighted eagerly, grew red with excitement, then a change passed over them. They now settled on the pistol, and stayed.

He heard Foyle's voice. "It's with you to do what you ought to do. Of course you can kill me. My pistol's in my pocket. But I don't think you will. You've murdered one man. You won't load your soul up with another. Besides, if you kill me, you will never get away from Kowatin alive. But it's with you!—take your choice. It's me or you."

Halbeck's fingers crept out and found the pistol.

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"Do your duty, Dorl," said the ex-sergeant as he turned his back on his brother.

The door of the room opened, and Goatry stepped inside softly. He had work to do, if need be, and his face showed it. Halbeck did not see him.

There was a demon in Halbeck's eyes, as his brother stood, his back turned, taking his chances. A large mirror hung on the wall opposite Halbeck. Goatry was watching Halbeck's face in the glass, and saw the danger. He measured his distance.

All at once Halbeck caught Goatry's eyes in the mirror. The dark devilry faded out of his eyes. His lips moved in a whispered oath. Every way was blocked.

With a sudden wild resolution he raised the pistol to his head. It cracked, and he fell back heavily in the chair. There was a red trickle at the temple.

He had chosen the best way out.

"He had the pluck," said Goatry, as Foyle swung round with a face of misery. He had corrected the "Error of the Day," but it had taken ten years off his life.

A moment afterward came a rush of people. Goatry kept them back.

"Sergeant Foyle arrested Halbeck, the robber, and Halbeck's shot himself," Goatry explained to them.

A white-faced girl with a scar on her temple made her way into the room.

"Come away—come away, Jo," said the voice of the man she loved; and he did not let her see the lifeless figure in the chair.

Three days later the plains swallowed them, as they made their way with Billy Goatry to the headquarters of the Riders of the Plains, where Sergeant Foyle was requested to reconsider his resignation. Which he did. And thenceforth he did not travel the trail of life alone.

The Saccular Sea-Serpent

By BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG

Illustrations by Horace Taylor

"YOU can allus larn somethin' from the other feller," said Limpy Hawes slowly, one rainy afternoon as he broke open a bale of hay for the elephants. "It's odds on he's been some place and seen somethin' you hain't, and no man can't know too much so long as he's got ta live on the same earth with wimmen."

He scattered the hay along the line headed by the King of Menagerie Cay; listened to the noise of the circus in the main tent to tell which set of turns was on in order to measure his leisure, then flung his quid at an empty corn barrel, and I knew a story was coming.

"If Doc Smith, Doogan-Dhugann, and the Old Man had listened to me there wouldn' none of what I'm a-goin' to tell you 'a' happened.

"Y' see the crops was bad out West and the show was doin' purty poor in August the season this thing happened. The Old Man gits an offer to take the show East to Babylon City, all the big hotel keepers along the boardwalk agreein' to guarantee him so many thousand a day. He signs a contrack, cancels all the road dates axcept one more week, and begins shippin' heavy truck from the show straight to Babylon City. It would 'a' been all right if he'd 'a' stopped there, but he figgered there'd got ta be some strong press-agent and advance work done to make September pay, and he shipped Doc Smith on to handle the newspapers, and Doogan-Dhugann, that highly edicated Irish-Scotch dangfool, to help him. 'Course I had ta git tangled up with them, bein' put in charge of the big elephants and all the extry critters sent on ahead. If Trouble was a bull, you kin jest bet I'd be a red rag.

"Well, sir, travelin' East them fellers begun to work already. That sure looked like a bad sign from the front. They went buttin' their heads ag'in the car winders tryin' to think up some new press-agent gag that hadn't never been sprung. I kep' a-sayin' to 'em, they better stick to the old ones, but no, sir, they wouldn' lissen; they wouldn' have none of it. They wanted somethin' brand new and, by jingy hickles, they got it. They sartinly

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"NO, SIR, THEY WOULDN' LISSEN; THEY WOULDN' HAVE NONE OF IT."

got the newest thing that ever busted out a' the misty future inta the roar of the present.

"Sence it was a show they was pluggin', and our show was purty strong on menagerie, the fake they was hopin' to build must have somethin' to do with critters. I purt' near went down on my knees beggin' 'em to stay inside the bounds and turn loose a couple a' twenty-foot snakes to ramble down the boardwalk till they was ketched, or let one a' the old family chums a' toothless lions git out and go for a santer along the beach jest when the childern was bein' took inta the ocean waves. No, sir, it must be new, and I reckon what I said about snakes must 'a' give Doogan-Dhugann his idee, for all of a sudden he begun to jig up 'n' down 'n' laugh fit to kill.

"'I got it,' says he, 'I got it— a saccular sea-sarpent!'

"'A circular what!' says Doc.

"'I said *saccular*——'

"Then he explained that up to that time sea-sarpents had been confined to masters' and first mates' advatizin' some new Scotch licker, but that none hadn' never gallivanted up, hoary-headed and glarin', from the caves a' Nepchune to call at a seaside resort where five thousand families in swimmin' would be there to welcome him to their city.

"'Great, by the jumps a' Juno, great!' says Doc Smith, 'but, Limpy, am I wrong when I surmise there hain't a snake critter with the show that we kin turn loose in this salt water?'

"I nods my head most emphatic.

"'Heaven forgive you,' says Doog, so sorrowful I thought he'd cry. 'Ain't you got any more kindlin' fancy to build upon the skeleton of my great idee! Don't you know what saccular means? I'm a-goin' to make one out a' rubber gas-bags so's it'll float on the waves and by bobbin' up 'n' down ack like real life, and when we plant her a couple a' miles from shore, if she don't wake up interest in animal life along this boardwalk, I ain't no mechanic.'

"'Say, Doog, we got ta have the mayor 'r some leadin' citizens out there to see it clost up so's to give me a leadin' line in the papers and make it convincin'. "The mayor of Babylon City sees a genuine sea-sarpent,"' says Doc Smith, and I had a kind of a wet-towel feelin' down my back, for I knowed I was goin' to be a third partner in a state of Continyous Anxiety terminatin' maybe in a close-fittin' suit of tar 'n' feathers, cut à la Jersey.

"Well, sir, them fellers couldn' work too fast 'r too hard gittin' ready. Doog runs away to New York 'n' shows up in a day 'r two with a shakin' hand, a watery eye, and a loss of appetite, but he brung back twelve gas-bags of fine rubber shaped like bolsters when they was blowed up, and a little gas-tank 'bout a foot high that'd make enough gas to float a bond

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issue, says he. Also he had a lot a' paints, tin scales, false hair, and silk for makin' Mr. Snakie's britches. Doc Smith wore his Prince Albert all the time them days and jined all the beefsteak clubs and jest mixed it up local in general. We hadn' been there three days before he was out drivin' with the mayor. Also he finds a young goslin' by the name of Albertus Alfredson, who wrote 'Seaside Saunterings' for the papers in the summer and shoveled coal and smoked cigarettes in the winter. The only place them fools would lissen to me was on not lettin' Ally in on the game. Says I, 'Don't do it, don't tell him nothin'; if he'd ketch the smallpox he couldn' keep it.'

"While they was plannin' I goes right ahead gittin' ready for the show, though I kep' a-sighin' and a-feelin' down-sperited, for somethin' kep' a-sayin' mebbe it wasn't no use, mebbe there'd never be no show.

"Four days before the show was to come the whole a' Babylon City and all 'long down the Jersey coast was waitin' for it. I says to Doc Smith that we was sure to do a good business and he better not turn the gas inta the sea-sarpent.

"'No, sir,' says he, 'I don't give that up. It's the greatest press-agent job sence Artemus Ward was born. It's got to go. It will attrack more attention than a earthquake.'

"*Attention! Blowin' Gabriel!*

"The next mornin' Doog come up to me all grinnin', tickled to death with hisself.

"'The lovely beast is all ready. Doc will be down in a minit; then we'll go in and try it in the big tank.'

"I seen that all the doors was tight shet and none a' my men wasn't peepin' in the cracks; then Doog pulls out a bundle no bigger'n a sack of flour.

"'It's all in here,' he says. 'You and I'll go out in a boat early tomorrow mornin' about six miles, we'll blow up each gas-sack, makin' the ones in the middle big and the ones at the tail littler, tie on his beautiful striped overcoat, button on his interestin' head and the little weights and clockwork to let out the gas and make him sink in just two hours. Then we will hustle back——'

"Doc Smith can't wait to tell his share and he busts right in:

"'Before I start out with the mayor, Alderman O'Shaughnessy, Jake Schnittermacher of the Beefsteak Club, and the others for the morning fishin', I'll run the lanch clost up, give 'em a good look, then turn and scoot for the shore. The wind and tide will have brung it in to about two miles from the beach before we git back, and it will come a mile closter so's everybody can see it from the beach, then it will go down—into—the—briny deeps *forever*, taking its ghastly secret to its ocean grave.' Doc Smith says this very theatre-like, whisperin' the last about the briny deeps as if he was stealin' the old man's will from the safe, in the second act.

"All this time Doogan-Dhugann was workin' away with his bags and gas-machine, and to git the upper hand a' my feelin's I went outside to see if they's anybody around the door. When I came in ag'in, tak'm'oath there's the durndest lookin' thing floatin' in that tank you ever seen in all your born days. I went all of a tremble thinkin' about the mayor and the aldermen the next day.

"It was plumb forty foot long and two foot through in the middle, and it was black on top and red, yeller, and black striped underneath, the color scheme bein' on the tight silk

"HE BRUNG BACK TWELVE GAS-BAGS."

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overcoat Doog had slipped on him. Two big bat's wings on foldin' umbrella-frames stuck out on each side, held up by a thin, wide, flat gas-bag. And its head! Oh, my golly! Eyes of painted isinglass big as soup-plates, a long fringe of green and yeller hair round its red mouth, and great big red nose-holes. Doog had put a hand fog-horn inside the jaws and some more clockwork and gas-bags, and all to onct it went '*Waugh—au—augh!*' like a mad bull.

"Says I to them:

"'Don't you reckon it's jest as much murder to skeer an alderman 'r two to death as it is to stick a knife inta 'em?'

"They both stopped laughin' right quick and looked seryous.

"'Aw, shucks, I won't take 'em clost enough in the lanch to really skeer 'em to death,' says Doc, purtendin' he ain't kind a' shaky hisself.

"Well, sir, you can purt' near guess my feelin's. I went from that shed straight downtown and found out what trains was leavin' town about that time a' day, and where they could be ketched outside a' the city limits. I made up my mind to stick till the last horn blowed, but it looked to me as if Doog and Doc was goin' to git all the 'attention' they was lookin' for.

"Early next mornin' I goes down to the dock and there was Doog waitin' with one a' them put-a-put-a-sput gas'lene boats and some fishin'-tackle for a bluff. In the bottom was the little gas-machine and the bundle with the flattened-out gas-bags and the red, yeller, and black overcoat for Snakie.

"Tak'm'oath I felt like I was gettin' ready to make myself at home in a morgue.

"'And you *will* do it?' says I to Doog.

"And he says, 'I will.'

"The waves wasn't runnin' none too high for the little boat we had, but plenty big enough to give Snakie a fine nach'ul swimmin' motion. We gets out about the right distance jest on the aidge of the fishin'-banks, and we begins makin' the saccular beast, as Doog called it. First we'd fill a bag from the machine, then shove it inside that appallin' overcoat. Somehow it didn' go as smooth as it did in the shed with the tank. We must 'a' been more'n an hour gittin' Snakie ready to float. The wind was blowin' inshore fine, and I seen that when we let him go he'd float right up to the beach, where all the guests of Babylon City would be bathin'. I minded ulso that, sence the ocean's on one side, the bay on the tuther, they wasn' many short cuts out a' Babylon City, either. I tell ye what, I felt purty durn bad.

"'Aw, brace up, Limpy; the clockwork will let out the gas and sink it long before it really gits up clost enough to scare anybody seryus,' says Doog.

"It was kind a' misty out there, and we wasn' keepin' a very good lookout. All to onct I seen a boat.

"'Holy jumpin' Jerusalem, there comes Doc with the mayor and aldermen already; I can see their fishin'-tackle,' I yells.

"THE AXCITEMENT ABOARD WAS TERRIBLE."

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"'Heave over the beast, quick,' says Doog.

"Somethin' dropped off in the boat as we done it, but I was so durn near petrified watchin' that awful sight that I didn' notice it until we was more'n a quarter of a mile away. We was goin' north so that Doc Smith's fishin'-lanch wouldn' see us; and as I was lookin' back watchin' that black, shiny-backed thing with silver scales around his neck and his awful hairy mouth, seemin'ly swimmin' along on top a' the waves, I jest couldn' say nothin' or do nothin' till I heard Doog gaspin' kind a' skeered like:

"'*My Gosh-amighty! The sinkin' works has fell off!*'

"I jest shoved a little more push inta the leever, headed her for the dock, and says:

"'There's a train for Philadelphy at two.'

"Jest then I heard a yell come floatin' over the water from the fishin'-lanch. Alderman O'Shaughnessy was standin' up on the front a' the lanch, his eyes stickin' out purt' near as fur as his middle vest-buttons. He was wavin' his arms up 'n' down and p'intin' ahead. Then the mayor and Doc and the tuthers jumped up to look. One feller was jest takin' a drink, and when he seen the purty water beast ahead the bottle dropped out of his fist like a brick off a chimley.

"FELT LIKE MY RIBS WAS FOLDIN' THEIR FINGERS TO PRAY."

"The lanch stopped and the axcitement aboard was terrible. All the time we was goin' for the shore to beat the Dutch. Doog was lookin' back with a pair of opery-glasses.

"'My gorry, somethin's wrong, Limpy; the thing's jumpin' from the top a' one wave to the tuther,' says he. The lanch was now goin' closter to investigate. All to onct she begun to turn around. Then that awful critter begins to bawl, '*Waugh—au—augh! Waugh—au—augh!*'

"'My gorry, Limpy,' says Doog again, fast an' axcited, 'the water and air out there's colder than the water and air in the shed. I have put in too much gas. It's too light and it's goin' to git lighter.'

"And then *we* give a groan a' horror, for we see old Snakie, floppin' his big wings and wagglin' his wild-eyed, hairy head, *riz right up and begin to fly straight toward shore.*

"'Throw the gas-machine over and for heaven's sake don't let any one see us land!' yells Doog.

"Over goes the gas-machine and all the evidences of crime! We was so busy steerin' to a lonely dock and actin' innercent we didn' see how much was goin' on till I ketched sight of a lookout runnin' out of one of the towers on the pier with a spy-glass in his hand, wavin' it around and yellin' to the people below. Then they looked and begun climbin' up on the bath-houses and the porches and so on to see.

"We slid in to the dock and tied up without any one noticin' us, they was all so busy gazin' off to sea, an' then as we looked back we purty near died to take notice that Snakie was comin' along at a fine gait with the wind, not more'n three hunderd yard behind the lanch, which was purt' near bustin' with anxiety to git to shore. The mayor was standin' up on the back poppin' away at the devourin' beast with a revolver, and Doc Smith was throwin' a bucket of sea-water over O'Shaughnessy and some other alderman that had fainted, I reckon. All along the coast you could hear that howling, '*Waugh—au—augh!*'

"My boy, my boy, how can I tell you the rumpus goin' on along the boardwalk, the beach, and them hotel piazzies! Swimmers was hittin' out for shore like mad, wimmen was runnin' up 'n' down the sand screamin' and tryin' to find children that somebody else had hid careful in the bath-houses. Wet fat men and wimmen, not even clothed in their right minds, was poppin' in and out of the bath-houses and runnin' to the hotels. A policeman was yellin' for somebody to bring him a gun. All around people was draggin' indoors them that'd dropped down outside. I looked at Doog and he turned his face away.

"Says I, 'There's a whole two hours till train time yit.'

"Jest then we come to the telegraph office and meets Ally without any hat, runnin' to send the news to the papers:

"'Bulletin! Mayor Dowd and party of aldermen while fishin' off Babylon City, at-

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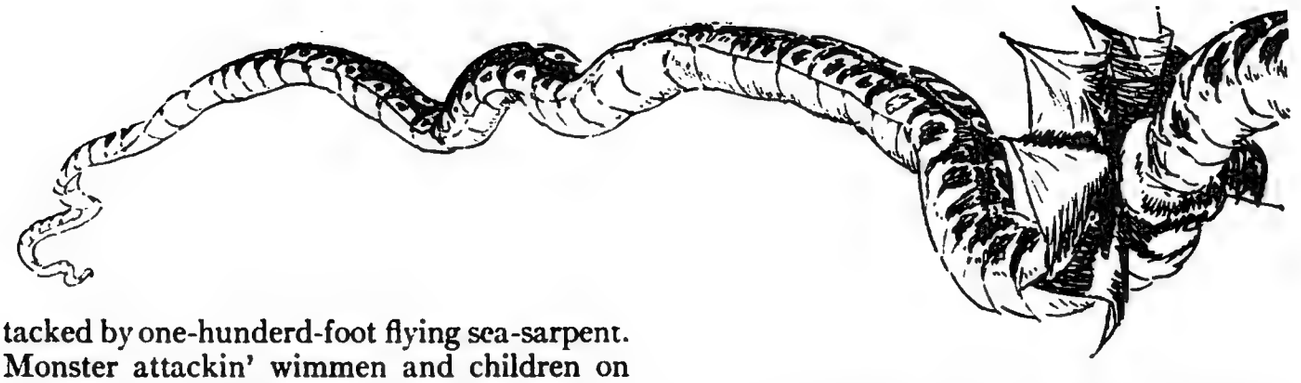

tacked by one-hunderd-foot flying sea-sarpent. Monster attackin' wimmen and children on the beach. Whole coast in terror.'

"'Try to act as skeered as you kin, Limpy, to avoid suspicion,' says Doog.

"'*Act* skeered! I can hardly walk now,' says I.

"Somethin' was wrong with the wind. Old Snakie had chased the boat clost in to the pier, then he kind a' stopped and kep' mountin' higher 'n' higher. He plumb looked jest like he was flyin' and swimmin' in the air. Durn near all the town was runnin' inland by this time, and the rest was inside the houses, shuttin' the shutters and lockin' the doors. The fishin' party had got out of the lanch and was runnin' as hard as they could for the boardwalk; them that could run, I mean. Doc and the mayor and two life-savers was carryin' Alderman O'Shaughnessy by his hands 'n' feet. We run down to meet 'em. Some of 'em was so done out they crawled on their hands and knees up the steps into a cafay.

"'Oh, Doog, Doog, I loved you as a brother,' whispers Doc Smith when he got clost up and the others had gone on. 'How could you do it, how could you do it!'

"Well, sir, that purty bird of our'n kep' soarin' higher 'n' higher and suddenly hit a fast streak of wind and went sailin' inland over the town like a eagle. '*Waugh—au—augh!*' he says like he's hungry. Ally comes runnin' to the telegraph office.

"'Bulletin! Horrible flyin' sea-sarpent was first seen by Mayor Dowd swimmin' on top of the water; but on seein' the boat in which the fishin' party was, it lashed its tail, roared like a lion, and give battle. Mayor Dowd badly wounded it, as droppin' blood showed. Thousands barely escaped with their lives from the beach. It is now flyin' in the direction of Pleasantville.'

"Ally got Pleasantville and all the towns west on the telephone, and laid it out to git results as they seen the critter.

"'Here's a message for you, Ally,' says the operator when he got done. 'Jest lissen to this:

"'"Get some bromo seltzer, a cold bath, and stop wasting our money for telegraph tolls. *New York Gazette.*"'

"Five minutes more and Pleasantville calls up and Ally sends this:

"'Bulletin! Babylon City flyin' sea-sarpent appeared at Pleasantville clost down over Tooker's woods. Farmers fleein' for safety to the village report seein' the sarpent, which is sorely wounded and bleedin' profuse, open its mouth and let seven small sarpents not over seven feet long drop into the woods, where they are hidin'.'

"'Reckon you ought t' 'a' been around when they was fixing up the live-stock for Adam,' says Doc Smith to Doog, who set chewin' that red beard of his'n and watchin' the clock's hand git round to two.

"Then Egg Harbor reported that the Babylon City sea-sarpent had swooped down on two farmer's children in a field and carried off Areunah Spitzer, seven years old.

"'Ravenous beast!' says Doog.

"By-en-by Cedar Lake hollered out that 'the Babylon City sea-sarpent appeared here at forty minutes after one and immediately sought the lake opposite Emindinger's palatial hotel, where it was jined by a second and smaller sarpent from the depths of the lake. The two are now disportin' themselves despite a hail of rifle-balls poured upon them from the hunters gathered at the hotel.'

"'Important if true,' says Doc.

"Atsion was callin' at the same time; and when Cedar Lake got through, reported that Snakie was in the Mullica River, plumb thirty miles from Cedar Lake.

"'That makes ten, big 'n' little,' says Doc.

"'Limpy, it ain't safe for us to try to travel through *that* country. We better stay here. There's an awful lot a' good press-agent material going to waste back there,' says Doog.

"Tak'm'oath I 'uz gittin' so bumfuzzled with all the lyin' and all the skeertness that I agreed to stay, and we let the two train go. Jest then Atco reports seein' the sarpent, and

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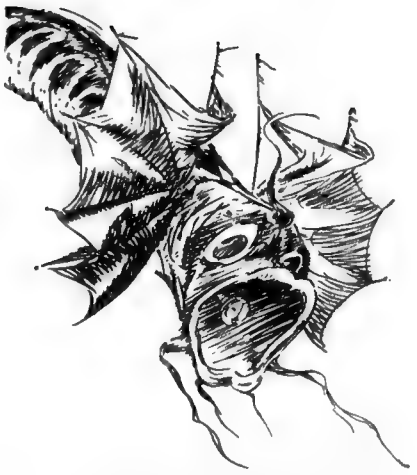


gives a purty good description; only says it was travelin' *toward* Babylon City.

"'Jumpin' Jerusalem, has the wind changed?' says Doc. By this time they was thousands of people out in front and a man was readin' bulletins same as if it was election time. I runs out to sense the wind, and sure as you're born, it was blowin' strong from the northwest. Old Snakie must be comin' back. What durn fools we was to miss that train!

"'Long about four o'clock he was over Windsor, 'still carryin' the Spitzer child in his talons,' and jest about dark Brigantine Junction was havin' fits as the vile beast sailed plumb over the chimley-tops and stole two sheep and ten chickens.

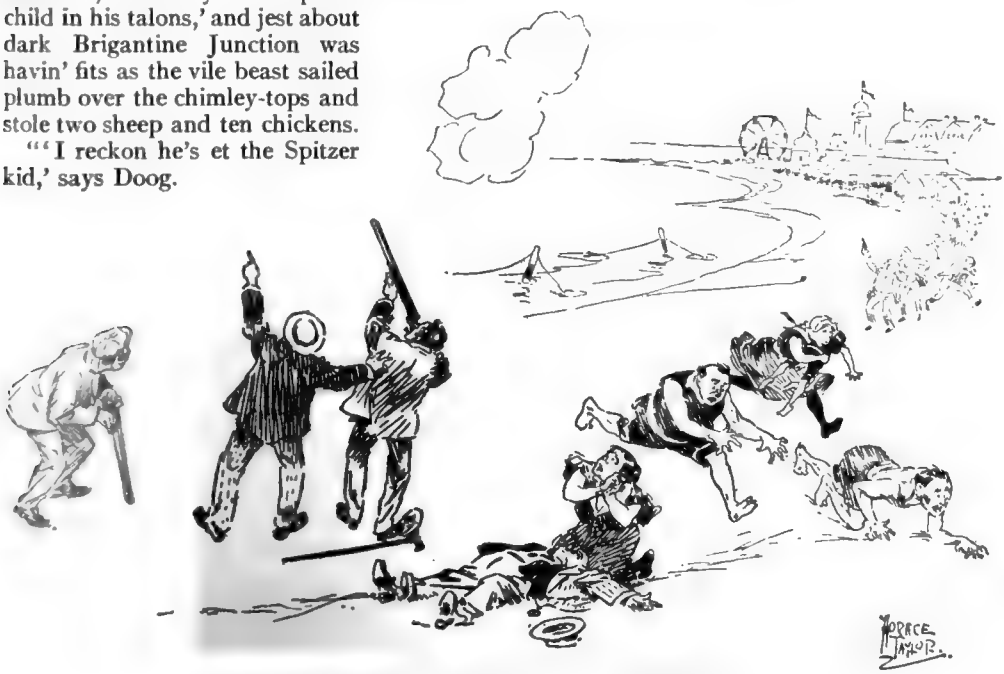
"'I reckon he's et the Spitzer kid,' says Doog.

"Alderman O'Shaughnessy's brother come over lookin' like a yard of crape 'n' sayin' that his dear Mike hadn' regained consciousness only long enough to ask for a drink. Also it 'peared to me the wind was fallin' as the sun went down. I 'uz feelin' *mighty* feeble myself, *I* tell you. Doog didn' help it none by sayin', 'You know when the air changes temperchure, flyin' things is likely to light.'

"Ulso, tak'm'oath every durn man that had anythin' he could shoot with had got it out and got it loaded, and they was settin' on the house-tops and a-waitin' while the stars come out and the full moon come up. We knowed jest about two bunches a' bird-shot 'r rifle-balls inta old Snakie and down he'd come. That sumpshous event occurrin', somethin' else's likely to drop around there purty quick and sudden.

"The people had got over their skeer and they was talkin' real nasty about what they was goin' to do if the blankety-blank son-of-a-sea-cook come back that way. I reckoned they wouldn' be no less onpleasant 'n' obligin' with us.

"'Boys,' says Doog, leanin' over clost to us, 'sence I see you're purty durn sure to find it out later on to-night, I reckon I better tell you now that the paper I lined his head with *is some a' our hand-bills*.'



"DURN NEAR ALL THE TOWN WAS RUNNIN' INLAND."

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"I thought Doc Smith was goin' to cry, for by that he knowed the bluff he'd been fixin' up wouldn' be no good. It meant lynchin', by golly.

"I felt like the hymn feller says:

"'Life's troubled stream draws near the sea,
A ripple, then—eternity.'

"It looked like purty good-sized ripples and some rocks for us, too.

"Purty soon there was a bangin' of guns over round this side a' Pleasantville, and then big 'n' black in the sky come old Snakie flyin' so clost down that my insides felt like my ribs was foldin' their fingers to pray. Bang! bang! bang! Reckon he's shot at five hunderd times before he got over Babylon City; then he stood still, and somethin' seemed to perzess him to go up, which he done, wabblin' his head 'n' floppin' his wings slow, as we could see in the moonlight. Bang! bang! bang! His gas for the horn was all gone and he didn't have a word to say.

"By jingy hickles, I reckoned he'd come down every crack, but he didn'. He jest hung around, goin' higher. Some one broke the tip of a wing and still he didn' come down. I 'uz so far gone I didn' keer much if he did 'r didn't, jest so we got it over with. The wind was comin' up some, too, and I noticed the smoke from the power-house stack kind a' went up a little and then slanted down and on down tell it was plumb down to the water, way out at the end of the pier. By the jumps a' Juno, I thought a' somethin', and I grabbed a double-barr'led shotgun out of a kid's hands and run half-way out on the pier, watchin' back over my shoulder.

"On old Snakie come tell he was crossin' the boardwalk four hunderd feet above anythin'. Bang! bang! bangety-bang! You'd 'a' thought it was Waterloo bein' fought on the Fourth a' July. Faster 'n' faster he flew and nothin' seemed to tech him. There's goin' to be some happy days for the ships at sea, thinks I. Purty soon he begun to come down; but there wasn' nobody but one 'r two that'd followed me out on the pier that had guns, and they couldn' seem to hit him. He was comin' down fast now.

"'He's goin' to light in the water! Git him quick!' yells the crowd.

"I went a-bilin' out furder on the pier and jest got changed around right when he got plumb between me and the moon; and I give it to him with both bar'ls—one in the middle, tuther tords the head. They was a grand poppin' like big paper sacks, and *down the pieces dropped, sinkin' down out a' sight into the sea.*

"Mebbe it 'uz the kick a' the gun, but I went a-tumblin' down on the pier, and when I come round Doc Smith was leadin' me back to the hotel by the arm, and we passed a great big crowd that was cheerin' Alderman Reilly, who was axplainin' to them how *he'd* done the job by puttin' two explodin' bullets into the *fleshy part of the sea-sarpent's body.*

"Yes-siree, lyin' is bad enough, but livin' up to a big lie's a durn sight harder work 'n bein' an honest politician.

"Anyhow, the people begun to come to Babylon City next day in solid train-loads; and when the show opened a grand play was made of the snakes on the critter bill, with some big twenty-four sheet posters of the pythons, and we did more business in September than in the whole foregoin' season. But, my boy, did you ever notice they ain't no rubber balloon men with this show? That's on account of *my* feelin's. I git a chill every time I see a bunch of 'em bobbin' around in the air."

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The Last of the Garrison

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

OLD Gran'ther Leveritt could have sat for a picture of peaceful old age in its proper environment as he gazed out from under his bushy eyebrows upon the lovely June world. He was on the porch of a comfortably prosperous New England house, set thickly about with massive sugar-maples. The sun shone brightly on the old man's snowy hair, on the vine climbing over the pillars, and on the group of small children playing not far from their great-grandfather. Old Mr. Leveritt sagged down in his large armchair in what seemed the most comfortable of attitudes; his linen was fresh, his clothing was spotless, and his withered, deeply lined face was evidently fresh from the barber's hand. But in his eyes there was no contentment to harmonize with his surroundings. The fretful droop of the mouth, the querulous twist of the eyebrows, and the impatient tapping of the old hand on the arm of the chair showed that the tranquillity which is supposed by younger people to come naturally with extreme old age was far from being present in this instance.

At the sound of shuffling footsteps on the path outside the white fence, the old man glanced up sharply and a look of pleasure came into his eyes. Rising to his feet briskly though somewhat uncertainly, he hastened down the steps to the front gate in time to intercept another old man of about his age but of quite a different type. In place of the stiff collar that tormented Gran'ther Leveritt's chin, the newcomer wore a loose and ragged flannel shirt turned comfortably away from the cords and strings of his withered neck. A straggling white beard covered his face, and his feet were clad in enormous carpet slippers.

Gran'ther Leveritt greeted him with much warmth, though with a furtive look toward the house. "Well, Sam'l, I'm real glad to see you out! I was afeared that last spell of the grip would be the end on ye. We old folks can't stand things the way we used to."

Sam'l smiled broadly, spat vigorously, and said in a high cracked voice: "I'm a pretty tough old nut, Mr. Leveritt, and it takes a lot to crack me. I'm hoping to see a spell of good weather yet afore I die. Ever sence the time—do you remember?—when I fell from the roof of Jehiel Runner's barn and never hurt me none, I've said I was good for considerable; and that's nigh on to sixty years ago."

"Fifty-eight, come next Fourth of July," corrected Gran'ther Leveritt; "I know because that was the raising-bee I took Nancy to. Do you remember?"

Sam'l laughed, a high cracked laugh that reached the house behind them. In the midst of the reminiscence which he was proceeding to relate, Gran'ther Leveritt heard a voice on the piazza. "Father, don't you know the doctor told you you ought not to stand one mite more'n you had to? I should think you'd better come up here and set down." The tone was noncommittal and the words were technically in the form of a request, but the old man felt the command underlying them and turned with a fretful gesture back to the house.

On the porch sat his daughter, a well-preserved woman of sixty with a placid brow, rocking and knitting. "How *can* you abide that horrid old Sam'l Ranger so near you?" she inquired with some impatience. "You never could endure him till the last few years, and he's dirtier and smellier than ever since he's got so old. I called you in because I thought 'twas a pity when Margaret had taken the trouble to fix you up so nice and clean that you should stand out there before all the street rubbing elbows with that old rapscallion. I'm surprised at you—him only a common soldier and you an ex-captain."

Gran'ther Leveritt mumbled inarticulately before he said, irritably, "I sh'd think I was old enough to choose my own friends!" His daughter made no answer, but clicked her knitting-needles with an air of great forbearance. After some moments' silence the old

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man spoke again, this time with a break in his voice: "You don't know how 'tis, Nancy, a young person like you, with all your friends around you—you don't know how lonesome we get when there ain't a soul that can remember the same things we can!"

Nancy spoke with some reproach: "Why, father, anybody with the family you've got ought not to feel lonesome!"

"That ain't it; it ain't actual lonesomeness, I s'pose, so much as thinking there's no sense in your being alive any more when everybody else your age has gone. There's nothing to live for. Look at me! What use am I to anybody? I hain't one thing to live for!"

Nancy answered comfortably, counting the stitches around a turn in her knitting: "Oh, nonsense, what's anybody got to live for, if you come down to that?"

"They've got their lives to live—everybody has his life to live—but I've lived mine! I ought to be gone—I ought not to be staying on—nobody needs me; there ain't a thing I can do—only just be a care and nuisance to my folks."

His daughter looked irritated, as easy-minded people do when some one insists on going beneath the surface of things. "I think it's real ungrateful of you, father, to talk so. I don't know another old man in this town that's got as comfortable a home as you."

"What's it *for?*—that's what I'd like to know," persisted the old man fretfully. "What's the use of it? I go most crazy sometimes, thinking in the night—you know old folks don't sleep very good—wondering why I'm left here with nothing to do—just aches and pains for company and no good in getting up in the morning except so's to go to bed at night. That's why I like to see Sam'l Ranger—he's just as rattle-headed and cheerful as he always was, and goes on putting food into his mouth without seeing that 'twould be better all round if he died to-day. I'm a soldier—every chance I've ever had sence I was a boy I've gone a-soldiering. I'm not afraid to die— Good Lord! I want to die and have it over with!"

Nancy folded her work together with precision and rose to her feet. The old man's querulous voice quivering with agitation and weakness, the uncomfortable and disturbing nature of what he said, and, above all, a subconscious feeling that he was right, and that she had no refutation to give his complaints, rasped her nerves. As she turned to the house, she put into one answer an illogical mass of protests. "I don't think it's right for a Christian to talk so. It sounds wicked to me. I'm sure we all do for you everything we can think of. It's just the way with old people to be so cross and fretful!"

Her father sat silent, his chin on his cane, his lips moving from time to time as though he were talking to himself. The noise of the children on the end of the porch grew less as one by one they strayed away to other games, and finally he was quite alone. The fretful look on his face gradually changed and deepened into the long tragic stare with which very old people sometimes sit and gaze out over a world grown alien and remote.

A barefooted little boy of seven or eight came quietly out of the house and walked toward his great-grandfather. "Gran'ther," said he in a soft, chirruping voice, "Gran'ther, teacher read us a story this morning and I thought I'd remember it and tell it to you because it's all about soldiers and fighting."

The old man started and blinked, a little bewildered. "Where'd you come from, sonny? I didn't hear you. Yes, climb up in my lap and tell me the story."

The small boy began at once: "It was all about a fort and how it was besieged and how brave the folks inside were. They had plenty of ca'tridges and things to eat, but they were 'way off from everybody and they knew nobody'd ever come to rescue them and that the enemy'd get them first or last, no matter what they did. First they were just perfectly 'scouraged and a lot of 'em wanted to open the doors and rush out and get shot right off; but there was a man there—why, Gran'ther, he was the bravest man I ever heard of—he knew 'swell as anybody there wasn't a mite of hope, but he got the garrison together and he told 'em now was the time to show if they were cowards or not. He said anybody could be brave as long as there was hope, but it took a real hero to fight when he knew he didn't have a chance. He told 'em they must fight to the very last, and keep up each other's courage, and show a brave front to the enemy, and leave a good name behind them for other folks to remember and live up to. And then they all cheered and went around shaking hands, and right in the midst of it a bullet came in through a window and killed one of them dead—and it never scared them a mite. Then the man divided them into watches, and they began to fix up the doors and windows. But

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they couldn't close 'em so tight the enemy's bullets couldn't get in, and little by little they began to die. The enemy was awful sharp, and if one of the garrison peeked out the least bit they'd spot him every time; and even when they were 'way inside, every once in a while a bullet would strike one.

"The garrison got smaller and smaller, but the captain never scringed a bit; he took in everybody in the fort, even the black washerwoman, and he was so brave he made them all brave. The best of it was, he was really scareder than anybody! He'd just lie awake nights, wishing a bullet would hit him quick so's he wouldn't have to get up to a long day of just 'specting and 'specting one every minute.

"By and by he and the cook were the only ones left. The cook was an awful foolish nigger, but the captain, he says to him, 'You and I are the only ones left in the garrison now, and we must do our best!' and the cook was so proud he wasn't afraid or foolish, and ran around and helped the captain fire guns out of all the windows so's the enemy would think there were a lot of folks left. And one day, a bullet came in, spang! and went right through the cook's head, and hit the captain in the leg so he couldn't walk; but he hitched himself around facing the door, and when the enemy came battering against it, he drew a bead, and as they busted it open, and came rushing in, whooping and yelling (the way enemies do, you know), he killed two before they shot him, and he called out, 'The last of the garrison welcomes you in!'

"Say, Gran'ther, ain't that a bully story? Think of him lying there, facing the door, all alone, and hollering out, 'The last of the garrison welcomes you in!'"

The florid ending of the tale had impressed the boy's imagination, for he repeated the phrase with varying intonations. He ended by making himself drowsy, and finally dropped off into the sudden sleep of children, drooping his head on his grandfather's shoulder.

The old man sat very still, looking out intently over the boy's head. It was with no hopeless and tragic expression on his face, however. A light gleamed in his faded brown eyes which persisted after the dead weight of the sleeping child's soft body made his old arm ache cruelly. He only pressed little Billy closer to him and sat very straight, looking with a solemn exultation into the face of the coming years.

It was almost the same time of the next year that one of the neighbors came in complaining about her husband's old Aunt Pollie, who had come to end her days with them. It seemed that she had turned their peaceful house into a place of torment. The plump, matter-of-fact matron sighed heavily, and sat down with a discouraged air. "Aunt Pollie is just too cross and fretful to live!" she complained. "She just sets the whole day and goes on about her miseries, and nobody caring for her, and wishing she was dead, till it makes a body's blood run cold to hear her."

Some one laughed and said, "You'd better set Gran'ther on her. He's great on straightening out that kind of folks. I don't know how he does it, but——"

Gran'ther sat up straight in his chair. "Ain't she the one that, when she was a girl, fit the catamount in her father's sap-house, when he clumb down the chimbley?"

Mrs. Martin agreed that she was, and fell to lamenting the unreasonableness of the old woman in not sitting peaceful and tranquil with folded hands, as an old lady should, according to Mrs. Martin's notions. "It don't seem to make a speck of difference what pretty little caps and shawls I make her. She don't seem to sense 'em. You'd think she'd take comfort in looking nice; but she says it's like a drop of water to a man that's dyin' of thirst to try and distract her mind with such things. Anybody that's facing death nearer and nearer can't look at anything else, she says. And she's always wanting to be stirring round and doing things the way she used to, and then, when she gits all wore out, she says she might as well die and be done with it!"

At this point Gran'ther Leveritt walked out through the side door and made his way to the neighbor's porch, whereon, rocking furiously, sat Aunt Pollie, her whole face gathered into a frown. "Ephraim Leveritt! That ain't you!" she exclaimed in surprise. She had been a great busybody in her day, and Gran'ther Leveritt had always credited her with the invention of the tale that parted him from his first love, and had never entered a house that sheltered her from that time on.

"Why, yes, Pollie, 'tis me, and I'm goin' to set down and hev a visit with you. When folks gets as old as we be, they ought to sort o' be beyond their little quarrels."

Pollie answered with a sudden intensity quite startling: "Ephraim, how do you ever *stand* it to be old? How do you get through the days, thinkin' how few you've got left?

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It seems to me I'll go wild not to do things as I always have, but when I start to, I find my knees give right out and I feel so weak I think I can't draw my breath—and then I'm so scared—I——!"

Ephraim wiped his forehead before he spoke again. "What ye scared of?" he asked, with a humorous intonation.

"Scared of? Why, what's anybody scared of?—of bein' old and losin' my strength and dyin'!"

"Ain't you the girl that took the rifle from the wall and shot the wildcat as he clumb down the chimbley? And if ye wa'n't scared then, what ye afraid of Old Father Time for?"

The old woman was silent, a new expression on her face. Ephraim went on after a pause: "You didn't run and hide your face in the corner and wait for the crittur to get ye—and that's what you're doing now, complaining all the time and trying to forget ye're an old woman 'cause ye're afraid to *be* one! That don't do a mite of good and just makes you scareder than ever."

Aunt Pollie pressed her hand on her forehead with a bewildered expression. "Why, Ephraim Leveritt!" she exclaimed, "what queer kind of talk! You always was the greatest hand for queer ideas! But I do believe there's something in it—only"—her voice dropped hopelessly—"when I killed the catamount I had a chance, and now I hain't! I hate to get up in the morning and think another day's beginnin', for it means one less for me, and I feel so weak and miserable half the time I just can't always fight to keep hold of myself and not be cranky; I hain't got the strength to fight any more!"

Gran'ther Leveritt rose to his feet. "You hain't got a chance, that's so, Pollie. Neither have I, neither has any of us old folks—the few there are left; but now you think about what I'm going to tell you. All of your men folks were fighters and you're one yourself. Because you hain't no chance is the very reason to stand up straighter and keep a stiff upper lip and not disgrace the folks that were born the same year you were!"

He gave her old hand a hearty squeeze and marched down the walk with as martial an air as his stiff knees would permit. He met Sam'l Ranger on the street. The two old men exchanged military salutes with all the solemnity of boys in a game of make-believe, and then, leaning on their canes, laughed at themselves.

"How goes the campaign?" asked Gran'ther Leveritt. "Pooty well, Cap'n," answered Sam'l. "The rheumatism in my back came near gettin' the best of me this morning, but I wa'n't goin' to let on to the enemy and I finished dressin' myself, though I most broke in two when it come to my shoes!"

"We'll have in a new member before long," said Mr. Leveritt. "I've just been in to see Pollie Martin, that I haven't thought of in thirty years or more. She's come to live with her folks—to live and die—and——"

Sam'l interrupted him with an exclamation of disgust. "What'd ye let on to that old cat for?" he inquired.

"Now, Sam'l, we've got to take the material we've got, and Pollie was a girl when I was a boy, and so she belongs. She's got grit in her, too, if you can only bring it out and not let her use it all up in cantankerousness. We've got to arm everybody in our camp 'cause we ain't got many at the most."

The two old men were shuffling along, leaning on their canes, when a wheeled chair came around the corner, pushed by a half-grown girl and occupied by what seemed a collection of empty garments. At the sound of voices, there was a stir, and a pair of frightened eyes appeared over a mass of wraps. "Ephraim Leveritt! I was just coming to see you. I couldn't stand it alone another minute! Oh, Ephraim—!" There was a pause, and then a withered hand waved away the girl at the back of the chair. "Nellie, you run along down the street a little ways. Mr. Leveritt and I want to talk."

The girl said, "Yes, Grandfather," with alacrity, and as she disappeared the man in the chair put out his hand and clutched Ephraim by the sleeve. "Ephraim, I can't—I *can't*," he wailed, half sobbing. "It's been hard enough right along, but—oh, I can't say any more! I hain't a bit more strength to face it. The doctor says most sure this red spot on my throat is—I can't say the word, it chokes me! You'll *have* to let me go! I hain't the strength to hold another minute, and"—his voice rising to a hysterical scream—"anybody with a *cancer* ahead of 'em had ought to be allowed to complain and scream out as much as they like!"

Ephraim summoned all his energies and laid a compelling hand on the shaking shoulder of the old man. "Now, Cousin John, you mustn't desert us just when we need you most. You're the oldest man in town, remember, five years older than I be, and every day you stick it out with your face to the

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"AIN'T YOU THE GIRL THAT SHOT THE WILDCAT AS HE CLUMB DOWN THE CHIMBLEY?"

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enemy is just so much more credit to you and help to all of us. You've set an example to us all and now you're not a-going to show the white feather! Remember when you led the charge in the Mexican War, and think what's cancer to *that!* Besides, like as not it's only a push-boil, and you've had your scare for nothing."

The touch of his firm hand and the resonant quality of his voice soothed the old man into a somewhat calmer state, and Ephraim continued, throwing his whole strength into his exhortation. When the girl came back to her charge, the three old men were even laughing a little among themselves—a high-pitched and uncertain laughter.

As the chair moved on, Gran'ther Leveritt felt suddenly very, very tired. The weakness of old age was upon him and he felt like crying out petulantly, child-fashion, as he stumbled slightly and his trembling old legs almost failed under him. But he straightened himself as well as he could, and he and Sam'l kept step till they reached the corner, where they separated. "Good-by, Sergeant Ranger," he said, with an indomitable smile. "Hope the enemy doesn't get a crack at you before I see you again."

"Good-by, Cap'n," said the other, saluting in his best style. "Same to you!"

Snow lay outside the window of the room where old Sam'l Ranger lay dying. Ephraim Leveritt sat in a wheeled chair by his bedside. Sam'l could speak—his trouble was with his heart—but Ephraim's tongue was tied with paralysis. His sunken eyes gleamed out undaunted, however, and followed every movement of the restless man in the bed.

Sam'l was talking. "Well, you're going to be the last, Mr. Leveritt," he said, the respectful habit of a lifetime upon him. "There's just us two now, and I'm soon off. Before I go, though, I want to tell you, you're a good Cap'n, and I'm glad I served under you." He laughed a little at the old joke, and the other's eyes softened. "You're a fine Cap'n, and you marshaled your regiment up to the cannon's mouth in good shape.

"Did ye ever hear what the doctor said about your old Cousin John—that died of cancer? He said—it was one day after you'd been there putting the old man through a little drill—he said, 'They don't grow that kind of folks any more. That variety of courage is out of print nowadays, when everybody expects to take an opiate for the finger-ache. I never see such a ca'm, nervy set of old folks as there be in this town. That old man faces cancer—and a doctor knows what that is—the way Crockett faced the Greasers!'

"I thought then he'd most hit the nail on the head, and that somebody had ought to tell him you was the Cap'n of our generation, and we was marching into eternity with our heads up, the best we could.

"Little by little they've all gone. Sometimes I think Pollie was the luckiest of all when she fell off the stairs. She got hit in a vital place and didn't have to set round and watch the enemy get nearer and nearer. But I s'pose it's as you say—the worse it is, the more chance for a fight. Still I know well enough, without you—" He flushed violently in a spasm of pain, and gave an involuntary groan which brought his great-niece to the bed. "I didn't mean to bother you, Mary," he said.

"Land, it's no bother!" she answered heartily, measuring out some medicine. "Anybody that is as little care as you are—why, I declare, I'm fairly proud to have the neighbors come in and have you talkin' about politics or the crops, instead of your fits, the way most would."

The two old comrades exchanged pleased glances as Ephraim was wheeled from the room. It was the last time they saw each other, for that night Sam'l's tired heart gave one last leap and was still. Ephraim heard the news without any sign of emotion. He closed his eyes and sat for a whole morning without moving. He was not sleeping, but the poignant weakness of extreme old age, which is almost pain, lay upon him with an intolerable weight, and he was making his last fight against the enemy. At the end of that week, his strength was so far gone that he could not sit up, but from his bed he surveyed the world with serene and courageous eyes. He submitted with infinite dignity and patience to all the painful processes by which the modern doctor endeavored to keep him alive a few hours longer, and at no time did he rebel against the futile torment.

At the end all his family, patriarchal in size, gathered in the room. The old man had motioned his wish to be propped up in bed, and thus sat, looking at each one with a penetrating gaze, as if he had a message to deliver. The women were crying and talking among themselves, as though he were already

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dead. "Hasn't he been wonderful!" "What an example to live up to!" "Never a peevish word like all old men!" "Always so dignified and serene." "It's worth living to any age with his courage and spirit." "Even now, I feel as though he were the strongest one here!"

Suddenly the look of almost stern calm which had become fixed on the old man's face broke all into a soft quiver of pleased surprise and infinite relief as though a great struggle had ceased and a great weight had lifted. His tongue was unloosed and he spoke. "Billy!" he called in a loud, distinct voice. His favorite grandchild, now about twelve, left the group of children and came bravely to the bedside. "Yes, Gran'ther," he said, looking with awe at the ivory, pale face on the pillows and at the heaving chest as the old soldier struggled for breath. "Billy, the last of the garrison welcomes in—" and then the heaving chest was still.

WHEN A WHEELED CHAIR CAME AROUND THE CORNER, PUSHED BY A HALF-GROWN GIRL.

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Photograph by Moses & Son.

MISS SOPHIE WRIGHT.

Sophie Wright

The Best Citizen of New Orleans

By JOHN L. MATHEWS

IN the city of New Orleans are approximately one hundred thousand white men and boys. Of these, one thousand five hundred—three out of every two hundred you meet on the street—are dependent for their education this year, for the opportunity to learn to read and to write and so to advance their station in life—for all this absolutely dependent on one woman. This woman, whose importance to the city is so great that if by any sad chance her activity were to cease, one and one-half per cent. of its white male population would find itself deprived of hope, is not rich, but poor. She is so poor that before she can give an hour and a dollar for the helpless ones who need her, she must give another hour to pay her own expenses for the day. She is so poor that she has even earned her own education as she has given it out, studying sometimes but a day ahead of her pupils. She is frail, crippled, very weak; she goes about in a steel harness and on crutches. Though she is still under middle age, her hair is white as snow, from days and nights of unrelievable suffering. From morning till mid-afternoon she teaches in a private school to earn money for her charities. From mid-afternoon until evening, if able to work, she devotes herself to the needs of those poorer than she. From supper-time till nine, till ten,

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till midnight if need be, she faces the multitude of men and boys—boys of nine and men of fifty—who have come to her for help. Sometimes two in a seat, sometimes on boards between the seats, sometimes on the edges of platforms and the treads of stairways and against the walls of the hallways, they crowd her schoolhouse, while she and her assistants are everywhere among them, hearing recitations, giving aid and counsel, explaining, arguing, laughing, encouraging—stirring the solid, sodden mass of the city's poor with the leaven of hope and possibility.

This woman, who is leading the most effective and the most beautiful life New Orleans has known in this generation, is referred to in the city as "Our First Citizen." She is more than that; she is their best citizen. She is Miss Sophie Wright. This is her story:

The year 1866 found the South smitten by such a poverty as no part of America had ever known before or will ever know again. No Northern pen—as mine—can hope to deal adequately with it. It was a poverty of men, of hope, of money, of goods, of labor; worse than that, it was an absolute lack of an industrial system. The old order was gone and there were few with the strength and the courage, almost none with the means, to begin building a new one. Into that poverty, in that year, Sophie Wright was born. Her father and mother, the children of planters, had lost everything. The father, brought up to luxury, found little opportunity even of making a living. To add to their misfortune, their little girl fell when she was three years old, injuring back and hips so badly that for six years she was strapped in her chair, helpless, unable to move. In those six years her life was the hopeless life of the crippled poor—yet brightened by a mother to whom much of Miss Sophie's saintliness must be attributed, for she so trained the child that instead of surrendering to peevish discontent because of her deformity and her constant suffering, Miss Sophie found happiness in doing what little she could to help others. When she was nine years old she was able to hobble away on crutches to a day-school. In five years she had completed the course, and at fourteen having learned all that the public educational facilities of the city could give her, she herself opened a school.

THESE NIGHT-SCHOOL PUPILS COME WITH THE CONSCIOUS PURPOSE OF LEARNING.

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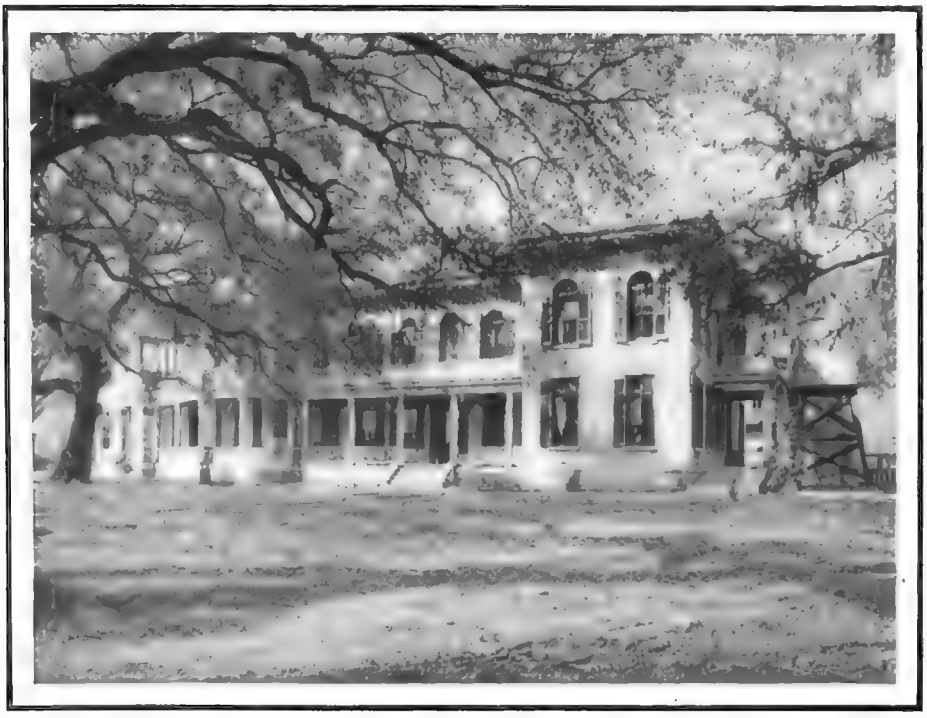
There is encouragement for some one in every act of Sophie Wright's life. That first school of hers may serve as an inspiration to every girl looking about for some field of work to enter in order to help others or herself. Tiny, crippled almost beyond endurance, herself only an "eighth-grader," living in a city where women of quality did not commonly work, this fourteen-year-old girl undertook the task with no hesitation and with big anticipation. She borrowed some unused benches from a public-school building to fill a room of her mother's cottage, and on the door hung out her sign: "Day-School for Girls." The terms were fifty cents a month for each pupil. The school was from necessity designed for those who had not yet attained to eighth-grade standards. Its mistress still wore her skirts short and her hair in two comical twin braids which stuck out oddly behind her head. And yet it succeeded, as with her everything has succeeded. A pupil came at once, and with an assured income of fifty cents a month Miss Sophie announced her intention of supporting herself and helping her family. Before the end of the first year she was doing so, with twenty pupils and the fabulous income of $10 every four weeks.

But girls will not halt at seventh-grade learning for backward teachers. Seeing a day coming when she could carry them no farther, Miss Sophie marched off to an afternoon normal school, convinced the principal of her aptitude as a teacher of mathematics, and made a contract to teach the beginners in return for instruction in languages. So at sixteen, teaching in two schools and studying in one, she was already multiplying her duties, as she has done ever since. And the private school was growing rapidly. Before she was eighteen she needed new quarters for it, so she hunted out a big house, for which the agent wanted $100 a month. Never in her life had she seen $100 at once, but she hopefully signed the lease, then sought a money-lender and borrowed the first instalment. Money-lenders seldom change their business methods to accommodate struggling school-teachers. This one exacted twelve per cent. a month for the loan, and at the end of the year Miss Sophie paid him $220; but she had her new building, the school was growing to fill it, and she was laying away some money in the bank.

And then, when she was eighteen, came up the great cry for help, and she hearkened



HOME FOR INCURABLES TO WHICH MISS WRIGHT ADDED A COTTAGE ANNEX FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN.

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A NARROW HALL UTILIZED FOR THE OVERFLOW FROM THE MAIN CLASS ROOM.

to it and, answering, stepped out from the ranks of the people into the kingdom that was hers, hers by right of succession in the line of the wonder-working cripples of New Orleans. There had been John McDonogh, merchant and miser, hated, reviled—John McDonogh, crippled mentally and spiritually by the breaking of his heart. John McDonogh died, and, dying, left his miser's fortune to the children of New Orleans; and now upon school after school throughout the city one reads: "McDonogh Number One," "McDonogh Number Ten," or whatever the number may be. There had been Margaret, crippled by poverty, by ignorance, by lack of opportunity, who yet contrived, by saving her pennies, to lay aside a huge sum, which she gave to build a home for the orphan children of New Orleans. And now came Sophie Wright, crippled in body, but strong in mind and heart, will and opportunity, and took up the work of helping the needy where these others had left it.

New Orleans was poor. In spite of all its spendthrift ways, its great commerce, its cotton warehouses, its compresses and refineries and mills, its railways and steamship lines, its proud position in the shipping world, New Orleans is and always has been poor. For it must fight ceaselessly against the river, building expensive levees. It must build other levees to keep out the gulf, by way of Lake Pontchartrain. It is forced to spend fortunes yearly to pump itself dry after rain-storms; to spend other fortunes fighting diseases which its swampy streets and gutters have fostered. The brunt of this struggle falls upon the taxpayers, and when they rebel and stop increases, it falls upon the greatest apparent expense, the

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THE $10,000 HOUSE MISS WRIGHT SECURED IN THE MILL DISTRICT FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF HER NIGHT-SCHOOL BOYS.

public schools. So in Louisiana and New Orleans the schools have never had a fair chance—never till now, when the people have begun working together, stimulated by prosperity, to bring them up to a higher standard. Twenty years ago the schools were very few and very poor. Naturally, considering the conditions, education was not compulsory, nor was child labor forbidden by law; for the South was trying to throw off its poverty. New industries were being started, and even the smallest must help. So to mills and factories marched each day long lines of sad-faced youngsters, boys and girls, growing up in ignorance, lacking the very rudiments of education, yet each adding his pittance to build up his home city. Not only the children themselves but also the older citizens suffered in consequence, for this mass of ignorance in its interior daily made the city more sluggish. There was only one hope of betterment—instruction for the youth of the city out of working hours. Yet as a result of the very necessity which required their labor, in all New Orleans there was no public free night-school which they might attend.

One day there was stranded in New Orleans a circus. In the ranks of those left almost penniless was a young acrobat, a strong, clean-cut young fellow of twenty-five years, who had run away from home in boyhood to join the circus and now saw a wall before him which only an education could help him to surmount. A civil-service examination of some sort was to be held—that was in 1883 or 1884—and if he could learn some geography, spelling, and arithmetic he could hope for a place. But how to learn? No chance in New Orleans for him. No? He walked the streets seeking one. Fate, purpose—the Purpose of the universe—guided his footsteps. "Day-School for Girls" was the sign above the door. He stood at the gate, in full view of the passers-by, as one does in New Orleans, and pulled the handle of the clanging bell. And, with that same Purpose impelling her also, the crippled little mistress of the school opened her door for him—opened it to the poor young men of New Orleans and welcomed them. She has never closed it since.

There was a situation for the satirist of our society—as well as for the artist who seeks the indications of divine direction and of the compensations offered by a beneficent Providence. Here in New Orleans, poor though it was, were men who could write checks for a hundred thousand, perhaps some

THE QUARTERS OF THE HOME INSTITUTE WHERE THE GREAT FREE NIGHT-SCHOOL OF NEW ORLEANS HAD ITS BEGINNING.

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who could list a million in securities; certainly hundreds who could, had they cared to do so, have written, without taking thought, a check to pay for all the education this young man could absorb. Into the city, too, still poured some of the millions which the Louisiana Lottery stole from the pockets of the credulous. Cotton and sugar made fortunes for some men there. But guided by that inscrutable Purpose—and who when he knows the full result can fail to believe that he was guided?—this young man seeking aid found it not at the doors of the rich men, but at that of the poor little mistress of the "Day-School for Girls."

Could she help him? Would she help him? There he stood—a strong young man, able to shovel his ten tons of coal on a watch, able to pass scantling, carry the hod, swing an oyster basket, dig a trench, do anything requiring only muscular ability. And the crippled girl, seven years his junior, looked up at the hulking big chap and a wave of pity swept her heart. She perceived here, perhaps for the first time, one who was crippled more terribly than she. He came to her seeking aid—but it was a greater aid he brought. She saw suddenly that where he was crippled she was strong; that where she was strong many, many others were thus deformed; that this strength of hers was a strength that she could give over and over again to the others, healing them, yet not depriving herself of its use. Would she help him?

"Of course I will," she cried enthusiastically, "only—only—well, would you mind coming in the evening? You see I have to teach in the normal school and study there part of the day, and teach my own private school, and it gives me no time from breakfast to supper. But if you could come in the evening I could teach you."

"But I cannot pay anything."

"That does not matter at all. You need help, and I can give it."

Oh, you whole people, you smug, well-to-do people, you who read this, you who preach and you who listen, take that to your hearts and test yourselves by it. Would you have done it too? Would you? Is there among you all one single person who honestly believes he would have done it? Your porter, your newsboy, the dago out there cleaning the street in front of the house wants to try an examination for a place as letter-carrier or as a Government clerk. Can he read? If not, will you help him to learn? Teach him yourself in the only hour of the day left to you, and do it with the profound conviction that he is conferring a privilege on you? How much easier is it to chip in to the collection on Sunday and encourage others in their good works! But Sophie Wright, big heart in little body, opened her door and this young man came in; came and brought a friend, came and brought two friends, brought three, brought four—and so filled the whole schoolhouse at night with a multitude hungering for the crumbs of education which fell from the well-laden table of the "Day-School for Girls"; hungering rather for the loaves and fishes of knowledge which Sophie Wright was dividing and subdividing till the fragments began to be found here, there, everywhere in the out-of-the-way places where the poor of New Orleans lived.

And so was brought about this great free school which now stands as the most hopeful sign for the future in the capital city of the South. As the numbers increased, the young girl, overwhelmed by the perception of the need she had not before suspected, called for volunteers to help her care for her pupils, and announced that thenceforth but two conditions need be satisfied before one entered her doors at evening to be taught: the applicant must be employed during the hours when the day-schools are open, and he must be too poor to pay.

In those first years the "Day-School for Girls"—now grown into the "Home Institute" with a principal and a staff of teachers and a boarding department—was the great thing, and the night-school was a sort of supplement. Miss Sophie had not yet entirely found herself. She had started out with the idea of establishing a girls' school through which she might win a place for herself and care for her family. But before she realized it this aim had broadened until her own support, her career, were but minor considerations, and the care of the poor boys of New Orleans became her peculiar task. The position of her schools was reversed, the "Home Institute" becoming, instead of an end in itself, merely a means to a greater end; a school which she built up as well as she could, in order that through it she might be enabled to perform the greater task of caring for the night-school. So many men and boys came seeking the new opportunity that the little teacher was forced to find new quarters to accommodate them.

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The hundred-dollar-a-month house that had seemed so enormous and had been rented in the face of such apparently insurmountable obstacles was outgrown almost before it was entered. For a long time she clung to it, with a night-school which was as out at elbows as the boys in it, and proved, as did they, that a few holes in one's coat make only so many more windows for one's worth to show through. But at last she went seeking larger quarters, and over on Camp Street—not where she would have chosen to go for the sake of her girls, but where she was close to mills and factories, foundries and shops in which her boys worked—she found a house that would do. But it was to be sold, and what the new owner would do she did not know. So down-town and up-town went Miss Sophie seeking some way to buy the house for herself, and as she was spending every cent of her income on her boys, that did not seem easy. Finally, however, she found an old money-lender who would advance the necessary $10,000, at eight per cent. compound interest, and with that she bought it. Instead of $1,200 rent she had $800 of interest and her taxes and repairs to pay and payments to make on the principal. The more she did the more there was to do. More teachers were needed for the night-school, more books for the boys—but the day-school prospered and Miss Sophie labored incessantly, so that in 1897 she had paid off half the debt and thus reduced the interest charge in proportion. And then, in 1897, came the yellow fever.

Yellow fever in New Orleans meant no schools, therefore no money for Sophie Wright—no money for the interest, no money for the taxes, no money for her own bread—nothing but an empty schoolhouse and an inexhaustible determination. Yellow fever in New Orleans meant that wherever the disease appeared in a house, whoever was within doors at that moment must stay there, quarantined. Hundreds of men and women were thus cut off from their support; thousands of others, with plenty, were afraid to go near the quarantined with aid. Mills and factories shut down, stores closed, assemblies were forbidden, whoever had his fare fled from the city to the seashore or the "Ozone Belt" or the far North. Death stalked the streets, his noiseless footsteps echoing and reechoing in the fancy of the terrified who peered at the deserted thoroughfares through screenless shutters. Yellow fever in New Orleans meant —one more opportunity for Sophie Wright to help some one else. She "had to do it." She tells you that. "It was so lonesome, and I was afraid to think of the debt, and there was so much to do and so many needed help." Yes—and there was her own unconquerable spirit too. She turned her big schoolhouse into a depot of supplies to which might be sent food and clothes and medicine, things for the sick, things for the quarantined, things for the needy, and things for the merely terrified and cowardly. And from daylight till dark and almost from dark till daylight Miss Sophie went up and down the town, or held office at her school, distributing this succor. She impressed her teachers into service—that strong, brave band of young women whom she has so imbued with her own spirit that they seem to radiate it only in lesser degree than does their leader. All through the hot days of summer, through the terrifying weeks of September when with the passing of each day the death-rate increased, through long-drawn-out October—until at last the frost came and the mosquitoes died and the air sweetened and the woebegone inhabitants, still catching their breath in little, gulping gasps, came peering out from their seclusion—all that while Miss Sophie gave out groceries and comfort, and tried to forget that eight per cent. interest was accumulating in the money-lender's office. For there was no one in New Orleans then, it seemed, to bring succor to the exhausted laborer.

No one? Yes, there was. On a black day when she sat down to count the cost, to plan how she would build up a new day-school and a new night-school and pay off her debts; when she faced the expectation that the money-lender would at the earliest possible moment foreclose the mortgage, as he threatened to do, and force her, with years of wasted effort behind her, to begin again, the bread that she had been casting on the waters so long came back to her. A banker of the city, becoming interested, took the mortgage from the money-lender, reduced the interest, and lent Miss Sophie ten thousand additional dollars to refit the school—lent, not gave; she assumed the entire burden herself. And, in addition, two rich men guaranteed to give between them $2,000 a year to aid her work.

Joy? Ask yourself, you who read this. For years her boys had sat on rude benches about tables made of boards laid across any sort of supports. For years they had been chucked into odd corners up and down bare

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halls, in a building that threatened to fall with the tramp of so many feet. Now she had money for equipment. She reveled in what seemed to her the wildest extravagance, but was in fact the closest of economy. She bought them real desks, real pictures, real books, all the real things of a real school. She made room for more than she had ever dreamed of teaching, and in December, 1897, when the horror of the fever was hardly gone from the city, she threw open the renovated building. There had been three hundred pupils in the night-school. Before another year opened there were a thousand. The following year there were twelve hundred; then fifteen hundred, with forty teachers to care for them. In 1903 she turned away three hundred applicants because no room could be found to squeeze them in, but the next year she somehow found a place for two hundred of their sisters—girls being admitted to certain departments of the night-school. She added to the course algebra, geometry, and calculus, mechanical drawing, shorthand, bookkeeping, and other studies. She added teachers who could understand the Italians, the Germans, the French, and the Austrians who flocked to the school.

And all through New Orleans, wherever apprentices foregathered, there was talk of the wonderful school at Miss Sophie's. When the whistles blew at night the procession headed toward her house from every direction, hundreds coming from workshop to class room without delaying for supper. Men and boys walked five or six miles to attend; from the edge of St. Bernard parish and the plains of Chalmette, from the upper edge of Gretna, from Southport and the limits of Carrollton, they came on foot and went on foot, in orderly good behavior for the honor of Miss Sophie's school. And in the class rooms one might see a Frenchman who read English explaining calculus to an Italian just arrived who understood French and was too eager to allow his mathematics to wait upon his English. One might see a whole class of refugees, Russian Jews, sitting in an out-of-the-way corner, grown men, every one of them, learning their A B C's and the elements of notation from a young rabbi. There is always something peculiarly apt about the night-school pupil, even though he may be so old as to make learning for him heavy business. In the day-school are light-hearted, impractical boys whose lives out of the class room are largely filled with games. But in the night-school are boys and men who are engaged in practical things, who are all day part of the busy, purposeful, productive life of the city. The problems in mathematics, attaching themselves to realities with which they are daily associated, have meaning for them; more than that, these pupils come to the night-school with the conscious purpose of learning, and they direct their energies to it with a will which even the weariness of a day's work cannot deaden.

Of course purpose flags among them. Boys are but boys after all. And sometimes one shirks, plays truant, misbehaves. For the truant there is no escape. Miss Sophie is conducting the night-school for their good, not her own, and having learned what their need is, she pursues it to the point of fulfilment. When she finds a boy is missing, out goes an assistant or Miss Sophie herself to bring him back.

"You kept some one out of the starting weeks," she says, "and now you can just come back and finish the course yourself." And few of them fail to come.

There are other inducements now for them to keep diligently at their work. Business men and manufacturers of the city have learned how valuable is the work Miss Sophie is doing and they encourage it among their boys by offering prizes for attainment. I held a desk at one time in a New Orleans newspaper office and had as a helper, combining the functions of head copy-boy and marine editor, a wizened-up little chap of fourteen or fifteen who answered to the name of Chris. On a salary of $2.50 a week Chris was helping to support his mother and taking care of himself, and, by the way, doing a lot of good work for the paper. But his future troubled me. There seemed to me to be nothing ahead of him—until one day he came in with a lot of pot-hooks on a sheet of paper which proved to be a stenographic report of an interview—and a well-conducted interview at that—which he transcribed on a machine. On my questioning him, he proudly drew forth from a pocket a case containing a gold medal—the prize at Miss Sophie's school for the greatest proficiency in shorthand.

Interested in the school, I went through some of the larger centers of employment seeking to learn what influence it had. I went to the Johnson Iron Works.

"What do you think of it?" I asked the proprietor.

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"The very best thing in New Orleans," he said promptly. The office-boy who was behind him grinned sheepishly. The proprietor turned around and put a hand on his shoulder.

"My boy, here, goes every night," he said. "Come out into the foundry."

We went out through the big shed and he stopped apprentices and molders here and there. "Who goes to Sophie's?" he asked.

"Harry—the fireman—he took first prize in arithmetic last year," said one.

"I'm taking mechanical drawing there," said a young molder.

"Pretty near all of us go there now or used to go," said another.

"It's a wonderful thing, that school," said the proprietor as we walked back. "It means a lot to us all. It improves the service we get from our men many fold."

It was a wonderful thing, to see, in that grimy, noisy foundry, the blackened faces of the molders and furnacemen light up, the soot and grime upon them break into flaky wrinkles of pleasure at the sound of Miss Sophie's name, to see the personal pride with which one and another announced himself her pupil, and the institutional pride with which they claimed the fireman as a prize winner—all evidences of the wonderful affection with which the mass of New Orleans views the teacher.

Not all the pupils come from this class. There are newsboys and bootblacks among them, and some whom the police would gladly class as criminals come here for a start to better things. Loudly, one night, came a demand at the door for "Miss Sophie, de teacher," which no one else could satisfy. To the door went Miss Sophie to meet—the Spasm Band. In New Orleans the Spasm Band was famous, or, rather, infamous—a group of boys who sold papers by day, and spent half the night making "spasms" in front of saloons upon instruments constructed from some part of a barrel, and passing the hat among the habitués of the district. The many attempts made to reform them they had dodged with ease. In vain had the police threatened, cajoled, and argued with them. They were the bad boys of the city. They were "tough"—in fact, the standard of toughness. And here they were at Miss Sophie's door, whither their leader, "Stale Bread," had led them of his own accord, that they might begin their long-delayed education. He led them as one might lead a horse to water, but could not make them drink. One by one they dropped away again, Slew-foot Pete, Warm Gravy, and Zu-Zu, and the strong arm of Miss Sophie could not drag them back. Only Stale Bread—he had no other name—remained, displaying remarkable ingenuity in mathematics, but struggling vainly with his alphabet. He was not tamed because he had caged himself. His antics threatened for a time to disrupt his classes until Miss Sophie put him in a class by himself and gave him her own attention. Then he quickly learned that though her eyes are tender and her face is pale and her body frail, her arm is sturdy and quick and her discipline for the unruly ready and effective. Stale Bread had found some one whom he could respect—respect and in a shamefaced way adore. Miss Sophie, too, found this wayward youngster one of the most fascinating of her charges, so that it is with a catch in her voice that she tells how blindness came upon him, and how the leader, fallen, goes about where his mates may choose to lead him.

When the habit of doing good to others gets a firm hold upon the system of such a person as Miss Sophie it spreads through it as swiftly as yellow fever through a town where *stegomyias* are numerous. Miss Sophie started with a single pupil and now has seventeen hundred. She started with a night-school—and now she has the city of New Orleans, for in almost every charity in the city you will find her actively at work, and not only actively, but effectively.

"To whom must I go for an interview backing us up in charity cases, or to get aid for children, or support for any movement for municipal betterment?" I asked my managing editor in New Orleans. "Make me a list of people whom I can depend on to say and do the good thing."

"You don't need a list," was his answer. "Go to Miss Sophie Wright. No matter what the affair is, if it needs disinterested work, whether it is for the aid of one person or the community, start with her. She will take it out of your hands and carry it through."

That is the attitude of much of the community. So it happened that three years ago when some one came upon a little orphan boy crippled almost exactly as Miss Sophie had been, and found that though he was maltreated, beaten, starved, yet in all Louisiana there was no public institution to which he could be sent, the boy was promptly brought to Miss Sophie to be taken care of.

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"Can you do it?" she was asked. And just as she had answered the circus athlete, she answered in this case: "Of course I can, and will."

So she went about it. She secured from the Home for Incurables permission to erect as an annex to that institution a cottage for crippled children. Then she set out to raise $10,000 to build it. This little woman who in all her life had never been able to gather that amount of money for her own school, who had never asked for a penny that she could earn herself, who was at that moment paying interest on the $10,000 she had borrowed to equip her school, set out to raise $10,000 to be used in another charity. She was State President of the King's Daughters and they helped her. She got up bazaars, begged subscriptions, urged, browbeat, argued, convinced, and saw the sum mount upward until within a year she had the $10,000, and in another year had built the cottage.

The cottage is built and now it must be maintained. But yesterday, January 29, 1906, I saw an appeal in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* for $10,000 for that purpose. Fourteen hundred had been obtained, and in the list of names I read: "Miss Sophie Wright, $10; The Bunch of Daisies, through Miss Wright, $10; H. T. H., through Miss Wright, $100; Rev. G. S., through Miss Wright, $10; Sophie Wright Circle of King's Daughters, $15."

On the same page of the *Times-Democrat* was another story—of what took place at the National Lumbermen's Convention. In the course of the day the president had told the convention what he knew of Miss Wright and her work. When he finished, a member rose and asked the privilege of starting a fund for her with a check for $100. At once the others were on their feet calling their names and amounts. Absent delegates were sent for, and the secretary wrote down subscriptions as fast as he could. Four thousand one hundred and seventy-five dollars was subscribed in short order. Then Miss Sophie was summoned, the wives of the delegates were enlisted, an impromptu reception was devised, and the amazed little woman arrived at the hall to find herself cheered to the echo, borne to a platform, addressed in a speech by the president, and then presented with a check for the whole amount. Tears ran down her cheeks. For a while she could not speak. It was all so sudden and so wonderful that it overwhelmed her. Four thousand dollars for her boys! (She never for a moment thought of it as her own.) Four thousand dollars for her boys! The wonderful light that is in her face, the deep glory of her eyes seemed to fill the hall, as she rose and thanked the givers. And they, to whom she was a stranger, and who had been moved to the donation only by their president's tale of her struggles, at the discovery of what she really was, carried with a tremendous cheer a vote of thanks to the president for having made it possible for them to know her.

That was the second time in her life Miss Sophie had met such a surprise. The first came a year before, when she had finished the struggle for the cripples' home. Every year the *Picayune*, a New Orleans daily, presents through the Progressive Union a silver loving-cup to the person who has during the year done the greatest service for the community. It had twice before been given. On each occasion there had been some talk of giving it to Miss Sophie, but the work of the night-school had been done so gradually and was so unspectacular, and had grown to be such an every-day affair in the community, that the public recognition of its founder had been deferred. But on this occasion, when she had carried through such a task in addition, the committee was unanimous that no one but Miss Sophie should have the cup.

When the word went forth that it was to be given her, and that the little Progressive Union hall would be the scene, there was a shout from the apprentices and workmen all over the city.

"Have it in the park," they cried. "Have it where we can all come."

Audubon Park, one of the largest playgrounds of the city, was chosen, therefore, as the scene of "Miss Sophie's triumph." Then a question of the hour arose.

"Have it in the afternoon," cried the night-workers.

"Have it at night," cried the day-workers.

Neither would be put off, so a long, glorious celebration was planned to last from mid-afternoon till nine at night.

Of all this Miss Sophie knew little or nothing. Her father had been dead for many years. Now her mother—that wonderfully beloved mother who had in Miss Sophie's girlhood laid the foundation of this sweet character—lay slowly dying, and Miss Sophie had ears and eyes for no one else; so her boys were able to work out unobserved

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their plans for the triumphal evening. When only a few days remained before the event, some one of them remembered the mortgage on the school.

"Lift the mortgage!" became a sort of battle-cry with them and with the women's societies of New Orleans. To and fro they went in the city collecting gifts for Miss Sophie. They dared not put an appeal in the papers, for fear she would learn of the project. They whispered it. It was to be a surprise. But the whole $10,000 was collected in three days or so, and was duly deposited in bank—the exact sum which she had gathered for the cripples' home.

And at last the day arrived, and all New Orleans gathered in Audubon Park in such a gala festival as had never before been given to any woman in America—the tribute of New Orleans to its Best Citizen. All the young people of the city came—came and brought father and mother and the baby. Thousands upon thousands of them crowded the park, cheered Miss Sophie, cheered the night-school and, shouldering up to the little platform where she sat, called out to her words of blessing and of love. Thousands upon thousands of them suddenly awoke to a sense of their fellowship, and discovered that they were become a true community all at once by virtue of their regard for this magnetic personality among them. Thousands upon thousands of them went away better men and women because they had opened eyes and hearts to the perception and the sharing of this self-sacrificing, helping, beautiful life.

And on the platform, Sophie Wright—what meant that day to her, think you—that day which was the logical consequence of the other day when she had opened her door to the poor young acrobat and had told him to come freely for her help? Every day in her life had led to this, yet on not a day of them all had she dreamed of it, nor of the possibility that so many people knew her, loved her, were watching her, and would, if the chance were only given, help her as she helped others. The loving-cup was to be hers, and that alone was wonderful. But this multitude, this outpouring of people who were this night more real, more human, perhaps, than ever before in their lives—this was something yet more wonderful and more touching. The loving-cup was given her, with a neat speech, and she accepted it, and the people cheered, and she sat waiting—waiting for them to go, for some other thing to be done—waiting for she knew not what. And then up stepped one of her boys bearing another loving-cup, made of flowers, a cup brimming with dear love from her boys to her. He who offered it tried to speak—and perhaps did so. She tried to reply—but could not. She caught him in her arms while the tears blinded her, and kissed him with a kiss in which every lad who had ever entered her doors for help shared fully.

Then they all crowded about her again, and in the throng slipped up a friend, a woman, who handed her an envelope.

"A note from your boys," she said, and Miss Sophie tucked it in her dress, to read when she should be at home.

Later, worn to exhaustion but radiantly happy, she went back in a carriage to her house and sought her place at the bedside of her mother. The letter was entirely forgotten; the triumph itself faded from her mind as she sat there, until her sister, entering, asked:

"What's in your letter, Sophie?"

Then she opened it. It was the certified check for $10,000, "to lift the mortgage." Happiness was complete without this. It could be no greater.

Grief followed close upon that glorious day. The mother died soon, and the teacher, worn by her hard struggles, relieved of the double strain, collapsed. Slowly she won back to life after a long fight with pneumonia, to seek health in the mountains of Colorado; but before the summer was over yellow fever called her back to New Orleans again, to care for the needy.

There I saw her in November of 1905, frail, wan, so racked with asthma that in weeks she had scarcely spent two hours a night in bed; but still laboring by day for her bread, and by night for sweet charity's sake; looking near death yet giving life to hundreds—a ray of sunshine for the world in every day she lived. And there she will be still when Death comes, as he must soon come if this burden remains long upon her shoulders. Coming, he will find her there among her boys, happy, hopeful, thoughtful for others, careless of herself, caring for her life only because it is necessary to many.

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CUPID

By ROBERT ALEXANDER WASON

Illustrations by Howard Giles

WELL, I wouldn't exac'ly call 'em wise; wordy'd come a little nearer suitin' their class. I was cooped up once fer four months with a book writer an' a show actor, an' the's a ringin' in my ears yet. When spring come, I was kind o' weary o' that locality, so I wafted up here to help watch the colonel's bob-wire fence. Me an' Kid Porter batched together, me watchin' the ten miles to the west of our shack, an' Kid the ten east.

Our shack was closer to Danders than it was to headquarters, so we used to go down once a month fer our needin's. I drove down there the first day of April, an' a cute little feller got off the train an' says to me: "Me good man, are you a type of this community?"

I looked him over careful, front, back, an' both sides, an' then I says in a soft, oozy voice, like a cow conversin' with her first calf, says I: "Be you speakin' to me, little one?"

It allus gets me a little to be called "me good man." It seems to give me an itchin' feelin' in the right hand, an' I've had to make several extra peculiar specimens dance a few steps for no other reason. But this little cuss never batted an eye. He looks me square in the face an' says: "It seems perfectly obvious that I could be addressin' nobody else. I am out in the West lookin' fer a place to study the most pronounced types of American citizens, an' I was very favorably impressed with your appearance."

Did you ever have a stranger brace you like that? I suppose the fat lady an' the livin' skeliton gets used to it, but I allus feel a trifle vacant like. I stand six foot two an' dress easy an' comfortable, an' some o' the guys on the trains seem to think 'at I'm part o' the show, out fer an airin'.

"Well, to tell ya the truth, honey," I says to the little feller, "I ain't fully maychured yet. We get hair on our faces pretty young out here, but we don't git our growth till we're twenty-five. I'm water-boy to the E. Z. outfit. If you want to see somethin' worth lookin' at, you ought to come out to headquarters where the men are. They sent me to town on an errant."

He looked at me a moment, an' then his eye lit up, like as if he'd found a whole plug o' tobacco when he thought his last chew was gone. Finally he give a chuckle an' a wink, an' says: "Here, smoke a cigar on me, an' tell me if I can get board out your way. I think you'll make copy."

Well, I thought I could kind o' use him to help kill time with, so I told him a cheery story an' we got his trunk an' he bought a month's grub an' came along out to our shack. His name was William Sinclair Hammersly, an' the' never was a squarer boy on the face o' the earth. He won my affections, as the story books say, before we was out o' sight o' Danders. He owned up to me that he had been visitin' England fer the best part of a year an' that was where he had picked up the "good man" habit. I told him it might be suited to that climate all right, but that out our way I couldn't recommend it to a peace-lovin' man fer every-day use. He thanked me an' said that he was ashamed to know so little about his own country. He said he intended to become an author an' had come out to learn the aboriginal types an' git the true local color. Whenever I hear this little bunch o' sounds, I know I got a nibble. Any time a man goes nosin' around after local color, you can bet your saddle he's got a zigzag in his think organ.

Well, Bill slid right into our mode o' livin' like a younger brother, but it took us some time to savvy his little peculiarities. The' was one wide bunk in the shack an' one

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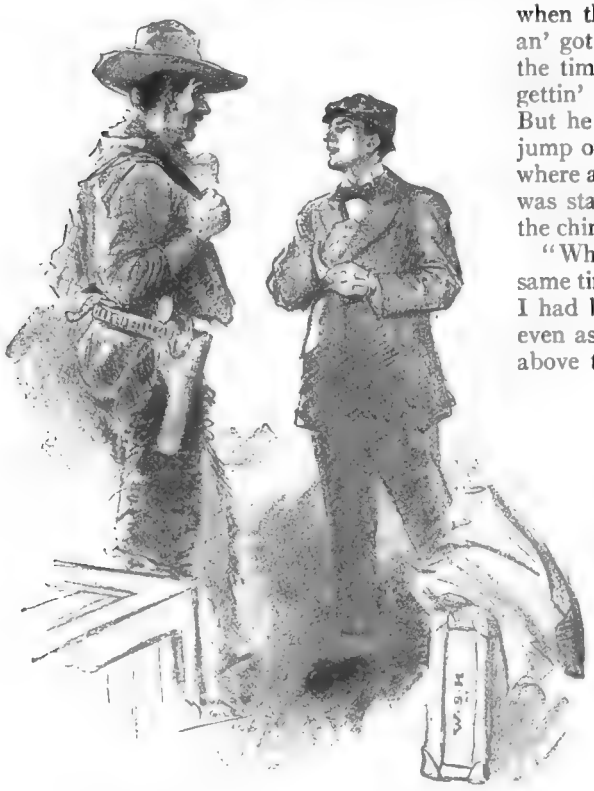
narrow one. Me an' Bill took the wide one, but it wasn't so eternal wide that a feller could flop around altogether accordin' to the dictates o' his own conscience. When she was carryin' double we had to hold a little consultation to see whether we would turn over or not. We used to start out early in the mornin', an' if the' wasn't much fixin' to be done, we got back long before dark. About seven-thirty was our perchin' time before Bill come, but afterward we got more sociable, an' sometimes we'd sit up till purt' nigh half past nine playin' cutthroat an' swappin' tales. Sleep was allus a kind of a nuisance to Bill. Purt' nigh every night when me an' the Kid would stretch ourselves out, Bill would speak a piece about "God bless the man what first invented sleep"; but he was only joshin'. He'd build up a cracklin' fire an' change his clothes. He had one suit that he never used fer nothin' but jes' to sleep in. Pajamers he called 'em, an' they sure was pretty. Well, he'd put on this suit an' light his pipe an' take his guitar an' finger his fiddle an' play till along toward mornin'.



"'ME GOOD MAN, ARE YOU A TYPE OF THIS COMMUNITY?'"

Then he'd lay down alongside o' me. But in about fifteen minutes he'd jump out o' bed, sayin': "That's good! That's great! I mustn't lose that." An' he'd get out a little book an' write somethin' into it. Sometimes he'd laugh over it an' sometimes he'd cry.

The Kid'd never had no experiences with geniuses before, an' at first he thought that he might get violent durin' the night, so he took his gun to bed with him; but I knowed the' wasn't a mite o' danger in him. When breakfast was ready, we purt' nigh had to get a hoss to pull him out o' bed.

Me an' Bill drove down to Danders about the first o' May to get some more grub. Most o' this kind has a tol'able active thirst, but Bill was pretty harmless when it come to storin' away liquor. About the only excitement in Danders fer a temp'rance crank was goin' down to see the train come in. This time the west bound had to take a sidin' an' wait twenty minutes fer the east bound, an' a feller got his dog out o' the baggage car an' started to climb the mountains. You know how this air is. A stranger thinks he can spit on a mountain that's ten miles off. Well, when the whistle blew, he made a good run an' got on all right, but the pup was havin' the time of his life an' missed his chance o' gettin' on the same car that the feller did. But he was game all right an' give a pretty jump on to the front platform o' the last car, where a big buck nigger with a white coat on was standin'. He give the pup a kick under the chin an' sent him rollin' over backward.

"Why, the vile wretch!" yells Bill, at the same time snatchin' my gun out o' the holster. I had barely time to bump his arm up, an' even as 'twas he knocked the paint off right above the coon's head. Bill turned on me with his eyes shootin' sparks an' says in a voice as cold as the snap of a Winchester: "Next time, John Hawkins, I'll thank you to mind your own business." An' he held the gun kind o' friendly like, with the muzzle pointin' at my watch pocket.

Well, I own up, I was jarred, but I put a little edge on my own voice an' says: "Heretofore I allus counted it my own business to look after what my own gun was engaged in doin'. When you're sure that you're all through with it, I'll thank you to return it."

Then I turned on my heel an'

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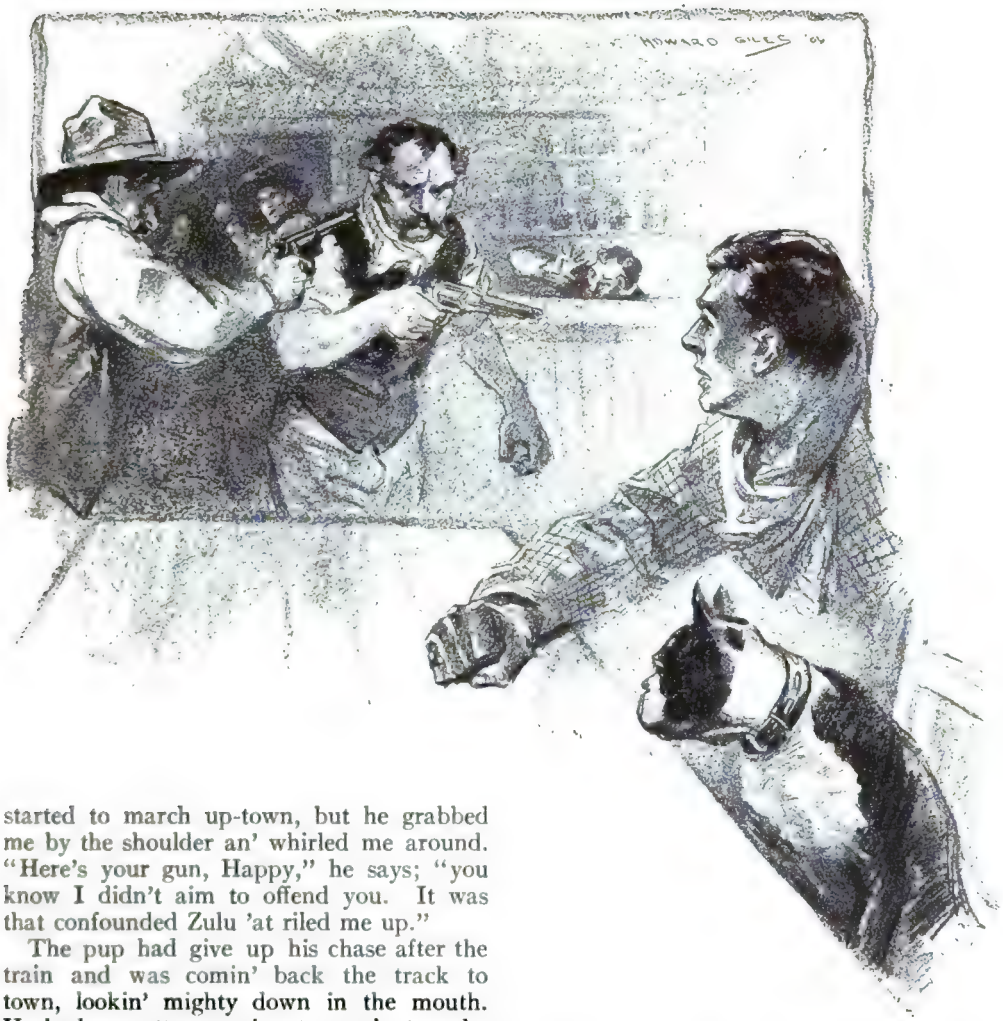

"'BETTER PUT UP YOUR GUN, FRENCHY, ER YOU'LL GIT THIS OFFICE ALL MUSSED UP.'"

started to march up-town, but he grabbed me by the shoulder an' whirled me around. "Here's your gun, Happy," he says; "you know I didn't aim to offend you. It was that confounded Zulu 'at riled me up."

The pup had give up his chase after the train and was comin' back the track to town, lookin' mighty down in the mouth. He had a pretty prominent mouth, too, the pup had. He was a brindle bull. Not one o' those that look like an Injun idol, but a nice, clean-built, upstandin' feller with a quiet, businesslike air.

"Purty tough on the pup to be turned out to starve this way," says I.

"Who's goin' to let him starve?" says Bill. "Come here, old feller."

"Better look out," says I; "bulldogs is fierce."

"So is men," says Bill. "An' besides, this ain't no bulldog, this is a brindle bull-terrier, an' a crackerjack. Look at the brass collar he's wearin'. This ain't no stray. I'll telegraph ahead an' see if they want him expressed."

Bill caught the feller at the next station an' he telegraphed back 'at he'd been havin' trouble with that dog all along the line an' if we'd keep him a month he'd stop an' git him on his way back. He sent us ten dollars to pay expenses. I never believed that they could send money by telegraph before, but I saw the agent give it to Bill, with my own eyes.

We all went up to the hotel fer dinner, the pup lookin' miserable sorrowful. Frenchy was goin' to kick the pup out. Frenchy's a low-grade heathen, but he's big an' he don't mind a little shootin', now an' ag'in.

"If this dog can't eat here, neither can I," says Bill. "But as far as your kickin' him out goes, you'd better pray fer guidance before you tackle that job."

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"PULLIN' ON A ROPE WAS HIS IDEE O' DRAW-POKER."

"Do you think I'm afraid o' that cur?" sneers Frenchy.

"Cur!" yells Bill. "Cur! Why, you maul-headed, misshapen blotch on the face o' nature, what do you mean by callin' this dog a cur! I never saw this dog before to-day, but I'll bet ten to one that I can find out the name of his great-great-grandfather's great-great-grandfather, an' I doubt if you know who your own father was."

Frenchy was fair crazy. He pulled out his gun an' came chargin' down on us. Bill tried to get mine ag'in, but I thought I'd better run it myself just then. I covered Frenchy, Frenchy covered Bill, an' the bull pup turned his back on us and looked down towards the depot to see if his train had come back yet.

"Better put up your gun, Frenchy," I says, soft as a wood dove, "er you'll git this office all mussed up."

Well, he knew me, so we arbitrated a little an' then we all went in an' the pup et his dinner like any other Christian, payin' fer it out of his own money. After dinner Bill went out an' bought a gun of his own, an' all the way home he was shootin' at marks an' hittin' 'em too. I'd allus thought 'at he was as harmless as a horn toad, but I kind o' scented trouble from the way he planted his lead.

"Bill," I says, "where did you get to be a shootin' man?"

"Me?" says Bill. "I never shot a livin' thing in my life. I used to practise on glass balls an' such. I don't want no trouble, but I'm kind o' set in my ways about dogs. It's a heap o' responsibility to raise a pup, but I'm goin' to give this one a fair show."

When we reached home Bill says: "Now, I don't want no one to punish this dog but me, till he gets his edication. I don't care fer a trick dog. All I expect him to learn is jus' English an' part o' the sign langwidge, so as he'll be pleasant company. I'll pay fer any property he destroys, but please don't punish him."

The pup was about fifteen months when he came, an' at first he sorrowed a heap fer his old boss, but purty soon he sees that Bill knowed more about dogs 'an he did himself, so he jest transferred his affections over on Bill. Bill never raised his voice, he never threatened him, he jest reasoned with him an' explained why it was necessary to learn the conventions o' society. It took him a solid week to learn that pup how to shake hands, an' yet Bill told us confidential that he believed 'at the pup knew it all the time. But at the end of a week the pup give in, an' from that on he was as eager fer knowledge as a new-born baby.

Cupid was the name o' the pup, engraved right on to his brass collar, an' when he set his mind to learnin' he made me an' the Kid kind o' leery 'at he'd beat us out yet. He

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could walk on his hind legs an' speak an' shut an' open doors an' wipe his feet on the door-mat an' roll over an' pray an'—oh, well, he knew 'em all an' six more; but Bill said 'at it wasn't the tricks 'at counted, it was learnin' how to think fer himself. He was a solemn-lookin' pup, an' it was kind o' creepy to see him come to the shack, open the door, shut it behind him, wipe his feet on the door-mat, an' look into Bill's eyes an' give a short bark. That was to ask if he had any new jobs fer him.

I had it all planned out 'at the pup was to sleep in the stable, but this didn't look good to the pup nor to Bill neither. When night would come, the pup would go through his lessons, eat his supper, an' fling himself slaunchways on the wide bunk. He only weighed about fifty pounds, but they was the solidest fifty ever wrapped up in a dog hide. He wouldn't mind no one but Bill, an' it was all I could do to git room enough on the perch to hang on. Then Bill would open up his vau-dee-ville show, an' when he'd simmer down Cupid would begin to chase jack-rabbits. He was the most devilish-lookin' thing I ever see. He'd lay there with his eyelids rolled up an' his eyes turned inside out, givin' short barks an' jerkin' his legs. "Bill," I says one night, "I ain't no chronic coward, but dog-gone me if I want to be mistook fer a jack-rabbit an' have this bull-dog sock his ivories into me."

"He ain't no bulldog," snaps Bill. "It looks as if you might learn purty soon 'at he's a brindle bull-terrier."

"Oh, I know that all right, an' I'm willin' to swear to it, but jest now it's his teeth, not his ancestors, that are botherin' me. If I'm to be mistook fer a jack-rabbit, I ain't nowise choicy jest which kind of a bulldog is goin' to do the mistakin'."

Bill he smiled sadly an' walked over an' stuck his necked finger into the pup's mouth. I looked to see it bit off, but the pup only opened his eyes, looked foolish, an' tramped down another acre of imaginary grass; finally goin' to sleep again an' usin' my feet fer a piller.

Talk about grit! that little cuss was willin' to fight anything that walked. We took him out to the herd one day an' after he'd been kicked an' tossed an' trampled on, he got on to throwin' a steer by the nose, an' from that on it was his favorite pastime. He played the game so enthusiastic that I finally says to Bill: "Bill," says I, "you mustn't ferget 'at Colonel Scott has other uses fer these cattle, besides usin' 'em fer dog exercisers." From that on, Bill made the pup be a little more temperate in the use o' steers.

The muscles on that pup got like hard bunches o' rubber an' you couldn't pinch him hard enough to make him squeak. He allus took a serious view o' life 'ceptin' when the' was a chance fer a little rough an' tumble. Then his face would light up like an angel's. Pullin' on a rope was his idee o' draw-poker an' he could wear out the whole bunch of us at it. Bill fair idolized him. Fact is, we all thought a heap of him, but I'd 'a' liked him a mite better if the'd 'a' been more bunks in the shack.

If he got cold, he'd scratch your face till

"'OH, TAKE THAT HORRID BULLDOG AWAY!' SHE SQUEALED."

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you let him under the covers, an' then when he got too hot, he'd pull the covers off an' roll 'em up into a nice, soft heap, with himself on top. He never overlooked himself much, the pup didn't. First I knew, I got to missin' a right smart o' sleep that rightly belonged to me. When the pup wasn't chasin' imaginary jack-rabbits er live fleas, Bill was jumpin' up an' down to write somethin' new

"BILL AN' THE GIRL HAD COME TO A PRETTY HARMONIOUS AGREEMENT."

on to his pieces. I like a dog the full limit, but I never hankered none to sleep with 'em, not when they have fleas; an' when they don't, they allus put me in mind of a man 'at uses perfumery. I tried to devise a plan fer sleepin' on the floor, but I couldn't engineer it through.

"No," says Bill, in a hurt kind of a tone, "I wouldn't inconvenience you fer the world. Me an' Cupid will sleep on the floor." Well, there I was. I'm as tender-hearted as a baby antelope, so I jest turned it off as a joke an' got to sleepin' in the saddle on the return trip.

Nothin' on earth made Bill so mad as to have any one call the pup a bulldog, though if he wasn't one, he sure looked the part. I knowed it wouldn't do to take too many chances, so me an' the Kid used to post the boys, an' when one of 'em would drop in an' say, "That's a mighty fine brindle bull-terrier you-uns have got," Bill's face would light up as if he was the mother of it an' he would preach us a sermon on dogs.

Colonel Scott's niece came out to visit him some time in May, an' we heard of her long before we saw her. 'Bout every one we met had somethin' to tell about what a really, truly heart-buster she was. She learned to ride, an' one afternoon she an' the colonel struck our outfit just in front of a howlin' storm. The' was no show to get back to headquarters that night, so we fixed up the wide bunk fer the lady an' us men planned to flop in the stable. Well, she sure had dandy manners. She pitched in an' helped us get supper, an' we had about everything to eat 'at a man could think of—side meat an' ham an' corn bread an' flapjacks an' baked beans an' bean soup an' fried potatoes an' coffee so stout 'at you couldn't see the bottom in a teaspoonful of it. We just turned ourselves loose an' gave her a spread.

As soon as the dishes was off our hands we started in to be jovial. Me an' the Kid wasn't jest altogether at home, but Bill was right in his element. He played, an' him an' her sang, an' they talked, an' it was the most festive function I ever see; until the pup came an' jumped up on the wide bunk where she was sittin'. "Oh, take that horrid bulldog away!" she squealed.

I dreaded the result, but I says to myself: "Now surely that dog-gone ijit won't call her down," but he did. "Miss Johnston," he says, "that ain't no bulldog. That's a high-bred brindle bull-terrier. How would you like to be called a Chinaman? Come here, Cupid."

Well, that spoiled the whole evenin'. Bill was like an oyster from that on, an' the girl looked as if she'd been slapped. I was mad clear through. It's all right fer a man to be crazy, if he'll only keep it private, but the' ain't no sense in tryin' to git the whole balance o' creation over to his side.

The old man thought it a mighty prime joke to have his niece called down over a bull

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pup, an' he chuckled about it consid'able. Next morning he made Bill promise to come over an' visit him, but the girl said *her* good-bys to me an' the Kid. From that on Bill was over to headquarters 'bout half his time, but it didn't do him much good. The girl wouldn't stand fer the pup an' Bill wouldn't go back on him, so it looked purty much like a deadlock.

One Sunday about the middle o' September we was all sittin' in the shade o' the shack, lookin' down into the prairie. The shack stood up on a high plateau with a big crag protectin' it. The road came in from the west, went around a steep butte, then along the top o' the cliff, an' then slid off into the valley. We heard the thud o' hoofs an', turnin' around, saw the colonel's niece tearin' up the road on a big hoss. It was a plain case o' runaway, an' I felt somethin' break inside my chest. They were headin' straight fer the top o' the cliff, an' the hoss could never make the turn; an' we was too far off to beat him to it.

We simply stood there like a flock o' sheep, without a single thought among us. The' didn't seem to be a thing to do but just watch 'em plunge two hundred feet into the ravine. I glanced at Bill, but I hardly knew him. His brows was drawn down like a wildcat's, his jaws was clamped so tight you could hear his teeth grit, an' his eyes seemed to smoke.

He happened to shift his gaze fer a second an' saw the pup standin' out by the road watchin' the hoss runnin' toward him. I heard Bill give a sigh, as though he had jest come back from the dead, an' in a voice that trembled an' wavered, but still rang out like a trumpet, he yells, "Throw him, Cupid! Throw him!"

Lord, man! I wish you could 'a' seen it. The mane bristled up on that dog's back an' his muscles bulged out till he looked like a stone image. We heard him give a low whine, like as if he knowed it was too big a job fer a little feller like him. But did he try to flunk it? Not him. Then I knowed 'at he wasn't neither a bulldog nor a bull-terrier, but a little fifty-pound hero, willin' to pass out his life any time 'at Bill would draw a check fer it.

We fair helt our breath as he backed away from the road an' took a little easy gallop until he hoss was near even with him. Another dog would have blown his lungs loose tellin' about what he was goin' to do; but Cupid never said a word. Only his lips curled up till you could see those wicked, hooky teeth o' his, an' then when the hoss was right alongside an' it looked as if he had lost his chance, he gave a couple o' short jumps an' threw himself fer the critter's nose.

Well, I can't rightly tell you jes' what did happen then. I saw him make his spring an' swing around full sweep hangin' on to the hoss's nose, but from that on the whole earth seemed to be shook loose. The hoss keeled over like he was shot, an' the girl seemed to turn clear over in the air an' light all in a heap with one arm hangin' over the edge o' the cliff. We heard a shriek, a little smothered yelp, an' then we ran down to 'em.

Bill looked first toward the girl an' then toward the pup, an' it was tearin' his heart apart to tell which he would go to first. Finally he ran to the girl an' carried her back from the cliff. He knelt an' put his ear to her heart, then he took her wrist, an' after a mighty long time he give a little sigh an' says: "Kid, run fer some water. Run! What do you stand lookin' at me fer?"

The Kid he certainly did run, while Bill stepped over to where the pup was layin', still an' quiet, but with a piece o' the hoss's nose still in his grip. The hoss's right shoulder was broke an' he couldn't git up, but was thrashin' an' strugglin' around. "Git your gun an' put that hoss out of his misery, Happy," says Bill, an' the' was somethin' in his tone that shot me plumb full o' action.

When I came back the Kid was pourin' a bucket o' water over the girl, an' Bill, with the tears rollin' down his cheeks, was feelin' over the body o' the little bull pup. I put the muzzle to within an inch o' the soft place in the hoss's temple an' fired. The hoss's head sank, an' then I gulped a couple o' times like a flabby galoot an' says: "Bill, do you reckon the brindle bull-terrier'll pull through?"

"Git me some o' that water," says Bill. When I come back he showed me a place where the whole o' the pup's scalp had been kicked loose. I couldn't see what good water was goin' to do, but Bill wouldn't give up. "I can't find where the skull is broke," he says, "an' maybe the water'll fetch him around."

He poured some water over the little feller's face, but it didn't seem to be no use. He jest lay still, with his head on Bill's knee, an' I thought it was all up with little Cupid, but jest to please Bill I gave him my flask an' says: "Give the little feller a drink, Bill. He never

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was used to hittin' it none, an' it'll have a powerful effect on him." Bill opened the pup's mouth an' poured in a pretty stiff swig, an', by cracky, the pup opened his eyes an' when he saw Bill he tried to wag his little tail.

Well, Bill took that brindle pup up in his arms an' kissed him full on the lips—an' if the's any one in this crowd that feels like laughin' it'll be healthier fer 'im to step outside. Then Bill took up the pup an' motioned fer me an' the Kid to tote the lady up to the shack. She had come to when we reached it, an' we laid her on the wide bunk. Bill put the pup on the narrow one an' washed out the hole in his head an' tied it up with his handkerchief. Then he crossed over an' spoke to the girl.

"Miss Johnston," he says in a low voice, "are you sufferin' much?"

She owned up to a rippin' headache an' said she was sore all over, but it was her ankle 'at pained her most. Bill started to look at it, but she blushed an' tried to draw it up under her. Bill never paid any attention to her, but says calmly: "I've had some experience, Miss Johnston. A great deal depends on promptness. Now jest let the limb lay natural till I remove the shoe."

Me an' the Kid started to break fer the foothills, but he sent me after a roll o' bandages an' the Kid after some more water. We was losin' our age fast, an' Bill's voice sounded like grandpa's. He said it was a corkin' bad sprain, but he tied it up an' wet down the bandage, an' then he sent me to the colonel's after the spring wagon, an' the Kid to Danders fer the doctor.

We both got back before daylight, an' by that time Bill an' the girl had come to a pretty harmonious agreement concernin' the proper standin' of a brindle bull-terrier. When I came in he was holdin' her hand, an' he didn't drop it neither.

Did the other guy come an' git the dog? Did Bill marry the girl? Well, you fellers sure need pictures to your stories. If that other guy had wanted that dog he'd 'a' had to 'a' brought the hull United States army with him; an' as fer the girl, it seems 'at she had made up her mind to marry Bill the first time she saw him. That's how I got to be foreman o' the E. Z. outfit.

The Garden of Sorrow

By THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

I CANNOT bear to think on roses now,
Nor any soft sweet thing that seems to breathe.
The little airs that touch me on the brow—
The clouds with all the whispering rain beneath—
I cannot bear to think on roses now.

The twilight sounds that tremble into rhyme,
They sting me—all the bees of memory
That gather on the fadeless flower of time,
And all the golden words I made for thee—
The twilight sounds that tremble into rhyme.

How shall I learn to face the night again—
The empty winds that kiss my cheek and pass,
The dreary moments I forget—and then
The changeless shadow on the brittle glass:
How shall I learn to face the night again?

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THE PLAYERS

WITH all its greatness and its cosmopolitan population, in its prejudices New York is perhaps the most provincial city in America, probably because the lesser number of people who live in it were born or even raised within its borders. The relatively few native New Yorkers are members of communities which have little in common, although they may be separated only by the narrow width of a city street. And each section has its own theatres, its own favorite players, and takes small interest in any others.

Those who support the Broadway theatres display this clannishness to a marked degree. The Broadway audience has arrogated to itself the distinction of being the highest critical authority, and displays the snobbishness characteristic of a self-constituted tribunal assuming arbitrary power. It has compelled a large part of the country to recognize its judgment, which really has no great value. It refuses to accept a reputation established elsewhere, although it is respectful to one made in London. A player who has made a deep impression in other American cities finds their acclaim of small advantage when he braves Broadway. Indeed he discovers that the recognition which made him seek a metropolitan indorsement makes Broadway rather suspicious, and, if honestly compelled to praise, somewhat resentful. Broadway prefers to discover fine actors, and to place its seal upon them.

Florence Roberts has made a big reputation in the West, especially in California, as an emotional actress, playing rôles in which the heroine has opportunity to portray every recognized brand of human agony. Like every other player in the country, she longed for Broadway's approval. Her later fame has been won in plays like "Zaza," which are identified with well-known and popular stars, so it was necessary for her to have a new play. Unhappily, she selected one of the worst I ever had the misfortune to see—a morbid, illogical, false concoction called "The Strength of the Weak," constructed solely for the purpose of giving opportunity to portray feminine suffering up to the limit of feminine liking. Its theme is unpleasant, its development wholly untrue, its construction absurd. Most of the anguish which it joyously presents is so unnecessary, so unnatural that I cannot understand how any normal thinking person can have any patience with it.

And yet many women wept so profusely, so enthusiastically over the lacerated heroine that there was no mistaking their pleasure in her sorrows. But that doesn't in the least justify the play. Because there are some women who find their greatest joy in life in attending funerals, it doesn't follow that we should have funerals for their benefit.

"The Strength of the Weak" is a sort of Americanized "Camille," with the relations of the father and son to the heroine reversed. It is one of the most horribly and depressingly immoral plays I ever saw—not because the heroine has sinned, but because it maintains that for those who have sinned, no matter how innocently, there is no hope; only death and damnation. Probably this was not the intent of the authors, who are no doubt very estimable women, but it is the meaning of the play, if it has any meaning at all. One supposes that the idea uppermost in their minds was to give the star a chance to suffer poignantly during four acts, and they didn't bother much about anything else, except to lug in comedy scenes for contrast.

There is really no excuse for "The Strength of the Weak," albeit the lines are well written and sometimes almost brilliant, nor for any

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play of its kind. Maybe some day a playwright will be big enough and strong enough to handle the theme honestly, truthfully, powerfully, which is the surest way of ending these maudlin, artificial dramas. But it is doubtful if the sentimentality which rules the managerial mind, and which is its interpretation of public prejudice, would allow the production of such a play. Nothing is more dangerous than to write a really moral play unless its morality is of the highly conventional brand.

The rôle of *Pauline Darcy* gives opportunity for an actress to range from comedy to profoundly bitter tears, and it is not difficult to understand why it should appeal to a star. It is natural for a player to think more of a part than of a play. Florence Roberts would undoubtedly shine much more luminously if she were not so handicapped by "The Strength of the Weak," for she is an excellent actress, so much better technically than most women stars that it is a great pleasure to see her act. She has had long experience, and it is plain that she has studied and worked with great energy and steadfastness of purpose. Her training is of the old school, and that, modified by the more modern spirit of repression, is the best training. She has succeeded despite her temperamental endowment and not because of it, which is one way of saying that she cannot be a really big actress. In many respects she suggests Mrs. Fiske, but she has not Mrs. Fiske's distinction, her subtlety, her great art. On the other hand, Miss Roberts speaks English, while Mrs. Fiske speaks Fiskian, a language understood only by a few of her blindly devoted admirers.

The star courted comparison with very excellent players. Tyrone Power, who has not been seen on the stage in ordinary modern habiliments for ever so long, played the wicked father, one of the most unhappy rôles in which he has ever appeared, but even as an elderly Lothario his finished acting stood him in admirable stead. Max Figman played the part of a comedy German baron much better than he staged the play. There were also half a dozen girls, supposed to represent college types, among whom Ruth Allen, as a shrewd, slangy, cheerful young person, stood out clearly and humorously.

It is rather unfortunate for Arnold Daly's fame as a player of Bernard Shaw characters that Richard Mansfield should have given us *Captain Bluntschli* in "Arms and the Man" long before Mr. Daly had emerged from obscurity. In fact at that time Mr. Daly had just been graduated from a course as office-boy in Charles Frohman's offices, and was starting his career as an actor. The Daly production of the comedy, one of the most brilliant and effective of the Irishman's plays, falls so far short of that made by Mr. Mansfield a decade ago that a comparison is painful. Yet Mr. Daly's production attracted large audiences, while Mr. Mansfield played to empty seats, which goes to show that there has been a very marked advance in public taste and appreciation in the interval.

Captain Bluntschli is not a long part, yet Mr. Mansfield made the Swiss mercenary dominate everything; he carried conviction; he was the forceful character in the comedy. And his humor was irresistible. Mr. Daly's *Bluntschli* is a caricature, not a characterization. Though Mr. Daly effectually disguises his face with the addition of a military mustache like that worn by the Emperor William, in everything else he is simply Arnold Daly with the uncomfortable mannerisms accentuated. It is a very great pity that he cannot overcome his "too great nearness to himself," which is likely to check a most promising career.

It fell to the lot of Chrystal Herne to play *Raina*, an interesting young woman who is constantly prating about honor and noble ideals until *Bluntschli* calmly tells her that she is an arrant little hypocrite. There is not much light and shade in Miss Herne's performance. She suffers in comparison with my recollection of Mrs. Mansfield, who was known on the stage as Beatrice Cameron, in that rôle. I always thought it was the best characterization that Mrs. Mansfield ever gave, although her husband considers *Portia* her best performance. Aubrey Boucicault makes *Major Sergius Saranoff* a Parisian dandy instead of a rather magnificent barbarian with a thin veneer of civilization, and one harks back for comparison to Henry Jewett, who was superb in that part. Saddest of all is Bijou Fernandez as *Louka*, that rôle in which Katherine Grey made herself famous in a single night.

Edgar Selwyn is a young actor who delighted New York in a part that has made a reputation for every actor who has essayed it —*Tony* in "Arizona." Also he was admirable as *José* in "The Pretty Sister of José" with Maude Adams. But he is more ambitious to shine as a playwright than as a player, which is not remarkable when one

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Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

ADELE RUTCHIE AS *VIOLET DARE* IN "THE SOCIAL WHIRL."

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considers the difference in the rewards of success in these two professions. It was his good fortune to have "It's All Your Fault," his first play to be presented on Broadway, make something of an impression. It is a clean, lively farce that starts out very well, with a firm foundation for a plot and promise of characterization, but the people speedily become mere puppets and the comic situations are built up rather crudely. Still they make people laugh.

The measure of success won is due largely to a fat youngster with a hooked nose and yellow curly hair, who is set down on the program as Master Pincus. He was a newsboy at Forty-Second Street and Broadway before he went on the stage. In the farce *Archibald* is a street gamin, shrewd, quick-witted, and suspicious, who has escaped from an institution. He expresses himself in slang and "dis," "dat," "dem," and "dose." This description also fits Master Pincus in private life, so he is called upon merely to play himself. The remarkable thing is that he succeeds in being absolutely natural. His very appearance—fat legs, aldermanic periphery, hooked nose in the moon-face, tight curling hair—makes people laugh. And then he is in such deadly earnest. He understands very well that the whole farce depends upon him and he sustains the burden. The boy was not wholly without stage experience. Early in the season a fearsome musical comedy called "Fritz in Tammany Hall" was presented in New York, and Master Pincus, because of his droll appearance, was taken from the streets to appear as one of the many children. When "Fritz in Tammany Hall" failed, the chubby youngster resumed selling newspapers until some far-sighted person selected him for *Archibald.*

Herbert Sleath scores in "It's All Your Fault," proving himself one of the cleverest, most finished and entertaining of light comedians. He has been playing in New York for several seasons, frequently with his wife, Ellis Jeffreys, but never until now has he had any real opportunity to show his value as a player. Mr. Sleath is a rich man who acts for the love of acting. When he first came to this country, in a very subordinate rôle, he brought a dozen horses over with him for his own use. For some reason we are prone to regard with a certain tolerant condescension, those who work for pure love of working, possibly because most men and women of that kind are likely to weary of the grind of preparation and to resort to their money for help in getting along. Mr. Sleath has won his way honestly and sincerely, on his merits as a player, after serving a long and arduous apprenticeship, and it is a fine thing for him to have succeeded so thoroughly.

Possibly because it has some inexcusably weak spots, "Cousin Louisa" received an unmerciful slating when it was presented in New York. It didn't deserve a tenth of the harsh things said about it, for it had so much fun in it, so many novel and interesting scenes, such well-drawn characters, that it was head and shoulders above many farces that have scored. Moreover, it was admirably acted. It was written by Frederick Paulding, who is better known as an actor than as a playwright. He started as an infant prodigy, developed into a capable legitimate actor, and shone as a minor star in classical rôles. If he had elected to be a character actor, I am inclined to think that he would have won enduring fame.

There is a general impression that actors, at least modern actors, do not write good plays, although William Gillette is a striking exception. It is true that actor-playwrights are somewhat prone to sacrifice everything else to highly theatric effects, and that their plays are likely to be superficial. "Cousin Louisa" makes no pretensions except to be amusing, and that it certainly is. Cleverly and good-naturedly it satirizes the common tendency to sacrifice almost everything for money; it has real characters and a succession of incidents of the kind that player-folk call "business," that are original and joyously humorous. Not in a long time have I more thoroughly enjoyed a scene than that in which *Cousin Louisa* and her first husband make love to each other. Because they were tired of being poor they had separated, each agreeing to make a rich marriage. The pair become reconciled and then immediately quarrel in the most human way.

The farce was beautifully acted, and Mary Van Buren, who had the name part, won real distinction. She is a very handsome woman and she wore very beautiful gowns, but on neither of these attractions did she depend, for she is also a delightful player, with humor, discretion, and womanliness, although there was little subtlety, little light and shade in her portrayal. Until this farce, New York didn't know her at all, although she made her first stage appearance at Wallack's with E. S.

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EDWARD J. CONNELLY AS *JACK CHANCE*, THE SHERIFF, IN THE BURLESQUE, "THE SQUAW MAN'S GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST."

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Photograph by Marceau, Philadelphia.

ARNOLD DALY AS *CAPTAIN BLUNTSCHLI* IN "ARMS AND THE MAN."

Willard in "The Physician." She progressed so rapidly that she was given the light comedy rôles in Mr. Willard's plays, and then she joined the T. Daniel Frawley Stock Company, that organization which has turned out so many stars. Miss Van Buren played juvenile parts at first and was then promoted to be leading woman. She made a great reputation in San Francisco in rôles as varied as *Madame Sans Gêne*, *Trilby*, *Lady Algy* in "Lord and Lady Algy," and *Glory Quayle* in "The Christian." She was the leading lady of the Frawley Company when it made its three-year tour of the world, with a repertoire of fifty-five plays—an experience which must have gone far toward making her the finished actress she is.

A young man who has appeared in half a dozen plays in New York this winter without attracting the least attention, made a hit in "Cousin Louisa"—George Probert, who has a naive appreciation of character and a delicate art in expressing it. He is an admirable light comedian.

William H. Crane has returned to the kind of comedy in which he has won his greatest successes, the kind that has for central figure, the rough-and-ready variety of American, the shrewd, warm-hearted stage type with a little of the bark left on, which can be stripped off whenever it is thought necessary. "The American Lord"

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is a pretty poor play on the whole, but it has many amusing episodes. That Mr. Crane can make the character of *John Breuster* seem real is a fine exemplification of his great skill as an actor. And he extracts every grain of humor from the part. The comedy has a good notion, that of an aggressive, self-made American, who, attaching the greatest importance to the dignity of work, and entertaining a profound contempt for the English idea, especially its aristocracy, is overwhelmed when he learns that he has inherited a title and enormous estates on the other side. He goes over there to introduce American ideas, and of course runs up against prejudices and institutions which stump him.

The first act is in "Elkhorn, Dakota"; the others in Sussex, England. The authors, Charles T. Dazey and George H. Broadhurst, apparently know less about Dakota than they do about Great Britain, which is rather a severe indictment. The chief trouble with the comedy, however, is that all the people are merely stage types with no reality about them. Even *John Breuster*, who comes nearest to being human, is essentially a footlight product.

Then there are two Westerners, *Before-the-Draw-Pete* and *Texas*, exaggerated and absurd exemplars of a stage type that is the purest fiction and yet is accepted by

Photograph by Marceau, Boston.

HOLBROOK ROCKWELL, LEADING WOMAN WITH RICHARD MANSFIELD.

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dramatists and by the public as faithful to life. There is nothing that fills a real cowboy with so much wonder as his stage prototype; and as for the Western gambler, he regards his footlight counterfeit as he would a being from another world. The manner in which playwrights accept characters manufactured by their predecessors, simply because there was something in them that appealed—very often an unconscious touch of reality—is very curious.

In "The American Lord" the view of

Photograph by Hall's Studio, New York.

NORMAN HACKETT AS *ICILIUS* IN LOUIS JAMES'S PRODUCTION OF "VIRGINIUS."

English character is no less curious, although the people are not quite so ridiculous. The comedy did not please Broadway, which is inclined to resent stupid characterization, but outside of New York it had real success. It moves swiftly, has entertaining situations, some clever lines, and is excellently played. Hilda Spong appears as *Mrs. Westbrooke*, an Irish widow, and she lends distinction to the rôle. She has wit, wholesomeness, refinement, and cheerfulness, and a charm that is not found in the lines she speaks. Miss Spong has had few real chances since she came to this country to join the old Lyceum Stock Company. She attracted attention to herself in "Trelawney of the Wells" and in other plays. She was excellent in the rather weak "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," in which she starred, but it was only in "Wheels Within Wheels" that she had opportunity to show how beautifully she can play delicate comedy, and how real are her touches of sentiment.

When John Philip Sousa writes the music for an opera it is bound to have swing and dash, an abundance of vitality, a spirit of youth and enthusiasm. It is with good reason that Sousa is called "the March King." There is no resisting his martial strains; even those of the elect who scoff at Sousa music cannot keep their feet still when the band begins to play. "The Free Lance" is probably the best comic opera he has written. Not only is there an abundance of march numbers, but there are some tender lyrics and jolly comic jingles as well. Harry B. Smith's book is hardly in keeping with the music, which deserves something especially fine, instead of a pleasant, mildly amusing libretto, built up upon perfectly safe lines. He uses a familiar musical comedy theme in a way not sufficiently original to be startling, but, as always, he succeeds in giving an imposing pictorial climax. The words for the songs are charming, of course, for Mr. Smith has a marvelous gift for writing songs. He must have turned out thousands in his long and active career, and it is doubtful if he ever produced a really bad one.

Joseph Cawthorn is the star of "The Free Lance," and ever so many people find him extremely funny. It is the absurdest thing in the word to argue about the humor of any comedian and especially of one who depends largely upon German dialect to get his effects. Mr. Cawthorn really rose to fame by virtue of a concertina which he could juggle in a most remarkable manner, but he long ago cast the concertina aside. There are people who prefer the concertina, even without Mr. Cawthorn. Albert Hart tries very hard to be funny as the *Duke of Graftiana*, but I doubt if any one thinks he succeeds, whereas Felix Haney, who was so long the *Hi Holler* in "Way Down East," and afterward played the *King* in "A Yankee Circus on Mars" at the Hippodrome, does very well as the *Emperor of Braggadocia*. But the chief honors are carried off by Jeanette Lowrie as *Griselda*, a goose girl.

"The Social Whirl" lives up to the traditions of the Casino. They are not very high

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Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

MARIE VAN BUREN AS *COUSIN LOUISA*, IN THE PLAY OF THAT NAME.

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Photograph by Hallen, New York.

ALFRED HART, JOE CAWTHORN, AND FELIX HANEY IN "THE FREE LANCE."

traditions, save in the matter of toes and the cost of gowns worn by the really important members of the cast, whose names are on the program in the smallest type. A Casino show is mostly girl, the liveliest songs, as much nonsense as all the people in it can concoct, and a spirit of restlessness and swagger. "The Social Whirl" has all these things and also a near-plot which breaks forth now and then despite the earnest efforts of the fun-makers to suppress it.

There are ever so many clever people in this summer show. Charles J. Ross and Mabel Fenton come back to Broadway to show that in their long absence none has equaled them in satirical burlesque, probably because they are finished actors who can play anything. Then there is Ada Lewis, who, as a Western soubrette, makes a hit that recalls her rôle of tough girl in the Harrigan play, which was talked about the country over. Also there are the dainty Adele Ritchie, who absolutely dazed her most devoted admirers by displaying a sense of humor, and Joseph Coyne, who plays himself, of course, for obvious reasons.

The funniest burlesque that has been seen in Weber's during the ten years that it has been the home of the little comedian is "The Squaw Man's Girl of the Golden West." Edgar Smith wrote a travesty that is really brilliant in its satire, and Marie Dressler, as *The Girl*, and E. J. Connelly, as *Jack Chance*, the gambler, do the rest, with the aid of other members of the company. The broadest farce and the most finished acting are combined in Miss Dressler's performance. Now and then, by way of contrast, she will pretend to be serious, and the manner in which she can grip that laughter-loving audience and make it absolutely still while she is speaking is a marvelous demonstration of her genius as a player. Like Fay Templeton, who has a much slighter reputation than if she had devoted her talent to legitimate work, she is a passed mistress of the art of acting, and it is because she could play sustained serious parts if she were so disposed that she is effective when she burlesques them. Mr. Connelly is also a finished actor, with a fine and sure appreciation of character and an exquisite sense of humor.

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Marcia Way

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

Illustrations by Emlen McConnell

MY friend Leo Borghese, the specialist, sleek with professional eminence, big in forehead and girth and chop-bearded, faced me as I came in through the waiting-room; when he laid his tortoise-shell spectacles on a large, unfolded architect's plan and leaned back from his desk, he looked like an unshaved Buddha. He shook a little white card at me.

"There's a lucky one," he said, slipping it into an indexed drawer file with his fat fingers. "A case of bronchitis. Examination of sputum negative. No need for eggs and milk, high altitudes and hopes! That patient has no Carsh!" The last vague word came out through his teeth, which showed between tight-drawn lips, and was prolonged unprettily into a snarl, a hiss, a cough, and a suggestion of the last nostril breath of a dying beast.

"Where among decent men did you get that nasty sound for it?" I cried.

The doctor got up, peering out from under his thicket of eyebrows. He waddled to the waiting-room and looked in. It was filled with the soft gloom of the late afternoon and a dozen suggestive shadows, but no patients of flesh and bones were there. The onyx clock chimed five. He waddled back again.

"This is as good as the club at this hour," said he, offering me his cigarettes, which were as large and long as fountain pens and rolled in black paper. Having dropped back into his chair, he exhaled a great pyramid of smoke that suddenly broke and then slowly formed a billowing phantom blanket, hanging in mid-air with its edges lost in the puckering darkness at the far corners of the room and waving along the bookcased walls.

"That word?" I suggested behind the glare of my match.

"Certainly," he returned. "It was the name given to tuberculosis by Marcia Way. She looked at a photograph of the germ and said it; and she was a little girl, too—ten or twelve—a wonderful case professionally; tubercular hip-joint, necrosis, and so on. Bacillus-eaten across the middle. Rather more wonderful, though, in another way. I think you'll admit it."

"Borghese," said I suspiciously, "none of your hospital horrors."

"Pooh!" He shook the rattling architect's plan at me. "This is not about death or suffering; it was a matter of will and victory!"

"The facts—?" I settled into the leather chair.

"Yes, the facts," he repeated. "By all means, nothing but the facts. The bones of the plotless story—disjointed—you can wire them up and build your own creature on them."

He reached toward the electric light, changed his mind, and for several moments fiddled on his nose with one finger.

"Marcia Way came to the children's ward in the City Hospital when I was a visiting physician," said he. "She was brought by her mother—and such a mother! A great, round-headed, matted-haired creature with a forehead only the width of her own lips. And the child half walked and half crept with a white, thin hand lost in her mother's red paw. When no one helped her, she scuttled along on all fours, like a spiritual ape. But when you saw her face you were blind to the other things. Why, a nurse we discharged for theft came back the next week. I met her on the steps. Said she had come back to see Marcia's eyes. Either lying or hysterical. But it was true that the child's face was old and white and perfect—like the idea you might have of the death-mask of some great and powerful man.

"In the natural course of things we got as much of the history of the case as the mother could furnish. No one knew her exact age—perhaps ten, perhaps twelve. At two, her father, in a drunken fury, had thrown her against a table. Tuberculosis fairly leaped into the places where bone or cartilage was injured. Natural enough, but some interest-

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MY FRIEND LEO BORGHESE, THE SPECIALIST.

ing features. One curious thing was that though the child knew of the incident and had talked about it with her mother—probably even remembered it vividly—she always denied it to us at the hospital.

"Miss Sykes, the head nurse, got her stripped of all the wretched clothing she had and between clean sheets, but there was one thing she wouldn't give up—a bent and scratched tintype of a man in sailor clothes leaning with one arm on a photographer's ship-rail. She admitted it was her father and kept it under her pillow jealously. The face was like hers—a remarkable face—but the mouth! There was the difference. His was weak.

"'He was a Great,' she would say, if pressed with questions. 'And now, long ago, he is dead, but he was strong and must not have any other way. My mother has told it like that. So he was a Great.' Then her hands would go up, her fingers spread taut and stretching painfully apart, and yet the lids of her eyes would be folded down without a twitch.

"Oh, she demanded interest. You felt you owed it! No one knew why. I remember one day when I was coming out of the ward I met Miss Sykes in a hurry and adjusting her apron. She'd been helping on an operation, I think. 'Dr. Borghese,' she whispered to me, 'here come some visitors. If you want to see something funny about Number Seven just watch *them!*'

"Merely the facts, you understand. There were a man and two women, treading into the ward with the usual half-scared step—like all visitors. They went half-way down the aisle with the faces of every little brat in the room raised to return stare for stare, and there they stopped. Then all three turned at one time toward Marcia Way, who had propped herself up on one shaky elbow against all rules; and the man stepped a few feet forward and said to the attendant, 'Who is that child?' in a voice loud enough to startle his own senses. 'What is the matter with her?' he said.

"'It always happens about that way,' whispered the head nurse in my ear.

"A minute afterward, when they passed us again, one of the women said, 'I could have been sure I had seen that little deformed

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creature before,' and the other looked back over her shoulder nervously and answered, 'So could I.' Whereupon Miss Sykes informed me that they always said that too.

"It was strange that Marcia attracted so much attention; she was irritable and cross, supremely selfish, and spoke only of herself. When Miss McTighe, the most sympathetic of the probationers, asked me if Marcia suffered much pain and I nodded, she said nervously, 'I'm sure it's nothing to her!' So you can see it was not pity.

"I often stopped beside the child's cot to receive the half-contemptuous glance she always gave me. She had black hair drawn tight from her forehead to her little flat ears, a thin-lipped mouth, and a complexion the color of skimmed milk. Sometimes when she saw me there she would complain of the management of the ward, of the nurses, of the color of the tinted walls, but never a word about her own pain. She spoke with perfect, unconscious, almost irritating assurance, like one who has the patience to explain to an inferior intellect; if you listened long enough, the fascination of her curious, cold, chopped-off sentences increased until you could foolishly believe that her words were of great weight and the inclination to subject your individuality to hers came on with the compelling force of the fumes of a strong liquor.

"'I hate kind people,' she would say. 'They are all fools. The nurses—also are fools. My father was not a fool. He was a Great. You do not believe it—eh?' She'd open her eyes into great, unsounded circles, peering into mine, and her voice would suddenly slide far away, just as a scene slides into the distance when you look through the wrong end of the telescope, only, sliding farther, it disappeared altogether and then came back again while she was saying, 'But one thing that is all wrong!'

"I asked her what it was.

"'I am a girl and it is wrong—so!' she would exclaim as if with absolute authority. This was peculiar. But I'm giving you merely the fact, you understand."

Borghese paused at this point as if to select from a large number of suggestive incidents one which should best disclose the personality of Marcia. He leaned forward over the desk, pulled the cork from a little bottle, which his fingers had found hidden in the litter of papers, and smelled of its contents critically.

"Miss Curry was the night-nurse," he went on. "She was my office-nurse afterward. A very sensible girl, or at any rate very silent. I have a scar under my beard here where she ripped me with a Senn's tenaculum. There's no need to dilate on the affair. But Miss Curry was afraid of Marcia Way. No one ever found out just why; perhaps something had happened—you can never tell.

"I remember one night they telephoned for me on some accident case of remarkable interest and I stopped at the children's ward afterward for some errand—it makes no difference what it was. Well, they tell me

"HER MOTHER—A GREAT, ROUND-HEADED, MATTED-HAIRED CREATURE."

sometimes in a menagerie at night, when one animal wakes from a bad dream and yells, another answers, till the lions, leopards, hyenas and all have tuned up into a furious,

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roaring, yelping chorus. It's often that way in a children's ward. One restless case—one earache and a few cries—will start another, and so on until there's no peace. Those who are afraid of the dark get nearly hysterical with the nameless terror of childhood, and sometimes the noise and the mob spirit—if you can call it that—drive even the nurse into a panic. The stampede has to be checked—excitement, loss of sleep are bad; it takes a very good night-nurse to quiet the ward, going from cot to cot with absolute patience and exerting all her mental strength through a single word or the touch of her finger-tips on a forehead here and a hand there. The night performance, as we call it, is a very difficult thing to deal with. Sometimes the lights are the only way to stop it.

"I just tell you this so you can appreciate that when I was standing there whispering questions to Miss Curry and the noise started, I supposed that she would hurry down the ward at once. But she never moved and I could see by the light from the hall that she was smiling dryly.

"'Better nip it in the bud,' said I.

"'Wait,' she whispered. I thought her voice had half a grain of fear in it. 'Just listen to that!'

"One word had rung out through the ward. Just the word 'Stop!' and in a childish sort of scream—the voice of a cross child. It came sharply up above the tumult of the younger children, but when it had gone the ward was as still as death—not a murmur! It was a wonderful contrast.

"'You see,' said the night-nurse. 'The difficulty is taken off my shoulders.'

"I remember that I laughed and said, 'It was a rather authoritative command. Who was it?'

"'Number Seven,' she answered uneasily. 'Marcia Way.' She came a step nearer and looked up at me suspiciously. 'Didn't you know it?' So I merely nodded and said, 'I was not quite sure,' which was only partly honest.

"From that night I had an additional interest in the brat. I remember that I brought her a magazine a few days later. She had a disgust for any suggestion that she should learn to read, but pictures were her delight, and I approached her with the magazine for the preconceived purpose of hearing her comments about the illustrations.

"So I drew up a chair beside the cot and had a screen brought to hide me from the other children—the visiting doctor can't show preferences or shower favors unequally, you know. Marcia was looking paler than ever, with the march of the disease, but she keenly noted every movement I made, and when I had handed her the magazine doubtfully and almost sheepishly, I confess, she took it with the first sign of pleasure I had ever seen her give in response to a kindness. Don't mistake my meaning—she didn't look grateful—she looked gratified!

"For several moments she continued looking thoughtfully at me and on her face there appeared something which made me see for the first time that there was some tremendous wrong about her. It was not her blunder of a body—I had long ago got blind to physical outrages; then again it did not seem that it was her mind. Maybe it was the combination. But I have got away from the mere facts, and that won't do at all.

"I was saying that she showed pleasure because she had attracted my interest; at last she said 'Thank you.' In her voice just then, and at no other time, I heard the same unexplained wrongness of her very existence.

"'You know it, eh?' she asked me, and, as I could see no meaning at all in her question, I said, 'Know what?'

"She leaned upon her elbow and looked at me with her big eyes in great distress.

"'Know it—know it about me? Know it!' she said as if her means of expression were completely inadequate to the idea, but as if it were of vast importance to insist that I should understand.

"'Know what?' I asked again, and she fell back on her pillow, biting her lips and scratching at the sheets with her little talons. Out of her mouth came a torrent of detached words—perhaps it was the extent of her vocabulary, and she tried some of them over again, retesting them to see if they would not do, and choking with childish rage because they would not. I was leaning forward; it was natural enough that I should want to hear, for I knew I had come as close to her then as any one had ever been. I didn't care why or how, but I listened—and listened with a little of the same rage at the gulf that separated us as had taken possession of her. She was like a cat—an animal—a chair—a watch-charm, if you like, with a human thought tearing about for utterance and tearing about in vain. She quieted down as soon as I spoke her name, and I leaned back and drew a long breath, for it was clear that she had failed.

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"SHE DIDN'T LOOK GRATEFUL—SHE LOOKED GRATIFIED!"

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"After a moment she opened the magazine and began to turn the pages slowly from picture to picture. No doubt remained that she had abandoned her attempt to talk to me, for she was inspecting the finest details of the illustrations with her usual keenness of observation. I shifted my chair around so I could look down across her shoulder. And then—these are merely the facts, you understand—she turned a page and immediately gave a little hoarse cry. It seemed as if her eyes, her personality itself, had leaped out of her like a wild thing springing at its prey with a scream of certain triumph; her head stiffened forward from the pillow with the cords at the back of her pitiful neck straining at the white, tightened skin. The picture that had caused all this was only a rather good reproduction of Meissonier's painting of the French cavalry charging in review of their emperor.

"'What is it, Marcia?' I exclaimed.

"'A Great!' she cried, like that. 'A Great, a Great!' And the nurse, who had come around the corner of the screen with a flannel duster, looked from the child to me and back again in blank surprise. Marcia glanced up quickly and suspiciously, pressed the magazine against her body with her arms folded about it, as if she feared it would be taken from her, and then thrust it under her pillow. I heard the next day that the head nurse had found the magazine in the hands of another child—a bad congenital hip case—but one page of it was missing. And later under a cot across the ward they found the bent and scratched tintype of Marcia's father—the man in sailor clothes. She had thrown it away."

Borghese stopped to light another cigarette. He was smiling grimly. The room was otherwise quite dark, but in the flare of the match he reached forward, picked up the rolled architect's drawing from his desk and held it above his head as if it were a weapon.

"The rest—the main facts—have some concern with these plans," he went on. "They are for a new children's hospital—you know, of course, that we are building one. One-fourth was contributed by Phipps, Mrs. Sims, and the Bruce will, all under the condition that we raise the full amount within a certain time, and meanwhile the money was waiting in the hands of three trustees. I was one of them. It is necessary to explain that for some reason we could get very little sympathy with the project. There seemed to be a general impression that another general hospital was needed even more than one for children alone, which was absurd. Even Bullock—who, by the way, is very much overestimated as a surgeon, and I say this without any of your so-called professional jealousy—tried to block us. The other two trustees and I were on our mettle to win, but by the time the end began to approach—when we could check off the days that were left on one sheet of the calendar—it looked very much as if we were going to fail completely. You appreciate that the thing began to have an excitement to it—like a game of chance.

"I remember about a week was left when Eastman, one of the other trustees, came into my office late one afternoon. 'There's just a chance in this,' he said. 'Henry S. Oxley is in town for a few days on the way to his summer place.'

"'Henry S. Oxley?' said I.

"'Yes,' Eastman answered, 'Oxley of the Interocean Refining Company.'

"'Oh, I know very well who he is—everybody does,' I said somewhat impatiently. 'I even know him at close range. I had the pleasure of sending him to Florida after his big railroad fight. And did you ever hear of Henry Oxley shelling out for a charity unless it was on some particular theory of his own?'

"Eastman shook his head. 'He's going to be at the University Club to-night with Britton,' he persisted. 'Get him to go with you to-morrow, show him the inadequate ward for children at the City Hospital, and strike him there.'

"I knew very well that I might as well be an alchemist as a solicitor from Henry S. But he agreed to go out with me to the hospital, and I made up my mind to do my very best; I knew that if I succeeded it would be a great feather in my cap.

"Before we got there the next morning—I had called for Oxley with my automobile—everybody in the hospital had heard in some way that he was coming. I could tell at once that every nurse and attendant not only was anxious to catch a glimpse of the celebrity, but also felt that his visit was of some large importance. Even Miss Sykes, the head nurse, whom you usually find going through life as smoothly as an electric automobile, was decidedly nervous when Oxley came into the office of the children's ward and, having thrown his big fur coat and his hat in the corner, was introduced to her.

"I don't think there is anything you could call terrifying in old Oxley's appearance. He is rather tall and broad-shouldered, with a

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tremendous nose, which isn't red, but on the other hand gets whiter and whiter from the ridge to the tip. His mouth, all clean shaven, is large, too, and looks as if it was drawn tight from end to end and spiked down with wrinkles; and the only hair on his head is gray and grows in a circle, all pointing up to a common center, which is bald. It is like a shaved monk's head, except that the circle of hair on Oxley's looks just a trifle more like a laurel wreath. He has a confident, superior bearing, and there is no doubt but that there is a suggestion of gigantic will and power about him. You see it in his eyes, which are as cold as the butt end of icicles, and in the muscles in his forehead.

"He strolled down the ward ahead of me in his independent way, and looked back at me over his shoulder whenever he spoke. Of course I believe that sort of thing is put on—bluff—but it is harmless enough.

"'We've just built a hospital in my old birthplace. Everything modern,' said he. 'I had my finger in it, and got rather interested in hospitals. I was glad to have you ask me to come here.'

"'Well,' said I, 'we're rather proud of our management. It's a good training-school.' Oxley had turned toward Marcia Way, who, propped up as usual on one elbow, was inspecting him as carefully and as coolly as an officer would inspect a recruit.

"'We lack a sufficient accommodation for children,' said I, going as directly as possible to my point. 'In fact, the city suffers a great deal for the want of a hospital especially for children.'

"Oxley wheeled toward me as viciously as if he had been some proud beast and I had pulled his tail.

"'Yes, yes, I know,' he said sharply. 'That was brought to my attention some few months ago.'

"'We already have nearly one-half subscribed on condition,' I went on.

"THERE IS A SUGGESTION OF GIGANTIC WILL AND POWER ABOUT HIM."

"'You would have me furnish the rest,' he said, picking the words out of my mouth. 'So I understood. I can't do it!'

"He looked me straight in the eye, and then, holding up his large hands to his chest, he shot both sets of fingers out at me and said in a low, guttural explosion, 'No!' It was his famous 'No,' which is spoken of, even by his enemies, and I confess it is hard to tell whether it is a real exhibition of will-power or merely a triumph of theatrical ability.

"For a minute he played with his watch-chain, then spread his palms outward toward me and said glibly: 'You see, I am called on constantly for this kind of help—and every other kind. I almost need a secretary to attend to this sort of business alone. It is absolutely necessary, as you must see, to distribute whatever I give along some definite line. I have to do whatever seems best to me, and I can pay no more attention to one outside appeal than to another. I assure you it is

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rather more embarrassing to me to refuse than it is for you to be refused.'

"Having said this in the manner of a lecturer in a curio hall, he turned from me and found himself looking straight at Marcia Way, whose eyes, I believe, had never ceased their keen scrutiny and who was leaning forward as if she had sought to hear every word of our conversation. Oxley scowled slightly, and moved slowly toward the head of her cot, where a chart hung.

"'Marcia Way?' he read aloud, and then, glancing down at her, he drew up the corners of his mouth into a forced smile and said, 'Well, little girl, I guess you'll be better soon.'

"Marcia stiffened herself up laboriously and caught at the edge of his coat with her little hands, and through all the strength of his face there appeared a smile of weakness—a silly grin of vanity.

"But the girl, looking up at me, said, 'Go away!' and again, 'Go away!' with great determination. Whereupon old Oxley in a half-embarrassed tone said, 'Doctor, the little girl wants to talk with me,' and he leaned over and touched her on the forehead. As I started down the aisle, however, toward Miss Sykes and the other nurses at the office end of the ward, it seemed to me that old Oxley suddenly drew back as if to loosen the child's grip upon his coat—as if she had inspired him with a superstitious fear.

"We never knew what they talked about—those two—but ten minutes later, when I thought it was curious that the chat had lasted so long, I looked out the office door and saw Oxley coming toward me down the ward. His steps—these are merely the facts, you understand—were lifeless and almost uncertain, and as he came nearer and passed into a slant of the morning sunlight which poured in from a window, I could see sweat drops standing on his broad forehead, and his eyes were tired and his mouth drooped. I remember how his fingers were crazily running back and forth, back and forth, at each side, along the bottom edge of his coat.

"'That's a remarkable little girl, isn't she, doctor?' said he, trying to laugh pleasantly, and he went across the office and dropped into a chair, breathing hard and very white along the wrinkles under his eyes.

"I started to ask him if he was ill, but he raised his hand in such a way that it seemed as if he was pleading for a moment's silence. After a few seconds he said slowly and with great care and precision: 'My mind is changed. I will send you that check for the children's hospital either Thursday or Friday.'

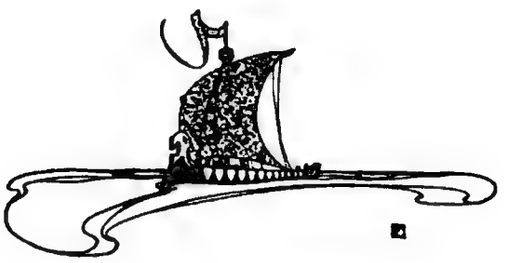
"I looked at him in blank amazement, and once more I started to speak and once more he stopped me with his hand. He put on his overcoat and hat, and then, turning on me again in his old wild-animal way, he slammed the office door and gave vent to a roar of rage.

"'My God!' he bellowed. 'Do you know what it was? A will! This is not a child. It is a thing that has come bursting out of history—bigger than you—bigger than me. *I've* seen the soul of Napoleon!'"

Borghese, with what might have been a fine sense of dramatic art, waited an instant and then reached forward quietly and turned on the lights. His face was expressionless and he looked more than ever like an unshaved Buddha. But I noticed that his fat fingers had squeezed the architect's drawing beneath their grip.

"Well," said I. "I suppose that sort of a tubercular case doesn't last long—I suppose Marcia Way is dead."

"Ah!" said Borghese, shrugging his chunky shoulders. "Assuming that Oxley was right in his rather extraordinary conclusion, it is not likely that such a soul would be satisfied with such a body."



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"'SHE'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.'"

Smith and the May Lee Association

By GELETT BURGESS

Author of "Goops and How to Be Them," "The Picaroons," etc., etc.

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

I'M simply crazy about May Lee. I have been, now, for four years. Of course, I'm engaged to Berta, but that makes no difference. Berta knows that May's in a class by herself, that she's a wonder and a nonparella, and she doesn't care how much I rave over her, if you can understand my mixed pronouns. I shouldn't care if she did, for I've told Berta that if she takes me, she has to take me as a permanent admirer of May Lee. But that's not the story. The story is right out of real life to show girl readers that men don't always run their love-affairs according to these ten-cent magazine writers' rules.

There's no use in my trying to describe May—you wouldn't believe it. She's a little gracile, browny girl, with straight hair and gray eyes and hands like flowers. She's the type that artists go mad over. But it was her voice and what she said with it that did the business for the May Lee Association. Of course you can't describe a voice, but hers is just a little eager without tiring you, enthusiastic as a child's, and modulated with all sorts of stops and diapasons like an organ. She could tell you about how she went to market in a way to make you sit up and lean forward! She had the romantic point of view. Almost every situation, however trivial, was an in-

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cipient adventure to her, and you held your breath while she analyzed it and rang all its changes. She carried her characters right into the room and made them perform. And fair? Why, I've heard her describe people so fairly and honestly that I never knew till years afterward that they were her deadly enemies and always talked horribly about her.

I don't care whether you take her looks or her mind or her character or her memory or what, May's miles ahead of the nearest girl—even Berta. And, besides, she has a lot of special charms that you never heard of any woman having—such as fairness and impersonality and ability to discuss without arguing, and love for machinery and differential calculus. One of the best things she possesses is a brother named Courtenay. Courtenay Lee is all right. Of course he doesn't quite appreciate his sister, but he's fonder of her than you'd think, to hear him talk. He's apt to say things like this: "Oh, *you* don't have to live with her. I know her altogether too well!" That always makes me furious, although I know perfectly well he only does it to draw me out. He likes to have fellows like her; there's no doubt about that.

May was engaged to Larry Donahue, who's all that an educated Irishman ought to be—witty, gallant, romantic, effervescent, brave, generous. He's almost good enough for May—I can't praise him more than that. It happened while I was having my first whirl with Berta, and Larry got into the game while I wasn't looking. I'd known May so long that I had an idea nobody short of the Angel Gabriel himself could get her. But Larry slid in with his wit and audacity, and the first thing I knew May was wearing his mother's big ruby.

"ONE OF THE NICEST LITTLE CHAPS."

It would have done your heart good to hear the way Larry talked about her. I had had to go it alone before, and though I'm a fair talker I could never do justice to May. So Larry was a joy and a delight to me. The first time we met we got together on the subject of May's eyes. When you see them in profile, with their well-set long lashes and the soft, saddish brown shadows underneath, they are wonderful. That was my discovery, but Larry found it out for himself. He and I used to talk about her for the half-hour at a time, while she sat curled up in the big Morris chair with her feet underneath her, smiling, with her eyes sparkling, but a little embarrassed as well as pleased. May wasn't one of those perverse girls who turn every compliment over to see the stitches on the back, and twist everything into criticism or sarcasm. She took it all simply enough, and was glad we liked her so much. She could give some pretty compliments herself. Why, do you know, I've seen her, in a whole roomful of company, take the one predestined, impossible wallflower and put her in the center of the stage, and throw violet lights on her, and bring out all her best points till the girl had the time of her life and was so happy that she never even wondered how it all happened. That's the kind of girl May Lee is. Gallantry? When May starts, a man has to quit the game. Women have to cast down their eyes and blush with pride, and it is never flattery, either. She is a woman's woman as well as a man's. At this time she didn't know many people, though. She wasn't "discovered." Now everybody reads her verses—you'd know in a minute who she is if I told her real name. But then it took a pretty high-class man to realize her superiority and do it justice, and that's why we formed the "May Lee Admiration and Promotion Association."

I was the president, because I had known her longest, except, of course, her brother Courtenay, who was made vice-president so that he wouldn't have any real power. Larry was the secretary, as he did almost all the writing to her anyway. We decided to admit any one who fell in love with her enough really to appreciate her. Our meetings were somewhat stormy on account of Courtenay, who used to make offensive remarks about her, such as that she couldn't cook or make dresses, and her hair grew wrong in her neck, and she could never describe her symptoms when she was ill, and liked music-boxes—and this made Larry as wild as it did me. But, being two to one, now, we could suppress Courtenay with sofa-pillows and

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"THE SORT OF GIRL YOU CAN'T SIT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM AND TALK TO."

hold him down till he acknowledged that May was the empress of the universe and paramount in all things spiritual and temporal. Then he'd go out and buy cigars to square himself with us.

There seemed to be no immediate prospect of May and Larry's being married, because he had no money. Larry wasn't exactly lazy, but he was that brilliant sort that never seems able to push itself ahead in a business way. Besides, he was an extravagant wretch, and May couldn't stop him from spending all his money on her. So he was perpetually hard up. He was a lawyer, and a clever one, too, an honor man of his college, but not aggressive enough to work up trade. He had plenty of friends, but he'd never work them the way a young attorney has to, to get on. I was in a hurry for the thing to come off, because Berta wouldn't marry me till May was safely out of the way. So we had councils of war about it, and Courtenay and I insisted that Larry ought to get married right away and risk it. We thought that the responsibilities would force him to exert himself, and he'd probably make twice as much money with a wife as he did single. Larry didn't think that would be treating May fairly, and she was ready to wait for him forever, if necessary. So that's the way the matter stood when Smith turned up.

Smith was one of the nicest little chaps I ever knew. Honest, clean, square, with the most delicate imagination and humor, and a loyalty like a hound's. He was small and had a big head and was near-sighted, and when he stuck his chin forward and looked at you through his spectacles, he had an air of youth and innocence that made you want to tease him and baby him alternately. You couldn't really take him seriously, except when he discussed art. He was a head-draftsman in an architect's office, and everybody said he had showed unusual promise. He had won several competitions—one over the head of his own firm. He had real genius, and was simply a glutton for work, and conscientious as a machine.

Smith hadn't met May many times before the officers of the M. L. A. and P. Association saw that he was a victim. Why, that boy was so hopelessly, so desperately in love with May that it was pathetic to watch him. Of course May was nice to him, and it was a revelation to the kid to find that there were such women alive—such a woman, rather; one who could give him ideas and intelligent criticism as well as allure and charm him with all the feminine graces. May marked an epoch in Smith's life. If he had been the veriest dub, we should have liked Smith for his adoration of her; but Smith was no dub. You forgot his looks when he grew enthusiastic—there he almost rivaled May herself.

Of course Smith, not knowing men very well, especially such men as we were, thought

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he had to hide his passion for fear of compromising May in some way or wounding Larry. He couldn't realize, of course, that the more he liked May, the better we liked him. So he did his best to keep the light out of his eyes when he looked at her and to keep his eyes from following her all the time, and all that sort of thing. But Lord! A starving man in sight of dinner could have disguised his feelings better. Smith was so patently, so indubitably smitten that a child would have noticed it. He was in a daze. May was the sort of girl you simply can't sit on the other side of the room and talk to—you have to be as near as possible. Smith always was a few inches farther off than Larry. Poor little devil! We used to watch him and pretend not to notice. He had it bad.

But would it last? That was the question. You see, we were afraid that, after all, he didn't really appreciate May. That he was in love didn't prove much. Smith hadn't had any experience with women, and you know how it is with these salad loves—they're pretty undiscerning, sometimes. You happen to see a fairly pretty girl with her hair in a braid, or rigged up in a French gown—and it's all up with Willie. Did Smith have sense and experience enough to perceive that May was the Only? We didn't want to admit him into the association till we were sure.

May was for him—most decidedly. She told us that Smith was a thoroughbred, solid gold and fine-grained, with an exquisite honor and a consummate delicacy. At the same time, she acknowledged that she couldn't always judge a person on a short acquaintance and she left it to us. So we decided at last that we'd give Smith an examination, and if he qualified we'd make him treasurer of the association. He was making such a game fight of it, stifling himself, so to speak, that we began to care a lot for him. But membership in the May Lee is an honor that has to be earned.

It was along about this time that Larry came in, one night, jubilating in the news that he had got a new client—a queer, rich old man named Dupont. Dupont had strayed into the office to have his will drawn up, and when Larry had prepared the papers, the old man had divided up so much money among his legatees that he promised to be a pretty good customer. He had presented Larry with a fee of $100. May took it away from him immediately and said she was going to put it into the bank for a nest-egg. We all approved, Smith included, and we decided that Larry would certainly have to get married pretty soon, now, and begin to hustle in earnest.

Then Larry got up and whispered to Smith to come into the dining-room with him. Smith turned as white as a sheet. We all saw that he expected to be taken to account for his being in love with May; and Courtenay and I filed in after them, May telling us not to tease the boy. Smith showed that he dreaded the

"'SHE'S JUST EXACTLY AS I'D WANT HER TO BE.'"

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ordeal, and I was sorry for him. Larry was in high feather that night and he proceeded to play with Smith as a cat plays with a mouse.

We all pulled out pipes or cigars, and it began like a fraternity initiation.

"Smith," said Larry, "I want you to tell me perfectly frankly, as one man to another, what you think of May?"

Little Smith was still white, but he swallowed a lump in his throat and said, "What d'you mean?"

"Kindly answer Mr. Donahue's question," Courtenay put in.

"Without reserve, too!" I added brutally enough.

Smith stammered out, "Why—why, I think—she's fine! I like her immensely, of course!"

"How *much* do you like her?" Larry went on, without mercy.

THE LITTLE OLD DUPONT MAN.

Smith didn't know what to say. He seemed to think that his secret had just been discovered and it was all up with him. We knew well enough that he was chiefly afraid that he'd got May into some trouble. He'd never care for himself. "Why, I don't know, Larry," he said. "What can I say? She's the best woman I ever knew, that's all." He was suffering horribly, but we didn't let up on him.

"I propose that we give him a written examination," I said. I handed each a sheet of paper and a pencil. "See here, you fellows write in a column these words: 'Patience, Bravery, Modesty, Mind, Honesty, Courtesy, Generosity, Fairness, Thoughtfulness, Persistency.' There! Now, we'll mark May's qualities on a scale of one hundred."

They all began putting down figures. Larry and I finished first; Courtenay giggled a good deal over his. Little Smith sucked his pencil and thought and thought a long time before each estimate. At last he looked up, and almost caught our smiles at his conscientious method.

"I'll read first," said Larry. "I've marked May 100 per cent. on everything."

"I go you one better," I added. "I've given her 125 per cent. on all except Mind, and I've made that 175 per cent. What's your list, Courtenay?"

Courtenay's marking was unspeakable. It ran all the way from "Patience, 12 per cent.," to "Fairness, 56 per cent." We tore his sheet up in disgust.

"Now," said Larry, "read yours, Smith, please!"

Smith began: "Patience, 78 per cent.—Bravery, 95 per cent.—Modesty, 69 per cent." —and then we stopped him.

"What in the devil d'you mean by that, Smith? Modesty only 69! Why, it's an outrage—even Courtenay gave her 90! Do you mean to say May isn't modest?"

"Of course, I don't," Smith explained. "I hate to seem to judge her in any way, for I know I've no right. But, from my point of view, you know, she *does* like compliments a little too much. I've noticed that she doesn't take criticism quite so nicely, sometimes, though it's always an adorable fault, I admit that."

Larry spoke sternly. "The fact is, then, you don't consider May perfect!"

"Why—no, nobody's perfect. I shouldn't like her if she weren't human," Smith said painfully.

Larry turned to me. "I guess that settles it," he said.

"Oh, of course she's not perfect!" Courtenay interposed. He put his hand on Larry's shoulder. "You're all right, Smith," he said; "don't you mind 'em. If they had to live with her——"

Larry and I arose and ejected him, locking the door behind him.

"She *is* perfect, Smith," Larry went on. "I'd like to know what faults you find in her."

"Oh, I didn't mean that she had any real faults—she'd have to rank below 50 per cent. for that!" Smith insisted.

"What do you mean by her being 'human'?" said Larry. "Out with it!"

Smith saw, by this time, that it was some sort of a joke, but having begun seriously, he had to finish up. "May thinks that she can't do certain things—read her poems aloud to us, and such as that. She has obsessions, and she lacks the persistency to overcome these little weaknesses. I'd never tell her, but it's true." It evidently hurt him horribly to say even this much.

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"H'm!" said Larry. "Then I suppose there's no use trying to make him stand for the creed."

"Give it to him anyway, just to show him what a fool he is," I proposed.

So we stood up and raised our right hands. Larry put the questions of faith.

"Do you believe that May Lee is the most wonderful woman in the world, that there never has been one so wonderful and never will be again?" he demanded.

"I do!" I exclaimed loudly.

"I don't know anything about it," said Smith. "I haven't known many women. All I know is that she's good enough for me!"

"Do you believe she's the most beautiful woman living?" was the next question. I assented with enthusiasm, of course. Smith puckered his brows.

"I wouldn't want her to be," he said. "May's not exactly pretty, is she? Of course when she smiles or talks her face is wonderful, but you know it isn't the pretty women who make history, after all. It's the little mouse women with straight hair who have the strong characters. A fascinating woman who isn't technically beautiful can beat out the prettiest woman every time!"

"I didn't ask you to apologize for May's looks," Larry said. "They're evidently lost on you. I'll put the last article of the faith: Do you believe that everything she does is right and that she never has done anything wrong and never will and couldn't if she wanted to?"

Smith laughed now. "No!" he replied. "And I think May could do pretty near anything she wanted to."

Courtenay screamed through the keyhole, "You fellows ought to see May when she's sick!" but we didn't pay any attention to him.

"I don't believe she's perfect," Smith volunteered, "but I do think she's irresistibly charming and good and sweet. She's just exactly as I'd want her to be."

"I believe you're in love with her, Smith!" cried Larry, facing him suddenly.

The color sprang up into little Smith's cheeks like a flame. Then the tears came to his eyes and he broke down. But he came out with it like a man, and took Larry's hand honestly.

"I've tried hard not to show it," he said brokenly. "I know I ought to have gone away when I first discovered it, and never seen her again. But I couldn't! I *had* to see her, or I couldn't stand it! I have done nothing dishonorable, Larry; I haven't spoken to her about it, and she doesn't know it. But it's no use—I am in love with her and I can't help it! I'm so glad that I can look you in the face and tell you so. I congratulate you with all my heart and I'm sure May'll be happy with you. Of course I won't come here any more, now; this ends everything, but I hope you can forgive me and we can be friends as if nothing had happened."

Larry took him right up in his arms like a child and hugged him. "Why, God bless you, Smith, if I had thought you were such an ass as to be able to come here and *not* fall in love with May, I'd have kicked you out long ago!"

"So should I," I added. "We're proud of you!"

Smith looked at us in his funny, near-sighted way, as if he could hardly believe what we were saying. "Why, do you mean to say that you don't mind, Larry?" he stammered.

"Mind! Why, how could any fellow help loving May, if he had any sense?"

Smith turned to me. "And *you* love her, too?"

"I most certainly do," I exclaimed. "Berta to the contrary notwithstanding. When Larry's dead, if I'm not married, I'm going to marry May myself. You can have third chance if you want!"

Smith kept looking from one to the other of us. "Jove!" he exclaimed. "I'm glad! Now I can say anything I like about May, I suppose?"

"The more, the better," said Larry; "that is, unless it's disparaging."

"Oh, I couldn't do that. I think too much of her. But, at the same time, I don't see why a fellow need be blind. I could never be loyalist enough to say 'The king can do no wrong!' But I can be honest, and when a man has given honesty he can't do more, can he?"

"Smith," Larry said to him, "I like you for that—for your frankness and your courage—it hasn't been easy, I know, to discuss the woman you love; but you're too young. We want all or nothing. If you can't see what May is, you'll find it out when you're older, and be ashamed of yourself. As if you could judge of her motives! But I respect you because you do love her, though you can't join the May Lee Admiration and Promotion Association."

"No," I said, "Smith hasn't made good. I

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"'HELLO, FATHER!'" HE SAID, "'YOU GOT THE MONEY TO HIM ALL RIGHT, I HOPE?'"

expect it's a case of puppy love all right, and the first thing we know he'll be barking up another tree. Never mind, Smith, you'll grow. A man has to learn how to be in love as well as everything else."

"All right," said Smith. "I'll organize a little society of my own, maybe. I don't see why I can't help promote her, though. I'd do anything in the world to make May happy."

"Would you stay away from her?" asked Larry.

"Yes, if she wanted me to."

"Would you stop loving her?" I asked.

"Oh, I couldn't do that," said Smith. "I have nothing to do with that; it's involuntary."

"Well, I guess we've hazed you enough," said Larry. "You can go in, now, and tell her all about it."

"Tell her!" Smith cried. "See here, fellows, what I've said I've told you in sacred confidence! You won't tell her, will you? I don't want her ever to know! I'd die if she found it out."

Larry smiled. "All right, then, my boy; we'll promise."

Smith went back, and from that moment, I really believe he thought that his secret was safe from her. Poor little Smith!

"He'll get over it," Larry said, when we were alone.

"I don't know," I said. "There's the makings of a hero in Smith. It looks a good deal to me as if he were the real thing. I'm sorry we didn't admit him."

"Oh, it makes me crazy to think of any one's not seeing right off that May's got nothing but superlatives," Larry said, puffing away at his pipe. "He's too cautious and restrained to let himself go. She fascinates him, but he isn't big enough to realize what she is. He'll be married to some little fool girl within a year, you'll see!"

"So shall I, I'm afraid," I said ruefully, thinking of Berta. "But I don't consider brains necessary in a wife."

"I do!" said Larry.

Well, it did seem to be a case of calf love, after all, for Smith began to call less often, and when he did come he was more and more reserved. He seemed to be bored or tired or something. He gradually dropped out of the little coterie and explained it by saying that he was working nights—doing drafting for other architects or for himself, and sometimes on competitions for city halls and things. We heard once or twice that he had won more prizes. Anyway, he was paler than he used to be, May said. We had an idea that he had found another girl and was working so that he could get married. He asked May about her wedding once or twice, when he found her alone, and seemed to be glad for her that it would soon be possible.

Larry had been getting more and more work to do and was actually saving considerable money. The little old Dupont man had

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proved to be a good customer and had given Larry considerable business. Once it was the drawing up of endowment papers for a theological seminary somewhere in Idaho, then it was some trust work and looking up of deeds and things like that. Then there was the preparation of a big colony in South America—for indigent paralytics, some sort of sand cure or other. There were all sorts of eccentric schemes he had to have attended to. Every time he left he handed Larry a hundred-dollar bill and inquired about his business prospects and family and everything.

We all decided that now Larry had a good start he should be married immediately. With his good fortune he had become much more virile and pushing and ambitious. We asked Smith to the wedding, of course, and Smith accepted, coming round, all smiles and good wishes, to hear about the plans. We hadn't seen him so happy for a long while, and it was like old times to have him so eager and enthusiastic. But he did look rather seedy. I expect the night work was beginning to tell on him.

I think it must have been the day before the wedding that I happened down to Larry's office just as old Dupont was leaving. He was certainly a funny-looking specimen, with a regular vaudeville costume and make-up, neck whiskers and all. He had a kind old face, merry and rosy, all crinkled with wrinkles around his eyes, the typical eccentric millionaire of a Dickens story. He didn't see me, and I walked past to come back after he'd gone. When I went in Larry showed me a nice new, fresh, crisp hundred-dollar bill, the fourth or fifth he had got.

That night I had to dine hurriedly downtown and went into one of those dairy places where you sit on a stool at a counter and women wait on you and slop your coffee into the saucer. As I walked in, who did I see, up on a stool, but old Dupont himself, with a napkin tucked into his collar, eating away at a plate of buckwheat cakes and drinking a tumbler of milk. There was some one next to him, so I sat down a little farther up.

I had scarcely begun, when I happened to look round and saw Smith coming in the door of the dairy. I thought he saw me, and I was just going to beckon to him, when he stopped at the side of old Mr. Dupont and sat down. Then I heard his voice ring out, just as cheerful and sweet and kind as—well, just like little Smith himself, for all the world.

"Hello, father!" he said; "did you have to wait long for me? You got the money to him all right, I hope?"

Well, I simply couldn't stand it. I slid out the other way so that Smith shouldn't see me. I can't stand it now, when I think of it all. But I know what I think of Smith.

I didn't tell Larry or May about it. It was Smith's secret, and he wouldn't want them to know. I suppose it would kill him if they found out.

And, besides, I'm afraid I'd have to resign and let Smith have my place as President of the May Lee Association!

A Hot Night in the Square

By JEANNIE PENDLETON EWING

THE last gray blotches of the twilight fade,
And as the buzzing lights burn clear, and print
This one green islet in a sea of flint
With black tree-shadows, woven in a braid,
The little hope that sunset brought is made
Despair—the lavish heat has learned no stint.
The sound of traffic dulls; and with a hint
Of wild things' stealth there creep into the shade
The sodden and the weary sons of night.
Propped on the weathered seats, they slouch and doze,
Roused by a passing footstep's pebbly crash
Along the walk—the fountain's cool delight
Poured for some burning lip, to still its throes,
And the crude cup's delicious fall and plash.

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A Prediction Roll-Call

By THOMAS W. LAWSON

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The sketch is here completed of the way in which the "System," by rigging both ends of the game, played Punch and Judy with a United States Court as a stage setting. The picture of a Federal Judge with sardonic skill taking the starch out of the devious Beck's finest scenes is dwelt upon with respectful humor. Mr. Lawson also deals with the corruption of the Massachusetts Legislature and tells the secret of the beginnings of the wholesale investigation of the legislature by the Suffolk County Grand Jury. He reviews in detail the varied incidents of the past two months, which bear eloquent testimony to the righteousness of all his campaign against Frenzied Finance. A year ago Rogers and the creatures of Rogers were yelling: "Oh, Lawson is a liar"; their later conduct shows that this was merely a stock epithet that they have adopted to hurl at every one who annoys them.

NEXT to the staid and reverend Hemenway sat an interesting character who has already figured in my narrative, James M. Beck, Rogers's personal counsel and ex-Assistant Attorney-General of the United States. The greatness of Beck is suggested to the ear rather than admitted by the eye. It is a pygmy man, with a large head, large eyes, and a voice out of all proportion to its source. The eyes are as alert and luminous as the voice is resonant. In connection with him I have thought of a miniature lighthouse anchored over a foghorn, even of twin calcium-lights fitted to a megaphone and mounted on a perambulator. Within the inadequate inches of Beck madly struggles a great soul—struggles to announce itself fitly and to impress a world singularly careless of small men even in short coats and high hats. From every pore Beck exhales importance, and bristles with dignity as the porcupine with quills, and until the bystander bows to the first and feels the other he rages and fumes like a rejected poet. Considering this perpetual struggle to set a dull world right about one of its great personalities, it is not surprising that Beck is invariably pompous, sometimes tragic, and much of the time absurd.

Far be it from me to suggest that the legal and intellectual fabric he weaves so dexterously shows no design. Examined in sections it is frequently fascinating, and very often convincing, but its value depends on the character of the audience. Given a houseful of mental one-lungers who thrill to the clarion call of "Standard Oil" and the "System" and his words are as redolent of wisdom as an editorial in the *Evening Post;* but falling on the ears of the plain man, they move him to wonder what is the purpose of the performance, and exactly wherein it serves the ever far-sighted designs of Rogers and Rockefeller. This last problem may be solved by the proper application of the following parable:

An Eastern divinity, whose business it was to be great, spit fire, and command the people in thunder tones, "Bring in your coin and leave it at the god's feet," was once taken to task for wasting fire and thunder by a traveling fakir who had got on to the secret springs, passages, and megaphonic accouterments of the goddery. Why, asked the fakir, did not the god simply tack up a notice bidding his worshipers to bring in the tribute? The divinity gravely answered: "Even the best established godderies must keep the people mystified. If they did not continually deal out inexplicable things the people might get to playing horse with the godderies' reputations, which is but a hole or two in the saddle girth removed from riding the god on a rail."

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At the elbow of this queer protagonist of 26 Broadway was Sherman L. Whipple, Esq., head counsel for "Pepp." I charcoaled Whipple's portrait for you in another chapter. As I sat listening, Beck in one of his soarings let loose this streamer: "My brother Whipple, one of the ablest cross-examiners in Massachusetts—yes, I will go further and say the best cross-examiner in the country, for I do not know his equal." Cross-examiner—yes, that covers Sherman L. Whipple as snugly as a flirt's fan does her heart's open-sesame. A blue-ribbon cross-examiner is a heart, soul, and brain vivisectionist. This law surgeon knows every tissue of the human animal and the way to and through its organs, veins, and arteries and out again. With a good subject on the court dissecting-table it is marvelous to see how dexterously he uses the scalpel and the probe, and how deftly he extracts the most carefully secreted facts and pins the coveted data on the outside of the victim's pelt, where court, jury, and reporters may read it up, down, sidewise, and catercornered. Added to this power of dissection, Sherman L. Whipple possesses the other requisite of a great lawyer—the power to weave what he has extracted into a garment of logic which will glove-fit his cause. A legal fighting machine, if ever there was one, is Whipple. I sat and watched him ply his art—now on his feet arguing, the big, well-shaped, pugnacious head sunk between a pair of sturdily broad shoulders; the figure erect on its heels, with a straight up-and-downness which suggests that if tilted at all it must be backward; a face full of war and power and subtlety; a voice by turns rasping and provocative, smooth and mellifluous, gentle and insinuating—altogether a human law battery as effective in court as any Togo or Oyama in a military crisis.

A HAZARDOUS CONTRACT

Whipple's partner, Lincoln, was at his right, and looked as much out of place at the table as a carved ivory fan in an eight-foot prize-ring. A tall, dignified student is Lincoln, Esq., who you are certain must take deeper interest in fine-spun problems than in claw-gouge-and-bite legal brawls; but right here your sureness gets jolted, for Lincoln, Esq., is as much a part of Whipple's fighting machine as Walter Badger is of the Hemenway-Beck tom-tom-skinned-onion alliance.

Upon the low throne in front of the table was the star actor in this play of "His Millions, My Millions, Your Millions—Whose Millions?" The adventurous tale weaver who allots himself the task of depicting a scene in a United States court during the trial of an important cause whose issues are trembling in the balance, must not only travel gingerly, look-over-your-shoulderly, but had best carry spirit-levels and divining-rods in both hands if he would dodge contempt thunderbolts and a jail finish. Particularly is his contract hazardous if it calls for the likeness of the central figure—the presiding Jove on the bench. There are judges and judges. I have sat under jurists whose lineaments, moral as well as physical, could not be limned within the boundaries of the libel laws; under others so forbidding that it almost meant contempt to challenge their rulings. Here, however, is one who is man as well as a judge and whose truthful portrait may be brushed in without verbal sterilization or fear of harsh consequence.

A JOVIAL JUDGE

Mr. Justice Putnam is one of those really big men, those big-formed, big-headed, and particularly big-faced men whose strong and sturdy ponderosity recalls the splendid strong-jowled Englishmen whom Hogarth so loved to limn in his pictures. As he sat on his throne, in a flowing black-silk robe, monarch—absolute monarch—of all he surveyed, gazing in a half-jolly, half-quizzical, two-thirds-judgely way at the midgets in front of him, I puzzled my brain trying to decide whether his mind was engaged in unraveling the complexities of Beck's argument, or whether it had wandered off upon memory's wings through fourteenth-century forests—making him one of a jovial, monkish company whose robust adventures he might have read the night before in some medieval romance. How well he would have fitted into some such robed and tonsured assembly as it sat round the haunch of venison and quaffed the new brew. If I had been compelled to hazard a guess I should have said that there were more "Oh, but he's a jolly good fellow's" than "If it may please your Honor's" in Beck's discourse as it fell upon the judicial ear. I sat watching the big face and the big brain-dome, trying to peep into its decree recesses to see if recorded there was a stern "Return that four millions loot instanter" or "Oh, but say, Pepp, you really don't think this court could give you a verdict after reviewing the splendid way you have

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butchered your case." But I could see no more clearly than does a bat when gazing into the sun. And as I looked at the big judge, I could not help muttering: "Were I king, I should decree that all priests, judges, and wives be round, fat, and jolly, leaving the lank and lean ones to act as tanners, picklers, headsmen, and side-saddle reformers."

COMEDY IN COURT

Ah, but how well did the judge know his rôle, and how skilfully did he play the big part allotted to him! At one stage, when the room was at a hear-a-pin-drop tension, when Beck, standing on his ten finger tips on the table, with his little Etonlike jacket in the act of jumping over his head, and with streams of beadlike stage tears chasing one another down under his glasses, told in a quivering, the hinge-needs-oiling voice of the way "my talented brother Whipple has abused and vilified the kindest, best, most Christian citizen in this or any other country, my beloved client, Henry—" a deep, organlike tone broke the spell with:

"Mr. Beck, does that sunlight trouble your eyes? If it does, I will have the clerk pull the shade. I guess, anyway, Mr. Officer, you had better pull that shade."

Later, when Beck had got himself together and under way again and was slowly but surely dragging us all back to the hysterical climax, came Judge Putnam's voice:

"I guess, Mr. Beck, we have made a mistake in drawing that shade. Mr. Officer, you had better put it back again."

For a few seconds it looked as though Mr. Justice Putnam would be responsible for the apoplectic death of at least a dozen lawyers in the room who were endeavoring to suppress strong emotion. It was at another agonizing summit of one of the most critical flights of Beck's oratory that I again heard the deep voice:

"I think, Mr. Beck, you will be more comfortable if those electric lights over your head are turned out. Turn them out, Mr. Officer."

Beck passed through something that resembled a swallowing-the-cud convulsion, but with a mighty effort he rounded to and had just got his wings flapping again when this keep-lead-in-your-shoes protector of the people declared that he had been in error in causing the lights to be turned out, and that he would forthwith remedy the same by having them turned on again.

I have no idea which of the three—Whipple's masterly summing up of Rogers's villainies, ranging from something just short of murder to insinuated "pinchings" of umbrellas and walking-sticks from dinner hosts, or Beck's rendering of "Standard Oil's" version of "Ostler Joe" and "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," or Hemenway's word-composite of Rogers, George Washington, Rockefeller and Abe Lincoln—made the biggest dent in Mr. Justice Putnam's judicial armament. It would not be proper for me to state my opinion if I had one, but I do feel safe in setting down my belief that United States Court Justice Putnam, as he listened to this celebrated case, had fully as much inward fun as I. Indeed, there was one moment when Beck was at the I'm-going-to-throw-in-another-pail-of-yeast stage of his "O hallowed Rogers! O winged Rockefeller! O kindly blessed 'Standard Oil'" chant, when I fairly ached to rise with a "May it please your Honor, if my proposition is within the rules of the game, I move that you adjourn this outfit to one of the big playhouses, with a stiff price of admission; the proceeds, after deducting twenty-five per cent. for the principal comedian-tragedian, to go either to the poor devils who have been robbed in Bay State Gas or to the 'Standard Oil' endowment or missionary fund."

MISSING EVIDENCE

What the United States Court's decision will be in the case of "Pepp," Receiver, *vs.* Rogers and Rockefeller is not for laymen to guess aloud, but I am probably within my citizenship privileges when I point to the fact that Beck's argument chased its tail round and round this circle: "There are a number of fatal defects in their contention. They have not submitted a shred of positive testimony that Rogers agreed to do thus and so when he accepted the trust. They have not submitted a vestige of direct evidence to show that when Rogers accepted the trust he ever thought of doing what he afterward did do; they have not submitted a vestige of unequivocal testimony," etc., etc., and each of these fatal defects touched the place where I had been, with Rogers, the sole party to the trades or agreements, the proving of which would have heavily turned the scale of testimony. All through the days of Beck's argument this gloat over the lack of my testimony was twined. So it was with Hemenway, and in

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and out through Whipple's word-castle was the never-ending wail that though they had not submitted to cover admitted vital defects, such as the direct testimony of any witness who had personal knowledge of the facts, they did rest in the hope that they had submitted such a flood of circumstantial evidence as to prove their case.

By the time this chapter is in their hands, my readers will know whether, in spite of "Pepp's" fingers-all-thumbs handling of this great case, its peep-holed and fraud-burred surface made it impossible for him to lose or whether, through the expert manipulation of legal sword-swallowings, the "System" is to be allowed to retain its bulging sacks of loot. Whatever the outcome, those who are at pains to read the court records in conjunction with the facts I have from time to time set forth will see, as plainly as does the surgeon who lays open his cancer subject, how almost hopeless it is for the every-day people to try to protect themselves from the road agents of the "System."

Since I wrote the above, history has been making as lively as foam in a half-filled runaway cider barrel.

I pointed in my story to—

The insurance frauds;

The crimes of "Standard Oil";

The Massachusetts legislative corruption, and

The outrages perpetrated upon the people of Montana through the "System's" manipulation of copper corporations in conjunction with the ballot-box and United States Senatorship debaucheries.

My readers will recall my language in describing the cruelty of the "System's" masters in the pursuit of dollars.

Let us scan the developments of the past month and see if there has not come proof—absolute proof—of my facts and predictions.

The grafters of the "Big Three" insurance companies are scattered with the dry leaves of a season ago—God only knows where.

The New York Legislature has made a law under which will be born a new, an honest life-insurance.

As I write, District Attorney Jerome and a special Grand Jury are fixing suitable retribution for the awful crimes committed, and it is only a question of a few months until the New York and the Mutual Life Insurance companies with their billion of assets shall be turned over to normal men.

In a special message to Congress the President of the United States—the darling of the people—has just pilloried "Standard Oil" as even I, its outspoken enemy, have never done. In boot-tip, straight-from-the-knee English he has stated that his exhaustive investigations have convicted it, beyond all possibility of refutation, of all the crimes in the corporation calendar, from the most despicable petty larceny to the boldest highwaymanry, and he has ordered the Department of Justice to "Sic the skunks, Tige!"

The pirates of "Standard Oil" have met his accusations as they met mine—with a wild, guttural, "You're a liar!" Yes, these American business kings, these priests of philanthropy, have proclaimed that the President of the United States is a low-down, sneaking liar!

So familiar appeared their vilifications that as I read them I felt sure I should find at the end the signature of our old reptilian newspaper acquaintance, Dinnis Donohoe. I was in error—months ago Rogers decreed that his mud-slinger was not up to his job and Dinnis's headpiece passed into the catch-basin, and in company with his garbage basket, Public Opinion, to the sewer beyond. Rogers himself now tools Dinnis's character-drag, and it was Rogers and his associates who were doing the President this honor.

The Federal Grand Jury has just returned indictments against the heads of the Sugar Trust and the New York Central Railroad, and is still working the grapples on other trusts and railroads.

HUMAN HYENAS

Only last month I called attention to the bribery savageries of the present Massachusetts Legislature. The ink was yet damp when these legislative knockout-drop-artists committed one of the most heinous acts ever perpetrated upon a self-governed people. In the same issue of the magazine was the beginning of Merrill A. Teague's great exposure entitled "Bucket-Shop Sharks." It was only his beginning, but I know there was none of my readers whose eyes, as he read, did not blur, whose blood did not tingle, whose hands did not close in imagination upon the throats

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of the unspeakable wretches who prey upon the unfortunate victims of the bucket-shop disease. In letters of blood upon tear-stained parchment made from the skins of scores of thousands of Massachusetts citizens during the past thirty years, the good people of Massachusetts—for it was in Boston that the second bucket-shop of the country came into existence—have been taught the heart-breaking lesson which Mr. Teague will teach you before he is through with his story; and in 1906 Massachusetts is determined to rise and drive its human hyenas beyond the borders of the State.

BUCKET-SHOP BILL KILLED

To that end a bill was introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature and quickly passed through the Senate. Even those familiar with legislative corruption did not believe the bucket-shoppers would dare attempt to defeat this bill, which was demanded by all the honest citizens of the State. Within a day or two of its being brought before the House, to us who know the signs it became evident that the bucket-shop criminals had raised a tremendous corruption fund and were going to kill it. As soon as the bill appeared in the House it was plain to all that they really would kill it. I have already painted a Massachusetts Legislature debauchery bee, and will not duplicate it. Suffice it to say that when the votes in the Massachusetts House of Representatives were counted, the bill was found to have been overwhelmingly defeated. So brazen were the criminals who had taken possession of the State House that they made no attempt to hide their exultation. Instead, the announcement of the killing of the measure was received with cheers.

The following letters, one to the Governor of the Commonwealth and the other to the fearless District Attorney of Suffolk County, tell their own tale:

May 7, 1906.

To the Honorable Curtis Guild, Jr.,
Governor of Massachusetts,
State House, Boston, Mass.

Your Excellency:

I would respectfully submit for your consideration the following petition:

During the past ten years Massachusetts legislatures have been bought and sold as are sausages and fish at the markets and wharves.

During the legislative sessions of the past ten years the State House has been filled with professional bribers.

They are thoroughly organized.

These vultures have their generals, captains, and lieutenants, treasurers, paymasters, commissaries, and water-carriers, even to an organ for the blackmailing of cravens with a past and the sand-bagging of honest citizens with a future.

At the beginning of each legislative session these harpies have a controlling number of legislators inventoried and branded—with price, retail and wholesale.

Throughout the session these are sold and swapped, as freely as are the helots of Morocco, to corporations and individuals who bring their wares to the State House for the people's stamp of legitimacy.

You may not know that since the year 1896, when three-quarters of the Legislature were debauched, this vile trafficking in Massachusetts legislators has been on the increase until this year it has reached that rotten state which follows unbridled prostitution.

History shows that in every age the aggregated traffickers in human rights have continued their course with increasing boldness until there was erected an inverted pyramid of crime, for which Nature has always provided a toppler. Honest citizen students who have watched this latest Massachusetts phenomenon in civic depravity have of late been leaving their lattices ajar for the observation of that bolt from the clear.

BRIBERS IN THE SADDLE

At the beginning of the present session such students read clearly the signs of the "let-her-rip-and-zip" debauchery which came in upon the heels of the chaplain's opening prayer and which culminated last week when over seventy members of the Legislature were bought for the sum of seventy thousand-odd dollars and as openly paid off as are the honest employees of the State—bought and paid off by as leprous a gang of degenerates as ever invaded the pest-house of a penal institution.

To-day it is known from end to end of the State that the meanest of all the people's robbers, the bucket-shoppers, bribed the Massachusetts Legislature to kill the "Logan Bucket-Shop Bill."

It is my duty and privilege to put the repulsive facts of the deed in all their spotted, scarlet nakedness where the entire world will know them. I'll do it.

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No honest, plain citizen has the legal proof to convict these criminals.

Knowing this, these scoundrels are gloating in this new debauchery of the old Commonwealth's laws and time-honored traditions.

In all the State, there are but two men who have the power quickly and surely to confront these brazen sneaks with their crime. One is your Excellency, the chief executive of the State; the other, the present fearless District Attorney of Suffolk County, the county where the crime was committed. I am addressing to him a communication like the one I send you.

A plain citizen, unversed in politics—I should have said statecraft—I am not sure that I am within those privileges which go with citizenship when I offer your Excellency the following advice; but as a lifelong, stanch member of that party which you so richly honor, and as one of your constant admirers and well-wishers, I feel I cannot go far astray in what I am going to say.

In Massachusetts to-day bribers and political criminals are in the saddle. Long immunity from punishment has engendered in their brute nature absolute contempt for the laws of God and man, until not only are State and municipal bodies and officials corrupted, but the very foundations of a free people, their grand and petit juries, are on the auction block.

If the onward march of these criminals continues as in the past, the day is not far distant when no man, woman, or child will be protected from ruthless pillage.

ROPES FOR LEGISLATORS

So patent are their depredations becoming to the common people—that large majority of our citizens, honest men—that if something radical and heroic is not done within the law and soon, the common people will surely do as did the citizens of Philadelphia—take into their hands noosed ropes and seek our legislators and their bribers. Then woe be to old Massachusetts!

I am not sure but the time is here when it would be more honest, more honorable, to participate in a noosed-rope bee than to stand by longer and see the laws trampled upon. I repeat, I am not sure. If I were sure, I should deem it an honor to be one of the leaders in dealing with those habitual criminals who year after year have openly used the State House as their rendezvous while preparing and perpetrating their outrages upon the people.

The most law-abiding citizens of Philadelphia recently deemed such duty an honor, with the result that a despicable gang of criminals, almost as desperate as that which to-day infests our State House, was swept to prison or exile.

A RADICAL MOVE NEEDED

If I understand the power of the Governor of Massachusetts, it is possible and proper for you to blow one trumpet blast right now that will be heard throughout the State and carry to every nook and corner of our country the tidings that the old Bay State has at last taken her place on the firing-line of legislative reform.

If, while the District Attorney of Suffolk County is putting thumb-screws to the bribers and the bribed in the Grand Jury room to-day, you send a special message to the Legislature, saying in substance that you, the Governor of Massachusetts, demand that the bucket-shop bill which has just been killed by bribery be again introduced under a suspension of rules and passed, for a long time to come there will be no repetition of the damnable deeds which for fifteen years past have done more than all else to create anarchists in the most law-abiding community in the whole world.

If you but do this, unquestionably at the same time the District Attorney of Suffolk County will lock-step to Charlestown fifty to one hundred blacklegs.

I am aware that the move I recommend is radical, but the times and their corruptions are radical and the people demand a radical cure.

Then, you have a precedent for radical action. Our great President has set a gait in radicalism which the people in thunder tones have applauded.

Are you justified in such a radical move? It is unnecessary for me to tell you of the hellish evil of bucket-shops or the degeneracy of the criminals who keep them in existence. You acquired your business experience in the office of that stalwart paper which has made your family famous wherever honest journalism is known. No other journal has done more to block the onward march of this scarlet panderer of the business world than the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*. With such surroundings, no one has had a better oppor-

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tunity than you to know the bastard of the stock-market, and I know no one who has better improved his opportunity.

The present session of the Legislature has been most basely corrupt. Like a tiger to its prey it sprang for that bill which the District Attorney introduced to crush abortionists, and shredded it. At the same time it pounced upon the food poison bill and killed it. It fell upon the children's overtime bill as does the hyena upon the victims of the scourge, and then to celebrate its dastardly act it turned to and thrust down the throat of every large city of the Commonwealth a law allowing its degenerate classes to prolong their debaucheries. It emasculated the bill of the District Attorney for office help necessary to enable him to deal justice to the high as well as the low criminals of the State, and then to show its contempt for decency it allowed itself to be sold and bought for money—dirty money—on the very threshold of your executive office.

Can I say more to call your attention to the need of, the necessity for, a radical move upon your part right now? Only this: At the fall election the people of Massachusetts will know of the doings of this session of the Legislature. You will be the standard-bearer of the Republicans. To a man, we want you to have another term and still another one, if you desire. Against you, in all probability, will be the present District Attorney, John B. Moran, the man whom upon his say-so that he "dared," the people overwhelmingly sent to office. Next fall this man will go before the people of Massachusetts as the man who "did dare," and if you allow the present cyclone of legislative crime to go unpunished, what are the chances of a Republican victory?

MASSACHUSETTS STAINED

One other word and I finish what would be too great a trespass upon your time if it were not that the urgency of the subject makes it, in my opinion, of greater importance than any other that is now before you or can possibly come before you. In my story, "Frenzied Finance," I was compelled to recount the doings of the 1896 Legislature. In extended reviews of the European editions of my book, with hardly an exception the dailies, weeklies, and monthlies of Great Britain, as well as a large number of the German and other foreign papers, invariably quote this part of my story and drain horror adjectives to express their astonishment and disgust at the state of affairs revealed. If I were to send you these European clippings, I know you would agree with me that nothing has put such a world-wide stain upon Massachusetts's fair history as this knowledge that she is the breeding-place of those microbes all intelligent people know mean death—disgraceful death—to a republic.

To the tale of the 1896 Legislature my story of the doings of the present one will be as a May-day party to a Nihilist convention by comparison. In the name of common honesty, give me an opportunity to end that story with: "But we had a Governor who rose to the occasion. As soon as he saw that the debauchers were successful and that Massachusetts was again to have her head thrust beneath the vileness which for years had been growing denser and blacker, he sent a ringing message to the Legislature and demanded that the corruptly gained results be reversed; and they were, and corruption in the Massachusetts Legislature received its death-blow."

Believe me,

Yours very truly,
(Signed) THOMAS W. LAWSON.

A TASK FOR THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY

May 7, 1906.

To the HONORABLE JOHN B. MORAN,
District Attorney of Suffolk County,
COURT HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

Dear Sir:

The enclosed copy of a letter I have just sent to Governor Guild will explain itself. In addition to its contents I would respectfully submit the following for your consideration:

Learning that there had been wholesale bribery in the defeat of the "Logan Bucket-Shop Bill," I offered a reward of $5,000 for information which would convict a principal to the bribery. Such offer has brought me important information. There is now no doubt in my mind that at least seventy members of the Legislature were bribed; that at least a score of persons were engaged in the bribery, and that over $70,000 was expended in bribes.

There is no doubt in my mind that without strenuous efforts on your part the criminals will go unpunished, to continue bribing and being bribed; yet there is no doubt in my mind that if you proceed with your usual vigor to run down these criminals, you will land a large number in prison and teach all such offenders a lesson that will not become indistinct for

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generations, besides doing for your State and country a splendid service. I know if you keep in mind that my zeal is prompted only by a consuming desire to bring to justice these criminals who have so long disgraced and degraded our State, you will take my advice in the spirit in which it is sent.

Among so many criminals there is sure to be a large proportion of abject cowards with neither the ability nor the nerve to sustain a thumb-screwing, spine-stretching frolic with you. Some will surely throw up their hands, particularly if offered immunity from punishment. And you well know that as soon as one squeals, the stampede will be on.

As there cannot be any business of the county so important as this, should you not go to extraordinary ends to secure the conviction of these criminals by, say, summoning before the Grand Jury every member of the Legislature, every one of the lobbyists, regular and unregistered, and every bucket-shop man in Boston, Lowell, Worcester, and Fall River, and putting them through your courses? Bear in mind that every dollar of the large sum involved in this transaction was first drawn from a bank or a trust company. This sum was then divided up among the professionals, and then at a hotel on Washington Street, another on Beacon Street, at a particular house, and at the State House itself, the separate amounts were paid over to the blacklegs who sold their votes.

In the doing of all this many undestroyable records were made, and many parties necessarily became possessed of legal knowledge. Once they are impressed with vivid tales of what you will do to perjurers, and at the same time put next to information which you may have up your sleeve, they must be as easy picking as spotted gooseberries in August.

AN UNUSUAL OFFER

I do not know that the following offer is proper, but I will chance having my good intentions carry it, knowing full well that if it is improper, your well-established reputation for "horse sense" will see me through.

If at any stage of your examinations of these scoundrels, or negotiations with them, you are up against it where you think that a reward is necessary to start the ball a-rolling, I herewith authorize you to pay any such rewards as, in your good judgment, will advance the cause of justice up to, say, $25,000, and I will send you check for same upon notification. Unusual? Yes, I know it is, but we are living in unusual times and just now are dealing with a bunch of unusual rascals.

Trusting that you may land every slime-coated scoundrel who has had to do with this dirty crime, and assuring you that I shall consider it a favor to be called upon for aid of any nature, believe me,

Yours very truly,
(Signed) THOMAS W. LAWSON.

INDICTMENT WITHDRAWN

Immediately upon the publication of these letters in the press, our District Attorney summoned the entire House of Representatives, as well as lobbyists and bucket-shoppers, to the number of 260-odd, before the Grand Jury. What follows is wizzy-wuzzying.

The day following the first twenty-four hours' examination the front pages of the press proclaimed the fact that the Grand Jury had indicted a member of the Legislature, upon the evidence, it was generally admitted, of other members that he had been openly buying votes at $50 and $100 each on the floor of the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

At the end of the week, after the District Attorney had admitted thirty-six members of the House to the presence of the Grand Jury, he astounded the citizens of the State with the statement that he would be compelled to let the investigation go over to another Grand Jury!

So peculiar were the circumstances surrounding the affair that immediately the atmosphere became surcharged with that ominous watch-outness which precedes cyclones; the report was on every one's tongue that instead of additional indictments having been found, the one which had been secured on the opening day had gone through the cracks.

When the Grand Jury reported to the Court on Saturday of last week, it became a certainty that there was no legislative indictment. The howl that went through the State forced the Massachusetts House of Representatives to order an investigation of the entire affair. As I write, I read the headlines of the afternoon papers: "Investigation Just Ordered. Lawson to Be Brought Before the Bar of the House."

In the May issue, in my chapter "Fools and

"*A Prediction Roll-Call*" is continued on page 65 of the *Advertising Section*.

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Little Stories of Real Life

The Blue Plate

By Mary E. Q. Brush

THE dining-room door swung open. For one brief instant Bedelia caught a glimpse of the long, damask-draped tables, gleaming with silver. Above them hung misty sprays of wild-plum blossoms; about them were gathered groups of men and pretty women in shimmering, soft-colored gowns. Through the doorway floated out the rustle of silk, the ripple of laughter, and the mingled scents of flowers, fruits, and savory food.

Bedelia was used to these fascinating, transitory glimpses of the fashionable guests at "The Magnolia." She seldom got closer to them, for it was only a lowly position that the little colored girl held on the staff of servitors at the big summer hotel. Her humble duty it was to scrape plates and platters and stack up great piles of crockery for the whirling suds of the dish-washing machine.

A hurried rush of this three times a day; between times, Bedelia was at the beck and call of everybody, and, no matter how swiftly her flat little feet sped up-stairs and down, indoors and out, she was forced to bear with silent patience the jeering cry of those who outranked her:

"Hey, yo' lazybones! git a move on yo'! Yo' is as slow as turkentine in a no'theaster!"

On this particular day, the "rush" had subsided; dinner was nearly over, only the dessert and finger-bowls remained, and Bedelia, with one little, clawlike hand pressed against her small bodice where her fluttering heart told of recent hurry, leaned leisurely against her table, with big, china-white eyes watching the swinging door.

Presently Theodore Lycurgus appeared, holding high his tray, and Bedelia reached out eager hands to take it. Then, with a dexterity born of much practise, she scraped off chop-bones and dabs of vegetables into the waiting pail. But when she took up a plate on which lay a solitary slice of bread, she paused; the bread was tossed aside, but the plate itself was treated to a closer inspection. One dusky forefinger rested for an instant in the tiny triangle of a nick in the gilded rim, and then followed an irregular, almost invisible line down to the center of the plate, which was a pretty one of fanciful design and bright blue in color. A disappointed, wistful look crept into the small, dark face and a touch of impatience into the soft voice as Bedelia murmured: "I declar', it seems es if *dat* plate was bo'n to stand a pow'ful sight o' handlin'! It's ben cracked ever sence de fust of de season, an' it ain't done gone broke itse'f yit! I'se ben expectin' it most any day. Seems like it was bewitched, it sho'ly do! Lawsy! it run tro' de dish washin'-machine time'n agin an' had de water suzzlin' an' splurgin' up aginst it wid fo'ce enough to done bust a butter crock, but it comes out all right; yas, sah! 'Twa'n't mo'n a fo'tnight ago, de housekeeper, Miss Hunt, was gwine tro' de kitchen an' she say: 'Dat blue plate's cracked, Bedelia; it'll break soon, an' see yo' don't cut yo' fingers, chile!'"

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Here Bedelia looked half-humorously down on her lean little hands.

"Ho! I wouldn't care fo' a cut or two if I could git de pieces once! Yas, git 'em 'fo'e dat gal Carline puts her brack paws on 'em. *Oomph!* she thinks she's dretful sma't, dat nigger does, des 'caze Mis' Kinderhook Van Tassel gits her to rub her back when she take her baf!" The small, wizened face wrinkled up with sullen frowns, as Bedelia turned her gaze toward the "fruit table," where, behind a diminished pile of oranges and Malaga grapes, there beamed a dark, laughing face.

"Dat gal Carline" was the belle of "Helps' Hall." There was a sparkle in her large eyes, a coquettish tilt to her small, graceful head, a roguish smile on her animated face that set the hearts of all the dusky swains a-fluttering. Besides, she could read and write, sing and play a melodeon, had once worked "No'th," and could tie her red ribbon bows like a Frenchwoman. And Caroline's poise bore witness to her own consciousness of her advantages. Seeing Bedelia looking her way, she called out in a voice deep and mellow:

"Say, Bedelia, li'le gal, dat blue chany plate wid de storks an' roses come apa't yit? You knows I got my eye on dat plate, so don' you tote it off fo' yo' li'le sister to play make-believe tea-set wid, like somebody said yo' was gwinter. *I* wants dat plate—yas, I does, *shuah!*"

"Wha' fo' yo' want dat plate?" was the question tossed sullenly across the pile of fruit.

"Wha' fo'? Yo' des about as lackin' in sense an' manners as yo' is in decent clo'es, you Bedelia! However, chile," condescendingly, "I don' mind tellin' yo'. I wants dat blue plate fo' makin' a wo'k of art! Ain't you seen umbrel-stands what's made out of a tile? Well, yo' sticks putty on de tile an' presses bits of pretty chany in—all colors, kinds, an' shapes—it don' matter. Aurelia Ophelia Powell—she's lady's maid up at Lenox whar' I was las' summer—she done tole me about it. I'se ben savin' pieces of chany ever sence. But dat blue plate *is* de prettiest thing an' I'se des natchelly set my heart on havin' de pieces when dey come apa't."

Bedelia gave her little woolly head a toss; there was a defiant gleam in her eyes.

"*Maybe* you'll git dat plate, Carline—an' *maybe* agin yo' won't!" she muttered under her breath.

Now it happened that the blue plate came to grief that very day. The bill of the largest stork was broken in twain and the big rose-spray dangling over the gilded pagoda came away in a little triangular piece.

The dishwasher—Old Lucy, it was—fished out the bits of broken china and tucked them into an empty tomato-can.

"Bedelia say *she* wants um and Carline vow *she* gwine ter have um. Fust come, fust gits!"

Caroline was the first who came. She swept into the serving-room, bearing on her head a great wicker basket piled high with fruit just brought in from the boat. One of her arms, a bit of rounded bronze ending in a soft palm and tapering fingers, held the basket lightly balanced; the other hand, knuckles turned inward, rested on the graceful curve of her waist; her spotless white gown and the bright red and yellow of the fruit made a fine setting for her dusky beauty. Burdened though she was, she could not refrain from breaking into a little dancing step as she saw the tomato-can and its contents.

"Oho! It come apart at las'—dat blue plate! I'll come an' git de pieces, Lucy, des 's soon's I tote dese away to my tables an' 'range 'em in de fruit-baskets. De board polishers are in a mighty hurry."

Caroline, still prancing, moved away toward her own domain. Old Lucy, too, left the kitchen, in search of more drying towels.

Hardly had the laundry door closed behind her broad, fat back when a slim, dark figure slipped in between table and sink, a thin arm reached forth toward the tomato-can, and with trembling fingers Bedelia emptied its contents into the bib of her gingham apron. Then as noiselessly and as nervously as she had come she glided away again, the palm of one little hand pressed protectingly across her bulging front.

Two minutes later she was turning back the coarse, gray blanket covering her little cot in a dim corner of "Helps' Hall."

"I done got it at las'!" she exclaimed softly, straightening up with a long breath of satisfaction. "It seems too good to be true. I'se glad it come to pieces *honest.* Many's de time"—here unconsciously Bedelia struck an attitude of complacent and triumphant virtue—"many's de time I'se des *ached* to pinch er pull er wriggle de plate des a li'le, so it'd come apa't, but I des didn't do it, no, sah! Fo' I says to myself, 'Bedelia, yo' don' want no plate what yo' broke a purpose—no, yo'

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sho'ly don'!' So I didn't break it an' now I'se got it, an' des let dat gal Carline git it if she kin!"

Caroline spared no efforts to obtain what she considered her rights. Like a whirlwind of wrath she swooped down upon little Bedelia in one of the lower halls. Her strong fingers were laid with a steel clutch on the lean, dark shoulder.

"You mis'ble, no-account, li'le Florida nigger, what yo' mean by takin' my belongin's? Whar's dat blue chany plate?"

"Let go of me, you big, brack ox!" Bedelia said, sullen defiance in eyes and voice. "Yo's tearin' my sleeve an' I'll tell de boss! Blue chany plate—*oomph!* I ain't seen it sence this noon when I put kumquats on it fo' Miss Maria Lewis. If it's done broke"—with a toss of the head and an air of feigned unconcern—"I 'spect de junkman's toted away de pieces; he was here to-day, but I don' keep no account of his doin's. Ho! I 'spect de pieces of dat fine plate are down on the dumpin'-gyround by de ribber 'n' maybe Mis' Alligator an' de li'le Carline Alligators is nosin' around 'em, plannin' to make umbrel-stands! *Huh!*"

A rousing box on the ear was the response to this saucy speech, and then Caroline said sternly:

"Maybe yo're tellin' de trufe an' then agin maybe yo' isn't. If yo' is *lyin'*, yo' Bedelia, yo'll git punished, shuah! 'Member what de Baptis' preacher said las' Sunday about de laik of fire an' brimstun? I 'spect it's des as hot—yas, an' hotter!—dan de turkentine still whar yo' daddy wo'ks out in de woods beyand Green Cove! Yo' know how hot pitch looks a-bilin', eh? De laik de preacher 'scribed is like dat, only a million times mo'! How'd yo' like to drap in an' go round an' round, 'thout life-preserver or boat or anything? *Dat* is how liars is fixed on de jedgment day—*shuah!*"

All the soft prettiness had disappeared from Caroline's face; anger had changed it into something ugly and malign.

Bedelia turned and fled, her lean little limbs shaking as she went. Direful misgivings dimmed the glory of her recent triumph. The joy of possessing the blue plate turned to dust and ashes. Moreover, a sudden perplexity seized her and her thin fingers clasped and unclasped themselves convulsively as she whispered to herself with a shiver of dread:

"I 'spects Carline'll watch me every minute o' dis yer day! It'll be dark fo' I kin tote de plate out to de place whar I wants to put it—yas—dark an' pow'ful lonesome!"

It was midnight at "The Magnolia" and no lights showed through all the big house save the dull red glow at the heads of stairways, and the shaded lamp in the office where the lonely night-clerk drowsed over a novel.

Outside, beyond the great black shadow of the hotel, in the splendor of the Southern moonlight, the trailing Spanish moss that festooned the ancient live-oaks looked like dim, hovering smoke.

Beyond the farthermost ranks of the trees was a narrow, dark, irregular line indicating what had once been a fence but was now nothing save a few crumbling posts and slanting pickets from which wind and weather had long since erased every vestige of whitewash. The gate still remained—sagging on its hinges—a mere mockery of protection; one might get inside the enclosure in a score of places.

Within was a graveyard—a most humble God's acre, where lay those of a race and color "despised of men." Many graves there were, but few tombstones and these painfully insignificant and so discolored by time and the humid Southern atmosphere that their inscriptions were scarcely legible. For the most part, the graves were marked by boards, some fashioned into the semblance of a tombstone, with the name of the deceased and the dates of birth and death crudely painted on them. A pathetic, desolate place it was.

And now the brooding silence of the lonely spot was suddenly stirred; there was the sound of a footfall on the shell-road and then a little rustle near the broken gateway where a moving shadow lurked. A very small shadow it was indeed, and it flitted waveringly this way and that, and, as the upper breezes brushed aside for a moment or two the somber cloud-fold across the moon's pale face, the light streaming down revealed the little negro girl—Bedelia.

For a few moments she crouched near the gate, turning a furtive glance behind her at the winding road, silvered in the moonlight; then her eyes, their whites conspicuous in the gloom, peered timorously into the shadows of the graveyard. Several times she started to open the gate, then shrank back, shuddering; the harsh rattle of the rusty latch

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sent her heart fluttering into her throat like a wild thing; a harmless little garter snake rustling in the dry oak-leaves set her trembling violently.

Finally, drawing the long breath of a desperate swimmer resolved on a fateful plunge, Bedelia hurried through the gateway, and, with small hands pressed close to her panting breast, ran along the grass-grown path of the cemetery until she reached a lonely grave in the corner. Here she stopped and fell upon her knees.

"Mammy! O mammy!" she gasped.

Her spare little frame was shaken by mighty sobs, but no tears fell from her eyes. Terror of the gloom about her—a terror heightened by the inborn superstition of her race—held her in its spell, and yet, nevertheless, against this there struggled mightily her love for her dead mother.

With cold, trembling fingers she took the pieces of the blue plate from the bosom of her little frock. It was to place this hardly won treasure on her mother's grave that she had braved the terrors of this lonely place. On graves all about her were similar tokens of loving devotion. The moonlight, sifting down through the tattered banners of the trailing moss, revealed irregular lines and dots where bits of broken crockery lay scattered on the graves. Fragments of all kinds of dishes were there—delicate china and common delft. In one place a young cactus thrust its green knob up through the white circle of what had once been a wash-bowl; in the bottomless ewer belonging to the bowl sprouted a yearling pine-tree. In the daytime, with the bold-eyed sun staring down upon the little cemetery, all these efforts at decorating the resting-places of the departed might have seemed childish, even ludicrous, to the careless mind; in the solemn night-time the white-outlined graves possessed a solemn dignity.

For some time Bedelia hesitated—the touch and sight of the bits of china aroused within her the questionings and misgivings of the morning. In spite of everything, there persisted the suggestion that she had taken the blue plate in a stealthy, underhanded, dishonorable way! Besides, she had lied—yes, *lied!* For was it not a brazen falsehood that she had flung at Carline? What was it that the preacher had said about "liars" and the "lake of fire and brimstone"? Even in the darkness and stillness around her Bedelia's excited imagination could picture flickering flames arising from a smoking, sulphurous mass out of which came the shrieks of the accursed!

Shivering and swaying, the child crouched beside the grave, her hands clutching the bits of the plate so tightly that their sharp edges hurt her little palms.

"Laik o' fiah!" she groaned. "It makes me scart to think of it—um—um—yas, it sho'ly do! But de wu'st of all is what mammy would say 'bout what I'se done, fo' she uster tell me, 'Bedelia, chile, *nebber* lie—no matter wha' happens.' And now"—with a wail—"now I'se gone an' done it!"

Here the floodgates were let loose and the warm tears ran down the dusky cheeks and dropped on to the bits of blue plate. But presently, tucking the china pieces into her bodice again, Bedelia rose to her feet, giving the grave a little caress as she did so, and saying mournfully:

"I 'spects yo' knows des how it is, mammy! I cain't put dis blue plate on yo' precious grave—I des sho'ly cain't! I knows yo' wouldn't want it if it come in an ontrufeful way! So, we's bof got ter wait until somepin else gits broken! No, I cain't leave noffin' to-night but *my love*—my truly respectful love, honey, mammy deah! Fo' dis yer plate's got ter go back to dat gal Carline!"

"Lawsy! no it *ain't*, chile!" exclaimed a voice that was both brisk and kind. "Yo' des lay down dem chany bits!"

Bedelia uttered a shriek and tumbled to the ground, a little heap of sudden terror.

Caroline, stooping over, shook her good-naturedly.

"Now don' yo' be foolish, honey! I ain't no ghostis!" she protested. "I'se only *Carline*—des yo' look up an' see! I'se been follerin' yo' all de way f'om de hotel an' kickin' myse'f fo' de foolishness of gwine to sech a skittish place as dis yer! But I *'spected* yo' had de blue plate, an' I wanted to know wha' yo' was gwine ter do—yas, I sho'ly did. So"—with a wonderfully mellow tenderness in her deep, rich voice—"so yo' was gwine to put it on yo' pore mammy's grave, eh? Yo' pore chile!"

"But I didn't do it, Carline! I knowed I didn't git de plate fair an' square—an'—an' I wasn't gwine to leave it!" and Bedelia's little dusky face shone with triumphant virtue.

"Well, yo' is gwine to leave it now, chile! I resigns all rights in it—yo' hear? So des lay down de pieces, honey, an' we-all'll git out of heah as quick as we-all kin! Stop yo' cryin', yo' pore, li'le pickininny, yo'! Car-

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line's gwine to see if she cain't git yo' mammy a nice gravestone—yas, she is even if it means gwine without new dresses fo' a yeah! As fo' yo' an' me, honey, *we's* gwine to be *friends!* So don' you worry nor cry no mo'! I'se gwine to take keer of yo', yo' pore chile—I is—sho'ly!"

Bedelia reached up her thin little arms and folding them tightly around Caroline's plump neck, laid her head on Caroline's ample bosom. A warm, comfortable sense of love and protection filled her weary, sorrowful little being. And as the strong arms of her newly won friend carried her away from the gloomy shadows of the little city of the dead, she murmured rapturously:

"It's nice to put de blue plate on mammy's grave—to put it *honest!* An' de tombstone'll be mighty fine, but, O Carline, I 'spects what'll please my mammy de best of all, will be caze *you-all is gwine ter be kind to me!*"

Ahern, Political Appointee

By Edward B. Waterworth

POLICEMAN AHERN rubbed his mittened hands before the roaring stove in the Central District substation, and nodded inquiringly toward the door of the office.

"Who be that talkin' to th' sergeant?" he queried softly.

O'Geara, the "wagon man," stretched comfortably on a bench where he could enjoy the warmth, opened a drowsy eye.

"Some dago come in a bit back," he responded sleepily; "he's makin' a holler about somethin', I'm thinkin'."

"He sure must, comin' at four of the mornin'," agreed Ahern, relapsing into meditation, which was interrupted as the door suddenly opened and Sergeant Woodlaw appeared, followed by a small and deprecating Italian.

"It's all right, all right, Gazolla, I'm tellin' ye," said the sergeant with impatient tolerance. "Nobody's goin' to get wise that you tipped us off. We'll pinch the joint to-night, sure.

"You'll be all right," he continued, at a jumble of words from the visitor, "but if you feel a bit scared, I'll send the officer home with ye." And he jerked a thumb toward Ahern.

A violent negative came from the Italian, who sidled hurriedly across the room, peered into the cold gloom of the St. Louis winter's morning, and slipped softly out on to Chestnut Street.

"The dago put us next to that keno game over Sellezzi's saloon," explained the sergeant; "said he was cleaned out there, and wants to get even. I'll send the men around this evening and raid the place."

"Funny he dropped in this time av the day," volunteered O'Geara, "but I reckon he didn't want them other Guineas to see him comin' here."

"That's about it," agreed the sergeant. "I'll put ye in the squad to-night, Ahern. It'll be a good chance for a new man. Besides," he chuckled, "it'll give ye a chance to make a record. I see th' afternoon papers yesterday said ye were a p'litical app'intee."

"A what?" asked the younger man blankly.

"A p'litical app'intee," repeated the sergeant, with professional amusement.

"There's a holler about a lot of Maguire's friends. Here's the paper, if ye want to see it;" and he withdrew to his office with an expansive yawn, closing the door noisily behind him.

Ahern gazed, but not understandingly, at the article in the *Recorder* of the previous evening. It set forth the numerous recent appointments to the force, all, it said, gained by the influence of Jack Maguire, and concluded with a list of names and the comment that political favor seemed to be the sole essential for admission to the department.

Ahern pushed back his helmet and rubbed his hand over his forehead. To him the article came as a blow. In his six weeks on the force he had grown fond of his work. Already the bare, yellow-walled station, the big stove which heated the old-fashioned room, the flaring gas-jet beneath which he made his nightly reports, and even the black cat, drowsing on the rail, seemed a natural and a pleasant part of his life.

His active duties fascinated him. He liked to hear the sharp calls for the wagon, to leap on its step, as O'Geara hurriedly jerked the swinging harness on to the big roan and the bay; he liked the clatter of the gong as they started for the scene of an arrest. There was interest for him in the examination of prisoners, representing every kind of crime, brought in from the levee front. And he knew that he had already made a reputation for himself as a policeman who could handle even the

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most violent negro "rouster" and unfailingly land him in the holdover. Now he stared in dazed dismay at the journal's criticism. These few lines of print seemed to have put a wall between him and the work in which he hoped to spend his life. Even the surroundings seemed suddenly to have lost their pleasant familiarity.

So uncomprehending was the look upon the young man's face that the veteran O'Geara aroused himself to speak a word of cheer.

"Don't mind it, bye," he said; "ye'll get a lot of raps like that while yer on the foorce, but they needn't hurt ye none."

"Maguire recommended me, all right," said Ahern slowly, "but I had to get some one to go good for me. The board didn't know me. If I'd known Maguire wasn't just right, I might 'a' got some one else."

"You'd 'a' been handed one just the same," returned O'Geara composedly; "if ye'd got another set to stand for ye, it's another paper the rap would have been in, that's all. The campaign's comin' on and they wants capital."

"I passed th' examination as well as anybody," continued Ahern, still slowly, "and the cap'n says I've done all right since I've been on the beat."

"Did ye maybe put up a little money to the club or the wardman? Just to help things a bit?" asked O'Geara in a low tone.

"They told me somethin' about its bein' right," admitted Ahern, "and I wanted to help some. I needed the job, O'Geara. The wife's been sick, you know, and the new baby——"

"I know, bye, I know," said the older man kindly, "but just keep your head shut about that money. Them politicians shake us down and we've got to fall for it. Don't pay no attention to them knocks. They'll blow over. Ye see— What's that?"

From far up the street came wild, terrified shrieks, which made Ahern leap for the door, reaching for his revolver and shifting his club to his left hand, while O'Geara rolled ponderously erect and the hurried footsteps of the sergeant sounded across the floor.

As Ahern sprang outdoors, a quick glance showed him their recent visitor at the station, running frantically down the hill toward him —and not alone. For close behind came another man, gaining slowly but surely. As the pair passed a street lamp, burning garishly in the early dawn, Ahern caught the flash of a knife in the pursuer's hand.

Racing down the street just behind were two more men, and even as Ahern dashed toward pursuer and pursued, a streak of fire and a quick report showed that they also were armed.

"Hey, there!" bellowed Ahern commandingly, and shot in the air as he rushed forward, putting every ounce of strength into his effort. Fifty yards separated him from the first pair, then twenty, then ten. But as he came upon them, he saw the pursuer's arm go back and a scowl of vindictive hate distort his face—a scowl which the heavy barrel of Ahern's revolver knocked into a twisted snarl. The man fell, stunned from the blow, and the fugitive rushed into the clutch of O'Geara.

Without a pause Ahern sped toward the second pair, who had stopped, hesitatingly, near the mouth of a dark alley. But his gruff command to halt was answered by the whine of a bullet, which he returned promptly with shots from his own revolver, as the two slipped into the shadow and disappeared.

Rushing into the darkness, Ahern fired at the flashes of weapons which came from the gloom, and then fell heavily over an ash-barrel that blocked the areaway.

Stumbling to his feet, he darted down the labyrinth of passages between two rows of old commercial buildings, only to lose sight of the men before hurrying patrolmen and night watchmen from other beats, attracted by the shots, joined him in the search.

An hour's quest proved futile and Ahern returned to the station to make his report. Wild-eyed and shaking, Gazolla was seated before the sergeant, who was stroking his mustache thoughtfully and gazing at the man in perplexity.

"They got away up them side alleys," reported Ahern in answer to the sergeant's look of inquiry; "I got a look at them, though. That red-shirted guy had a scarred face I'd know again."

"Ye got one of them, all right," said the sergeant slowly, "and th' ambulance has called for him. He's bein' held at the City Hospital."

"What's it all about, sor?" asked Ahern.

"This dago says," responded the sergeant, "that them three followed him here and knew he squealed about losin' that money. Says he don't know their names. But even them kind don't go about committin' murder just for a deal like that. There's somethin' behind all this, I reckon.

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"I guess I'll just hold you for the captain, Gazolla," he continued; "maybe you'll decide to talk later."

And Gazolla, protesting, was taken to the rear and locked in a cell.

Sergeant Woodlaw stretched himself and glanced at the rapidly growing day.

"It's a good bit of work ye did, stoppin' that felly, Ahern," he said approvingly, "and, as it's gettin' light now, ye might as well take a turn down your beat. Make a trip round and then ye can take a run home for breakfast."

Ahern started to leave the station, then suddenly clapped a hand to his hip.

"Mike," he said to O'Geara, "have ye any 44-caliber cartridges? I fired all I had with me, up the street."

"I've got some 38's," answered O'Geara, eying Ahern's heavy frontier weapon. "It's a nice enough gun ye've got, but don't ye know the caliber the rules call for?"

"It's the cost of a new one," said Ahern, a trifle shamefacedly; "last month's pay went for doctor bills mostly—for the little ones. And I knew this gun was all right——"

"I see, I see," said O'Geara kindly; "here, take mine, if you're goin' out."

"No, ye might be called out," answered Ahern; "the sergeant said just to take a turn down the beat. I'll put the gun in the desk here and get some shells when I'm home."

He left the station with a heart warmed by the words of the sergeant. The knowledge that he had borne himself well took the sting from the newspaper criticism and he paced cheerfully down the sidewalks, jauntily swinging his club.

He glanced down the various alleys of the big storehouses, tried each door with a professional rattle, stopped a moment as he passed Walnut Street to glance at the white steam of the early ferry, coming from East St. Louis, and waved a hand of recognition at an acquaintance who clattered past in a bakery wagon, on his morning delivery rounds.

Ahern reached the limit of his precinct and stood for a moment to see that all was quiet. He glanced at the sunlight tingeing the tops of the buildings, although the spot where he stood was still in shadow, "shooed" suddenly at a vagrant cat, turned to retrace his steps, and cast one last look up a blind alley which led to the rear of a deserted warehouse.

And there, standing motionless at the farther end, were the two men he had pursued earlier in the morning.

At the first glance of recognition, Ahern realized, with a sudden tightening in his throat, that he was without his revolver.

In a flash he understood the whole situation. The men had been trying to creep from the neighborhood and he had surprised them in his leisurely walk down the street. Slinking up the alley, they found themselves in a trap and were now huddled against the wall, in the hope of avoiding notice. Armed he knew they were, and that they would fight he already had proof.

Instantly there followed a picture of the sick wife at home, and the youngest baby. Even as he paused in his stride, the quick thought came that he could pass apparently unseeing, could summon help, and trust to capturing the men in another chase. And as quickly, with a flush at the idea, his professional instinct asserted itself, and he turned up the alley, gripping his club and ordering the men sternly to "come out o' that."

There was no answer, but the scar-faced Italian scowled as he stepped aside out of his companion's way. Ahern saw the other's hand go to his pocket and leaped wildly toward him. The officer saw the quick glint of a revolver, sensed its flash, and felt a dull throb in his chest and another and another as he rushed forward and the man fired again and yet again.

In another bound he was upon the pair, and the scowl of the scar-faced man blazed suddenly into wild terror—a look that was effaced in a twinkling as the patrolman's club smashed into his features and sent him in a senseless heap to the ground. At the same moment one more bullet struck the officer and he plunged upon his second adversary.

Dropping his empty revolver, the man leaped straight at the policeman. Ahern's breath was coming in spluttering gasps and a black shadow seemed to surge against his eyes. But he closed with his antagonist, shortened his club, and, with convulsive force, drove its iron-shod end repeatedly against the man's head, the pair finally rolling to the ground together in an unconscious heap.

Policeman Silverstein, Hebraic, middle-aged, and well versed in his profession, was placidly walking his own beat, two blocks away, when the shots rang out. With instant understanding of what this might portend, he dashed over the boundary of his own precinct and rushed straight and unerringly to the scene, club in one hand, revolver in the other.

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The red-shirted man was just struggling faintly to rise. After giving him a discreet rap over the head with his nightstick, which crumpled him into a heap, Silverstein then bent over his brother officer and tenderly loosened Ahern's fingers from his assailant's throat.

"He's shot bad," he remarked to a timid private watchman, who made belated arrival from a neighboring factory; "we can't wait for the ambulance here. Call up on the box and tell O'Geara to bring the wagon here and we'll wait for the ambulance at the station."

Silverstein removed his overcoat, pillowed the head of the unconscious Ahern upon it, and commenced taking in the situation with a practised eye. He viewed the ground, called up the battle mentally, then suddenly scowled in perplexity, and commenced to search about the ground. Then he stooped and softly put his hand to Ahern's hip-pocket.

In mute bewilderment he turned and gazed at the watchman, who came puffing back from his errand.

"He didn't have no gun!" he ejaculated in dismay.

"Hell!" said the watchman. Then, with unconscious plagiarism he added: "When you do need a gun, you need it damned bad."

Brotherly hands lifted Ahern from the patrol-wagon to the bench at the substation, to await the arrival of the ambulance. With less consideration, the senseless prisoners were carried back to the holdover and laid on the floor, for old Ben to search.

With gentle kindness the men undid Ahern's uniform, and Sergeant Woodlaw shook his head as he saw the wounds and heard the whistling of the young man's gasping breaths.

"Through the lungs," he said gruffly, and turned aside.

An exclamation arose from the turnkey, who was bending over the two Italians.

"Here's the whole trouble, sergeant," he announced, holding out some oblong squares of copper and a bundle of yellow paper, while the men gathered round excitedly and the sergeant darted to his office, to return with a photograph which he keenly contrasted with the face of one of the prostrate forms.

"Must ha' thought the Guinea in the cell was turnin' up this plant instead of jest that gamblin' house, and they wanted to make sure of him," continued the turnkey with the complacency of the discoverer, just as Ahern weakly opened his eyes and turned his pale face toward them.

"It's a good bit of work ye've done the day," said the sergeant for the second time, in a voice he strove to render steady; "it's Ralozzi, the counterfeiter boy, and his pal. Wanted everywhere, and a big reward out for them. It's a thousand ye'll have to be spendin' when ye're on the beat again."

But Ahern, looking in the eyes of his comrades, smiled faintly.

"I'm glad there's a reward," he murmured; "there'll be somethin' for the wife—and the baby."

"Yis, yis," said the sergeant at the telephone, with gruff impatience, a few minutes later, as the "early men" of the afternoon papers besieged him with queries from the press-room at the Four Courts, "yis, th' officer's dead. Yis, it's Ralozzi, all right, and Ahern got him. Tell ye somethin' about th' officer's record? Who's this at the 'phone? Who? The *Recorder* man? Well," with grim sarcasm, "ye might just be sayin' he was a p'litical app'intee."

Succinct Sayings

By ERNEST NEAL LYON

Clothe your purpose in the sober fabric of performance, rather than in the showy gauze of promise.

Modesty is beautiful in the wood-violet, but superfluous for Wall Street.

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A Prediction Roll-Call

Continued from page 120

Their Money," I described Heinze, Clark, Cole, and Rogers in their latest frenzifying. Nowhere in the other sketch did I set down that these brazen buccaneers would openly agree to deliver a seat in the Senate of the United States as a part of a private copper deal *quid pro quo*. The story, however, is now the property of the American people: Rogers would not part with the dollars Heinze demanded for the copper goods he was to deliver, but would give the equivalent: if Heinze would sell for Rogers's price, he, Rogers, would see that Heinze got Clark's seat in the United States Senate!

Ho! Ho! you great, fearless American people! You descendants of Washington, of Jefferson, of Jackson, and of Lincoln! Toss aloft your proud heads; smite your bulging chests and let the world know that the Allees and the Kenneys who so appropriately represent you in the highest halls of legislation are to be joined by Heinze; that is, unless Heinze should swap off this particular United States senatorial seat in some of his numerous copper deals, or lose it in a poker game, or part with it upon one of his Red Light soirées!

A "SYSTEM" SUICIDE

As I write, the press of the country is spreading the story, "Henry H. Rogers's confidential man, Charles L. Spier, was found yesterday with a bullet-hole through his chest, a suicide. Spier, on the threshold of life, in a world of friends, with a beautiful, loving wife, had all happiness before him. He had followed Rogers's tips and loaded up with Amalgamated at 115, and on the break to 90 (which was supposed to have been engineered by Rogers and in which Rogers made millions) he went over the cataract, first attempting to save himself by using every dollar of his wife's money and transferring his life-insurance, which ran to her."

Hard upon the heels of the news of the death came the report that Rogers and Spier had had a violent scene shortly before Spier committed suicide.

Swiftly followed the discovery (Rogers himself admits the truth of the assertion) that in his desperate effort to save himself from ruin Spier had taken $200,000 of Rogers's bonds and, instead of delivering them to Rogers's brokers, had placed them with his own brokers to save his accounts from being sold out. He was thus a defaulter to the extent of $200,000.

Then, as a final chapter, Mrs. Spier publicly stated her belief that her husband did not commit suicide. Mysterious suggestions of villainy—"System" villainy—but this time in the very temple of the "System's" gods!

FRIENDS VICTIMIZED

Well, my level-headed American readers, you who have followed me from the beginning of my story and who were fearful that I might be exaggerating—after you have read the last few days' happenings, what do you think?

What say you now to my Leonard Lewisohn story, to my Sugar tale, to my visions of suicides and prison convicts? Out with it! What say you to the oft-repeated charge of my enemies that I let my imagination play hob with my facts?

The press notes that among the floral offerings at the Spier funeral was a magnificent wreath conspicuously tagged with the name of Rogers, and that Henry H. Rogers, Jr., was a pallbearer. A wreath and a pallbearer as peace-offerings to the sorrowing widow! Can it be that the Recording Angel, as he takes down the item, "One man, perfect in his Maker's image, marred with a bullet-hole, because of Amalgamated frenzied finance hellishness," will be induced to change the record because of one floral offering, one pallbearer?

I have seen Rogers, just before the stock broke wide open, load with Amalgamated two of his bosom friends, thereby momentarily making paupers of them—momentarily, for after they had lost, his generous heart prompted him to tide them over. It would not do to let the world know that one's two closest friends had been made paupers through one's tips on one's own pet stock.

"But," you ask, "what sense is there in a man's ruining his friends to save them afterward?" Your question shows the hopeless-

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ness of the task of trying to teach honest men and women the deviousness of frenzied finance. When Rogers's two friends bought Amalgamated and told *their* scores of friends that they were buying on *his* tip, those scores of friends reasoned: "No human being who had more millions than he could count, even a frenzied finance shark, would allow his two dearest friends to invest their limited all—a few hundred thousand—in his own pet stock, unless it were going to advance."

The far-seeing Rogers knew how his friends' friends would reason! His loot, coming through his friends' friends' investments, exceeded by millions his friends' losses that he afterward made good. Poor Spier did not live to tell whether he was being used by Rogers simply as a to-be-made-good stool-pigeon or whether he was plain grist. No human being except Rogers knows which he was; but when at last the Master of "Standard Oil," to use Bret Harte's pet expression, "passes in his checks"—for the great Master of "Standard Oil," in common with his unintentional stool-pigeons and his confiding victims, must some time pass them in—perhaps in that Great Far-off he will be called upon to balance this, his latest account, "Spier vs. Rogers."

Since the above was written, as the magazine goes to press the news comes that Rogers's dummy directors have just cut in two the Parrot dividend; that the stock is breaking wide open, the first drop on the announcement being from 36 to 26. If my "copy" day were lengthened forty-eight hours I might add a little to this long reckoning—another suicide or defalcation, perhaps, or perhaps both, for, coming in through the open windows of my workshop I hear an agonized wail from the scores who loaded up with Parrot in anticipation of a quick jump in the price. During the past ten days the mysterious press agent has been spreading far and wide the news: "The forthcoming dividend on Parrot is to be increased fifty per cent." Up to a minute before the dividend announcement, the stock was selling at its highest, and strong.

The ways of the Almighty are past all human understanding.

When the exquisite Pompeians in their pursuit of pleasure had cultivated lechery to a degree of refinement that made the beasts of the city abashed before their masters, the nobles and patricians decided to celebrate with a prolonged, cumulative, triumphal orgy the crossing of the line between man and beast. Then it was that the ashen, avenging torrent of Vesuvius entombed Pompeii, Pompeians, and Pompeian debaucheries, yet, with a skill no catacomb undertaker could boast, embalmed and preserved Pompeii's beauties and bestialities. Thus it is that in college classrooms the teacher of to-day, as he tears off the wrappings of centuries, can point out to youths who would worship the Pompeian gods, the penalties of excess.

When Rome was omnipotent, the Roman rulers decreed that there was but one God—a scarlet one. Around the flames of the red-wood pyre upon which Virtue burned, under a madder moon in a cinnabar sky, Rome, decked with poppies and rubies, danced the Saturnalia, gulping blood-red wine from garnet crystal. Rome and her greatness became rubescent, crimson. Then He struck simple flint with common steel, and the Burning of Rome, like the Fall of Babylon, will survive at the Luna Parks and Manhattan Beaches of the future, as a spectacle and a lesson for grown-up children.

KING DOLLAR'S SLAVES

What sensuality was to Pompeii, what pride was to Rome, the Massachusetts Legislature is to the Bay State. Ten years have hobbled rearward since I registered a vow to batter at the foundations of the fraud structure of Beacon Hill until it toppled. In my story I have shown some of the obstacles that beset the path of one whose goal is the capture, exposure, and branding of those who prostitute for gold themselves, their trust, and their country.

Up to the last lines before the break in the opposite column, marking the end of the copy I sent to catch the last forms in the body of the magazine, I showed how my ten years were at last beginning to bear fruit. At no time in the reign of the "System," that is, in the past quarter of a century, was the Massachusetts branch more tightly in the saddle than on the sixth day of last November. For years the Massachusetts Legislature, neither questioning nor hesitating, had done the bidding of King Dollar. Debauchery of the ballot-box, bribery in city and State offices, the purchase and sale of verdicts in the courts, and perjury everywhere were the proofs of obedience, of the subjection of the bootblacks to the padrone. During these

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years the lawmakers and law administrators were at all times on the block to the highest bidder. I have told you that they were bought and sold as are sausages and fish at the market and wharves. I TELL YOU NOW THAT THEY ARE BOUGHT AND SOLD LIKE PUTRID SAUSAGES AND STINKING FISH, IN BULK, AT FERTILIZER PRICES.

"SYSTEM" MENACED BY AN HONEST MAN

On the sixth of last November there were written on history's scroll the records of many important happenings. Among them was this item:

> "John B. Moran, independent, reformer, elected District Attorney of Suffolk County by 5,000 majority over the candidate who had the indorsement of both the Republican and the Democratic parties. Yesterday no one dreamed Moran had one chance in a thousand. How 'twas done no man can tell."

The ways of the Almighty are past human understanding.

To the people of Massachusetts this event was but a two days' wonder; then it passed on to Commonplaceville. The great corporations, and trust, banking, and stock promoters noted the happenings by summoning their lobbyists. They warned these buyers of juries and legislators to be cautious in their future trades, because Massachusetts knew John B. Moran to be an honest man, who could not be bullied or bought. This warning was the sum of the tribute paid by dollar kings and public-service debauchers to honor in office and honesty in man. The thought of abandoning their practise no more entered their fraud-tainted minds than did the thought that Moran's election would make any real difference in their business—the business of pillaging the people. Be it remembered that nothing but death or State prison will cause the "System" to halt, even for a moment, its blackjacking machinery. The insurance exposures did not cause Rogers and his associates to ease down the grinder a single revolution per minute. On the contrary, they opened out another one or two. After the Beef Trust investigation, and the Russell and Sinclair exposures, the packers slightly increased the percentage of diseased and rotten meat to show their contempt for the people's threats. These past masters in highwaymanry laughed to scorn the suggestion that the election of Moran, or a phalanx of Morans, could impede the grindings of their relentless crusher.

However, there was one man in the State who thought he saw in Moran's election promise of a far-reaching reform, one man who thought he heard in the confusion the inaugural tap that foretold the shattering of the gilded fetters. As he read the news he had a vision in which he saw a stout rope beginning in this November sixth ballot-box, passing around through the District Attorney's office, and creaking and groaning as if strained by a gigantic weight on the end, into a great, deep grave,—as deep as Beacon Hill is high. In first faint, fulfilment of his vision, he noted that John B. Moran had been in office but a few days when it began to dawn upon the Massachusetts end of the "System" that they were confronted by a new and unfamiliar issue. This dawning impression has grown, spread, and brightened into a vivid conviction.

As I stated earlier in this chapter, District Attorney Moran summoned the entire House of Representatives before the Grand Jury, but, finding that the first member indicted mysteriously escaped, he announced that he would suspend his examination of legislators until he had a new Grand Jury.

A FARCICAL INQUISITION

I showed how thereupon the Legislature rushed to head him off by instituting an investigation of itself by itself. From the beginning this comic-opera inquisition was carried on in that black-domino-yellow-skirt-"cross-my-palm-with-silver" atmosphere which causes plain man to wonder whether the rabbit is to be taken from his hat or the other fellow's ear. Beacon Hill took on a "move-quick,-don't-stand-in-one-spot-long-enough-to-have-them-trap-door-you" demeanor. The individual members sauntered about the corridors and legislative halls with their hands behind their backs and an "I'm-only-gazing-at-the-ceiling,-you-know" expression. Within and without the inquisitorial star chamber the very atmosphere whistled, "If you hear a hissing sizzle, jump for your life."

It must have been evident even to the paint-and-canvas statesmen on the walls that there was a violent enthusiasm about the whole affair bespeaking the possibility of a bomb explosion. The entire legislative army of suspects, including the bucket-shoppers themselves, were rushed in and out of the com-

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mittee's trap in much the same way as schoolboys play in-at-the-cellar-door-out-at-the-buttery-window tag. After a wait sufficiently long for the organs of the "Nail-my-vote-quick-or-the-other-side-will-get-it" branch of the Massachusetts Great and General Court to print on a constantly increasing scale the warning, "When Lawson's time comes, the public will see if he can go on accusing," etc., etc., my turn came. The headlines of the Boston papers, reproduced in facsimile in the opposite column, will cover my visit sufficiently to preserve the weave of my yarn.

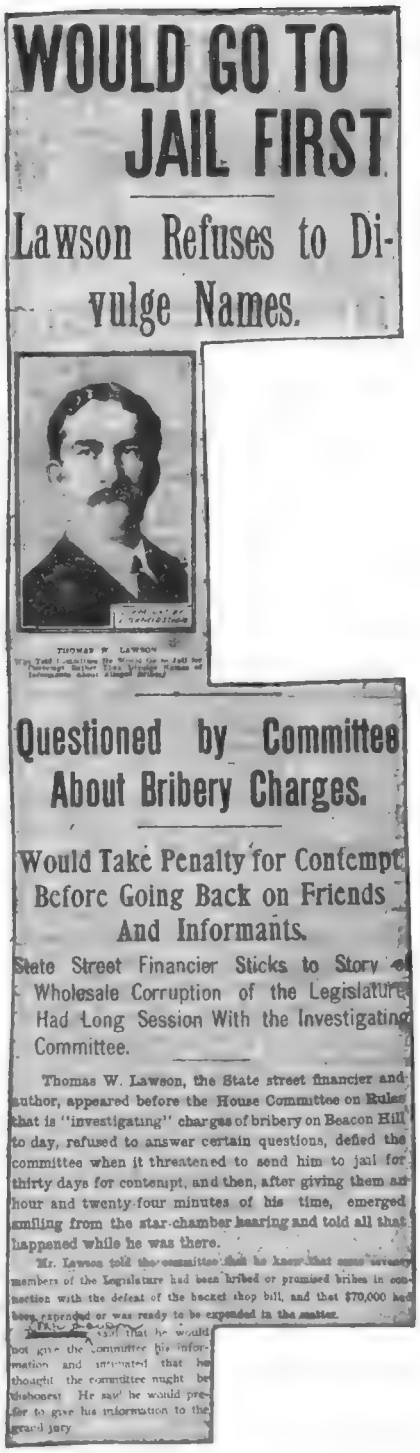
ACCUSER PUNCHED IN THE STATE HOUSE

After me came certain members of the Legislature. Then, in a by-the-keyhole route, from behind the sealed doors of the revelation-morgue was zephyred the startling news that a prominent member was testifying that another much-talked-of legislator had offered him on the floor of the House of Representatives $50 for his vote, and by way of inspiring confidence had assured him that he had a contract to buy a string of fifty like sausages at the same price. As the accuser emerged from the star chamber, the statesman whom he had accused waylaid him, and in the presence of the successors of the Adamses, Sumners, and Websters, uppercut him with a punch that would have made John L. Sullivan sit up and blink.

Indeed, the Massachusetts Legislature was doing justice to the time-honored tradition of the old Commonwealth, or, as one member put it to another who protested against the ruthless slaughter of time that could be better employed in locating some new dough-bag: "This investigation is a duty we owe the industries of our State. We must let up on our squeezing long enough for them to collect more coin. Besides," he chuckled, "the record of the past shows that for a season or two after every investigation, votes double in value."

At last the affair reached that "Husband,-am-I-putting-on-my-bonnet-straight?" stage which in all metropolitan theatres precedes the curtain's drop, and I thought it time to present the actors and the audience with the following bouquets, which I had brought along for the purpose of assisting in making this particular legislative show a success.

Curiously enough District Attorney Moran presented his compliments at the same time. Side by side in the press throughout the State on Sunday, May 27th, were the following verbal pinwheels:



WOULD GO TO JAIL FIRST

Lawson Refuses to Divulge Names.

THOMAS W. LAWSON

Questioned by Committee About Bribery Charges.

Would Take Penalty for Contempt Before Going Back on Friends And Informants.

State Street Financier Sticks to Story of Wholesale Corruption of the Legislature. Had Long Session With the Investigating Committee.

Thomas W. Lawson, the State street financier and author, appeared before the House Committee on Rules that is "investigating" charges of bribery on Beacon Hill to day, refused to answer certain questions, defied the committee when it threatened to send him to jail for thirty days for contempt, and then, after giving them an hour and twenty-four minutes of his time, emerged smiling from the star-chamber hearing and told all that happened while he was there.

Mr. Lawson told the committee that he knew that seventy members of the Legislature had been bribed or promised bribes in connection with the defeat of the bucket shop bill, and that $70,000 had been expended or was ready to be expended in the matter.

[illegible] said that he would not give the committee his information and intimated that he thought the committee might be dishonest. He said he would prefer to give his information to the grand jury.

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From the District Attorney of Suffolk County to the Massachusetts Legislature

"BOSTON, MASS., May 26, 1906.

"TO THE MEMBERS OF THE LEGISLATURE:

"Having publicly promised last fall that, when elected, I would take instant action with the Grand Jury on published allegations of crime, and having learned from newspaper articles that there existed evidence of bribery or attempted bribery of members of the Legislature, I presented to the Grand Jury on the first Monday of May conclusive and uncontradicted evidence of an offer to bribe made by a member of the Legislature to another member of the Legislature, upon which I had the right to expect and did expect an indictment.

"Some influence, unknown to me, pernicious in purpose and successful in effect, impeded the course of justice temporarily.

"Becoming satisfied that many members of the Legislature were properly the objects of suspicion and believing that by examination of each individual member I would be able to secure several indictments, I caused all the House members to be summoned to appear Thursday and Friday of Grand Jury week for examination.

"I did examine some forty, and the examination of the remainder was postponed to the sitting of the Grand Jury in June.

"Incriminating testimony before the Grand Jury would not of itself exempt the giver of it from punishment for his confessed crime.

"Immunity could be granted only by the District Attorney and would be granted only to further the ends of justice by securing evidence against the principals in crime.

"With a twenty-year experience in criminal law I had the whole affair well in hand when, for a purpose not then disclosed but now too apparent, the members of the House began an investigation, by its Committee on Rules, of the very same matters which I had presented and was in June to present to the Grand Jury.

"With my course of procedure the innocent were safe, and the guilty were sure of detection, exposure, and conviction.

"Deserving commendation, I received condemnation and abuse from the Legislature and an adverse press.

"Despite this adverse criticism hurled at me, the House mimics my procedure, establishes an imitation Grand Jury tribunal, and calls before it every member of the House and many outside witnesses, among them one Flanagan, now under indictment as a result of my efforts in securing evidence of bucket-shop gambling.

"There is one important legal difference between the Grand Jury proceeding conducted by me and the faked imitation presided over by the Committee on Rules, a majority of whom assisted in killing the bucket-shop bill, in the killing of which the alleged bribery took place.

"That difference in plain English is as follows:

"A criminal can be indicted, convicted, and sentenced, even though he confesses or incriminates himself in the Grand Jury room.

"A criminal cannot be indicted, convicted, or sentenced, if he testifies before a legislative committee of the General Court or of either branch thereof, for or on account of any action, matter, or thing concerning which he then testifies or produces evidence in any way or to any extent tending to incriminate him.

"The law sustaining the proposition just above is found in Section 17 of Chapter 3 of Revised Laws of Massachusetts amended by Act of 1902, as follows:

"'A person shall not be excused from attending and testifying before either branch of the General Court or before a committee thereof upon a subject referred to such committee on the ground that his testimony or evidence, documentary or otherwise, may tend to incriminate him or subject him to a penalty or forfeiture, but he shall not be prosecuted or subjected to a penalty or forfeiture for or on account of any action, matter, or thing concerning which he may so testify or produce evidence, except for perjury committed in such testimony.'

"Flanagan under indictment and notified to be ready for trial next week was called before your committee and, as I am informed, was questioned as to his business connection with Quinlan, who is the person nominally carrying on the bucket-shop, and also as to his methods of conducting said business.

"He furnished evidence against himself upon matters which I would be compelled to call witnesses to prove at his trial. Thus absolute immunity has been granted him. I can no further prosecute him on the indictment now pending against him without myself violating the plain provision of the above statute.

"I had a representative as clearly within the toils of the law as a man could be without an actual indictment, but if his testimony before the committee is in effect what I have been informed it is, he, too, is now by the committee's conduct and by virtue of the statute immune from prosecution.

"In all probability every man who testified before the committee has sworn to some fact which the Commonwealth would have to prove

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in a criminal prosecution by evidence, and if this be so not a single witness can be prosecuted except for perjury.

"The results which I sought and had already within my grasp have been snatched from me by a committee proceeding, farcical in its conduct, vicious in its results, and iniquitous in its conception.

"Had every member of the House been corrupt and scheming for exemption from punishment no more successful device could have been conceived to accomplish this purpose by minds trained in crime and developed in the art of evading its penalties than the one adopted.

"With several lawyers on the committee and with the Attorney-General present to add his learning to its wisdom and his dignity to its hearings and his skill to its examinations, it is inconceivable that the scheme was not well thought out, that its purpose was not well defined, that its results were not foreseen.

"If ignorance of the law be pleaded by them in extenuation of public condemnation due their conduct I trust they will find some few who will criticize them not too harshly, but will in apology declare that they knew no better.

"To the public I commend them for their skill or want of it, for their honesty or want of it, for their knowledge or want of it.

"To the Attorney-General I suggest a perusal of a treatise on legal ethics or on laws.

"JOHN B. MORAN."

Proclamation

To the People of Massachusetts

Never in the history of a State has such an indignity been set down as that which will go upon the records with the wind-up of the "bribery investigation" of the Massachusetts Legislature.

There are dark pages in the tomes which tell of the past of the Massachusetts Legislature. It is bribe-lore that legislators have been bought in droves and delivered in chalked gangs.

It is tradition that during a certain investigation of bribery a member burst into the office of the chief executive who had charge of the bribe-tray, and at the muzzle of a gun marched the head lobbyist to a Congress Street trust company, refusing to put up the gun until his $2,500 bribe-wage had been paid over. But all such entries on history's scroll, compared with the liming of this Legislature, are as apple-blossom trails to the leakings of sewage carts.

Let the people of Massachusetts take in the trick just pulled off and hang their heads in shame. If they have red blood in their veins they will uncork a howl in comparison with which the famous one that went "swirling through Rome" will be recalled as a lullaby.

In the middle of this session's unbridled debauchery a bill to abolish bucket-shops was introduced in the Senate.

The word was given: "Let it pass to the House. Bucket-shoppers will get frightened and will spend a barrel of money to stop it, and all the boys will get a share."

At once it became known that a fund of $75,000 was on tap, and the Beacon Hill Sappers & Miners' Brigade was at "Present Arms":

Leaders and committeemen, $2,500 to $4,000 each;

Four members with lists aggregating 124 members to be secured at $100 each.

The four members had but started in when there was "talk."

The four rounders-up, Democrats, while paying $100 each to members of their own party, cut the price of Republicans to $50. This brought about competition among themselves, and to fill out their quota they made the error of approaching honest members—there are some honest members in the present Legislature.

The Bucket-Shop Bill was killed, with plenty of votes to spare. The rounders-up were enabled to cover their tracks by voting contrary to the way they bought.

No man dreamed there would be any fuss—any more fuss than about the numerous other brazen briberies at the present session.

But there was a new District Attorney in Suffolk County, a new kind of public official—an honest man, a man who could not be bullied, browbeaten, or bought;

A man who would prefer a trip through hell barefooted with Duty to an automobile ride through dollar paradise.

John B. Moran summonsed the Legislature to the Grand Jury room.

At the finish of the first day his trap had an inmate.

Then it was that the machinery was started.

This handwriting appeared upon the wall:

"If the trapped briber is not saved, his list of purchased members will be forthcoming";

"The listed ones will turn up the bucket-shoppers";

"The bucket-shoppers, the committeemen and leaders";

"All the bribed and bribing gentlemen of this and other sessions will be exposed, and—chaos";

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"For the balance of this session no quorum can be had except in Charlestown or Canada";

"The railroads, banks, trust and industrial companies for years will be compelled to hold directors' meetings in foreign countries or penal institutions."

Then the handwriting changed:

"All bribe-takers and-givers will be absolutely protected";

"Let no one give down; let no one turn up his pals, and all will be protected."

And all through the halls of legislation went this mysterious, parentless edict.

At the end of Grand Jury week the Grand Jury's report showed the handwriting was not the work of impotent imagination.

The District Attorney's trap had been pried open; the captured bird had flown.

While the State was yet dazed, the hidden wheels began a lightning whirl.

The Legislature authorized its Committee on Rules to take the investigation from the hands of the fearless, honest District Attorney.

It put behind this committee the full power of the State.

The committee announced that it would sit as a secret, star-chamber court;

That every member of the Legislature, all bucket-shoppers, and all others accused would be examined.

Simultaneously with this announcement, the handwriting again shifted:

"Let every bribe-giver and bribe-taker and associated criminals stand firm. Let them fear nothing. No man will suffer except those honest ones who 'peach.'"

The entire State marveled, but the scores of bribers and bribed showed absolute confidence.

None suspected the mighty power which had birthed this latest handwriting.

At the beginning of this farce-tragedy I hesitated whether to expose the plot or to allow it to play out to the curtain-drop. I decided upon the latter as being the surer means of showing the for-years-tricked-and-deluded people of Massachusetts in all their naked hideousness the frauds which had been oppressing them.

Upon the statute-books of Massachusetts there is a law which says that any man testifying before an investigating committee can never thereafter be made to suffer for anything about which he has been questioned or anything in any way connected therewith.

All that was necessary to give absolute immunity to all bribed members of the Legislature or to those who had bribed them was to bring them before the committee, question them, and dismiss them

It mattered not if they confessed to giving and taking bribes—they were absolutely protected once they had crossed the investigators' chamber.

Every member of the House is now guaranteed freedom from all punishment.

All bucket-shop bribers are now as free as honest men.

One and all they may now go before the Grand Jury and confess, and they cannot even be tried by any court in the land.

So awful has been the result of this act which has been perpetrated upon the people of Massachusetts that the head of the bucket-shoppers, who is now under indictment for keeping a gambling-hell, and who was to have been tried for his offense next week, must be turned loose.

Was it any wonder that every bribe-taker and bribe-giver brazenly demanded to be taken before the committee?

His demand meant, "I want to be freed from all possibility of punishment."

So literally true was the handwriting which said that "no criminal shall be punished if he stands firm, no one shall be punished save those innocents who accuse," that the honest member who did accuse was promptly punched, when he came from the committee room, by the member accused.

Was it any wonder I laughed in the committee's face when they demanded my list of criminals that they might summons them, and thereby be sure they had missed none in their dealing out of absolution?

Was it any wonder that I was the only one of all the scores summonsed who laughed at the solemn protestations of the committee?

Now it is for the citizens of Massachusetts to decide what they are going to do about this latest and most astounding atrocity put upon them—what are they going to do about it?

It is now a long ten years that I have been prying away at the black foundation of this fraud structure. It has been a long, painful task, but I knew that sooner or later the day would come when the structure would be toppled, burying beneath its slime-covered timbers the criminals—an object-lesson to their kind for ages to come.

Toppling time is now here, and the people of Massachusetts, in dealing with this climaxing crime, have the world for an audience.

The following letter from my counsel will show the trick in all its legal clearness:

> MR. THOMAS W. LAWSON,
> 33 State Street, Boston.
>
> *Dear Mr. Lawson:* Replying to your inquiry relative to the effect on witnesses summoned and on subsequent criminal proceedings if the Legislature, by a committee, investigates alleged bribery of its members, I advise you as follows:
>
> *First:* A witness duly summoned before a legislative committee to which the Legislature has given full powers may be compelled to appear and answer, or, finally, be adjudged in contempt. Nor, as the statutes now stand, can he be excused from answering on the ground that the answer would incriminate him.
>
> *Second:* A witness who so appears and

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testifies upon a subject referred to such committee "shall not be prosecuted or subjected to a penalty or forfeiture for or on account of any action, matter, or thing concerning which he may so testify or produce evidence, except for perjury committed in such testimony." Revised Laws of Mass., Ch. 3, Sect. 17.

In 1871 one Henry Emery refused to answer certain questions propounded by the Senate on the constitutional ground that the answers would incriminate him. The statute then provided that the testimony of such witness should not be used against him in any criminal proceeding. The court held that this was not a sufficiently broad amnesty to compel the witness to testify; he might otherwise be compelled to disclose the circumstances of his crime and thereafterward be prosecuted on other evidence; hence he need not testify. Emery's case, 107 Mass., 172.

The same result was reached by the Supreme Court of the United States under a similar statute. Counselman *v.* Hitchcock, 142 U. S., 547.

Our statutes are now broader than they were in 1871, and *not only exempt the witness from prosecution on the evidence he may give, but from any prosecution whatever on any matter concerning which he testifies.*

Such a statute is in my opinion constitutional. It is true that the pardoning power rests with the Governor and Council and is to be exercised only after conviction. Constitution of Mass., Ch. II., Article VIII.

The statute in question is, however, not a pardon but a general amnesty which may be granted in behalf of persons who are subject to trial but who have not yet been convicted.

Such a statute has been upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States. Brown *v.* Walker, 161 U. S., 591.

See also the recent Beef Packers case.

I therefore conclude that if members of the Legislature or others testify "concerning" alleged bribery before a committee to which such subject is referred, *they cannot afterward be prosecuted for the bribery "concerning" which they testified, even though they testify ever so little.* Very truly yours,

(Signed) HOMER ALBERS.

May 26, 1906. THOMAS W. LAWSON.

TO THE HONORABLE CURTIS GUILD, JR.

May 26, 1906.

TO THE HONORABLE CURTIS GUILD, Jr.,
Governor of Massachusetts,
State House, Boston, Mass.

YOUR EXCELLENCY: At the present time the boldest band of criminals that has ever degraded our State is working out a monstrous outrage upon the people.

Already absolute immunity from punishment has been granted scores of criminals.

Already the machinery has been set in motion to free other criminals from all consequences of their crimes.

As a citizen of Massachusetts, it is my privilege to call upon you to prevent this contemplated dastardly outrage.

The enclosed copy of a statement I have just made to the people of our State and one to the Legislature will give you details of what has been done and what is contemplated.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,
(Signed) THOMAS W. LAWSON.

TO THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE

By the acts of your Committee on Rules, sitting in star chamber, absolute immunity has already been granted scores of criminals.

I believe it is the intention of the committee to bring before it a large number of other criminals whose appearance will bring immunity from punishment for crimes committed at former sessions of the Legislature and crimes committed outside the Legislature, such as frauds in stock transactions, etc.

As a citizen of Massachusetts, I deem it my privilege to demand that the Legislature at once withdraw the power it has conferred upon its Committee on Rules to grant absolution to red-handed criminals, and particularly to withdraw such power now, before this committee may have the opportunity of freeing certain members of the committee itself from the consequences of bribe-giving and bribe-taking.

May 26, 1906. THOMAS W. LAWSON.

TO THE BRIBE-GIVERS AND BRIBE-TAKERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE

Henceforth it will be your privilege to work at your vocation in the open.

In the light of present conditions it will only be necessary for you to secure a majority of the members of the Senate or House.

With this majority you can appoint an investigating committee and—the trick is pulled off and the consequences slammed shut.

That the possibilities of this condition outpipe any of your former dreams will be evident to your ebonized ooze imagination.

To illustrate:

The State House can at once and with perfect safety be confiscated for a State bucket-shop, with the State treasury as the kitty, the bribe-givers as dealers, and the bribe-takers as customers, while

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the different State institutions can be turned into distilleries and breweries.

May 26, 1906. THOMAS W. LAWSON.

As I write these lines (the following Monday), consternation reigns, and I wonder if the Almighty in His marvelous workings is going to allow the historian to make the following entry:

"After years of brazen, contemptuous defiance of the laws of God and man—after honest men had begun to despair of putting an end to Massachusetts legislative prostitution, the most venal Legislature of them all, that of 1906, in the height of its insolent debauchery, was caught in the belting of its own thresher and stripped. So revolting was the hideous nakedness that all the people were amazed, horrified, galvanized. In 1906 the people of Massachusetts rose, and—for a decade the whisper 'investigation' had the same effect in the halls of Beacon Hill as a Kansas cyclone with a return-trip ticket." I wonder.

A Hero and a Horror

Upton Sinclair and the Beef Trust

THE route of an avalanche is not man-planned. Once an avalanche starts, God help him who tries to sidetrack it!

To-day, from our hills, in our valleys, on our plains, and over the waters from foreign lands, a cry of horror rings, and the million voices of its resounding reverberations shriek "Beef Trust!"

But once before has our generation shuddered at an outcry loud enough to startle the world. When the shroud that covered the hideous deeds of London's Jack the Ripper was torn aside, man's stomach revolted, woman's face blanched. As a shiver is to a spasm, as a zephyr to a whirlwind, was the affrighted cry "The Ripper!" to the angry, horror-laden bellow "Beef Trust!" There was but one Jack the Ripper; he was penniless, crazy. The compounders of the deadly Beef Trust poison are legion. They array themselves in fine linen, and Intellect is one of their lesser deities. Jack the Ripper was discovered but to be lost. Unwritten records say he was thrown into a vat of quicklime. The English, when they uncover unspeakable filth, will not tolerate the stench. America merely holds her nose while the Beef Trust continues to till its acres of pollution.

It gives me joy beyond expression to lay my mite of tribute at the feet of the young hero who has shown the world in what foul slime the Beef Trust fortunes sprout and multiply as noxious weeds.

To show to the American people the brave, tireless, indomitable toiler for better things, the workman who keeps his ears closed to the taunts of his coward fellows, his eyes open to their snares, his face toward the sun; to show the "System" and the "System's" pander horde that when the people shall be thoroughly awakened, the sum total of the "System's" malignant deviltries will be no more important than the emptyings of a city's sewage into God's great ocean, I will tell the brief tale of Upton Sinclair.

It was but a few months ago that I received from him this telegram:

"Have sent you the manuscript of 'The Jungle.' When you read it let me come to Boston and see you—please do."

Then came a note from a hero of heroes, a pioneer in an unselfish cause, a laborer who dodges the bricks when blind prejudice batters down his structure, and who, when he has earned a rest and a reward, begins his work anew—one of the really great Socialists:

"Don't fail, Mr. Lawson, to give Upton Sinclair a lift. He sorely needs it, but he'll win. He is as true as steel, the kind that makes the swords which free nations and worlds from bondage and oppression. See him and do what he asks."

Then a letter from Sinclair's loving father. I wish I might print it in full, but I cannot, for in a postscript he says:

"I shall have to ask you to treat this communication in confidence. I may not please my son in meddling with his private affairs."

Notwithstanding, I cannot resist the temptation to lift a corner of the curtain on one paragraph of the exquisite, fatherly letter:

"'The Jungle' will be sent you in hopes that you may be interested in my boy's welfare and cause. You can do more than any living man (provided, of course, you feel it is in a cause that is *right*). Kindly look deeper into this matter and help along a noble, fine young man, of whom you will surely learn more later on."

This was the work necessary before Upton Sinclair, the youngest muck-raker, but one of the noblest of them all, could get even a hearing for that story which an awestruck world is reading to-day with gasps of horror and amazement. Three thousand dollars of the cost of getting his revelation into type he had

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collected in contributions of fifty cents and a dollar from those who could ill spare it, and throughout he suffered those soul-tortures that only a Sinclair can suffer and that the "System" so skilfully inflicts on those who go upon its trail.

It leaked out that I was taking an interest in Sinclair and his work. Soon I received a letter from one of the country's great editors. From it you can figure out the unstable status of the muck-raker who delves only that his fellows may stand upon clean, dry soil; for it is written not by a "System" hireling, but by one who continuously and fearlessly battles against the "System," one who today, but a few weeks after the penning of the following letter, displays Upton Sinclair's writings on the front page of his paper, and within prints double-leaded editorial laudations of their results.

"—— tells me that you are going to help Upton Sinclair bring out 'The Jungle.' Don't do it, Lawson. It will be a mistake—one that will set back your cause and will lose you prestige at a time when you are making great strides with the class who have all along refused to take your work for what we know it to be. This large, solid, merchant and middle capitalistic class is indispensable to any successful movement in this country, and they will not stand for one who stands for such a book as 'The Jungle.'

"I don't care how honest and sincere Sinclair may be, and I believe he is as honest and sincere as you or I—yes, I will go further, for I believe his book shows a true condition, and one that cries aloud for change, but the book is damned by its unprintable contents.

"This is no fault of Sinclair's; it is the fault of his selection of a subject. The American people will never forgive any one who puts into cold type the disgusting vileness which he has unearthed. Decent people will be roused against the Beef Trust, but nevertheless they will not forgive the man who holds up this filth before women and children.

"I hope you will think long and carefully before you put yourself behind Sinclair's book, for I feel it may be the irretrievable mistake we have been hoping you would not commit."

In my reply, among other things, I said:

"I have decided—and I will not recant—that I will do what is in my power to get before the world 'The Jungle' and all of Sinclair's writings. I do this fully recognizing the horror with which Americans, particularly American women and children, will view this reeking mass of putrid facts.

"On the other hand, as I have told you before, the evil is so awful, and, if unconquered, its ultimate consequences will be so surpassingly dreadful to our people and our country, that any one is justified in using the most heroic treatment to work the cure. That cure is the crushing to death, beyond all possibility of resurrection, of the hellish 'System' which underlies, encompasses, and pervades all this body-mind-and-soul-killing rottenness.

"To work this cure, I believe Sinclair is justified in laying before the American people in big, bold, cold print, not only his 'Jungle,' but the worse conditions which he knows exist in Packingtown, and which were too unutterably and inhumanly foul for even his 'Chamber of Horrors.' If, to stand until the end for the spreading of these facts, in order that fiends may no longer take from the people their wages and give to them disease and death, it be necessary for me to go down with the American people, I will go down, and willingly."

After one publisher had canceled his contract to put "The Jungle" before the people, another firm agreed to publish the book if its lawyer, upon his own examination, should find the conditions Sinclair pictured. The lawyer found them—and worse.

Then EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE secured Sinclair's article in answer to J. Ogden Armour, published in the May issue.

Then—how quickly and thickly come the boats and the life-buoys once one's ship reaches harbor!—came offers galore.

Then the boss Muck-raker of us all, President Roosevelt, read "The Jungle," and—the gong struck for the Beef Trust.

All that remains now is interment, unless the American people as a relief for their feelings, which now are rumbling like Vesuvius, should decide upon a hanging bee—legal hanging, of course, I mean, the sort of hanging to which courts sentence deliberate, premeditating poisoners.

One word more before I leave Sinclair and his work. I want to ask of my readers a favor—for the first time: Read Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle," and see that every red-blooded American of your acquaintance reads it, too. Then, think!

Mr. Lawson will continue his ***Revelations in High Finance*** in the August number.

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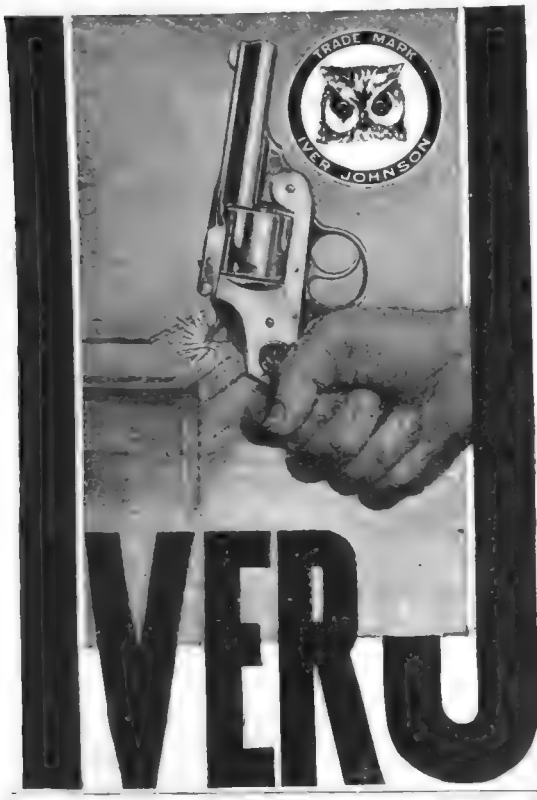

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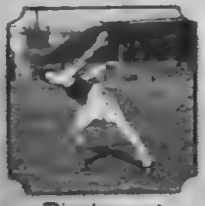

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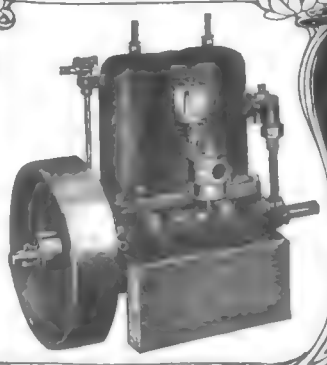

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Our plan of receiving deposits by mail gives you this same advantage in a bank where capital and surplus of

Six Million Dollars

insures you against the possibility of loss.

The Citizens Savings and Trust Co.—Cleveland

The oldest and largest institution of its kind in the State of Ohio.

Established 1868

Assets over

42

Million Dollars

Mail This Coupon Today or Send Your Address on a Postal Asking for Booklet E.

The Citizens Savings and Trust Company, Cleveland, O.
Send me your free booklet E describing your system of "Banking by Mail."

Name.....

Address.....

Mention Everybody's Magazine when you write to advertisers

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A TALK ON ADVERTISING SERVICE

THE article reproduced on this and the opposite page is from Printers' Ink, the most prominent and independent advertising journal in America.

The editors of Printers' Ink wrote and published this article on their own initiative after making the most complete and comprehensive investigation of advertising agency methods for the benefit of their readers.

Lord & Thomas are reproducing the article this month in thirty-five leading magazines at an expense of over $20,000.00.

Because they believe this report by so great and independent an authority as Printers' Ink constitutes a matter of concern to all who are interested in that most interesting part of modern commerce—modern advertising.

PRINTERS' INK.

A JOURNAL FOR ADVERTISERS.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE NEW YORK, N. Y., POST OFFICE, JUNE 29, 1898.

VOL. LV. NEW YORK, APRIL 18, 1906. NO. 3.

MODERN ADVERTISING SERVICE.

ORGANIZATION OF THE LORD & THOMAS ADVERTISING AGENCY—NOW SAID TO BE THE LARGEST AGENCY IN THIS COUNTRY—HOW MAIL ORDER AND GENERAL ADVERTISING ACCOUNTS ARE OPERATED SIDE BY SIDE, EACH HELPING THE OTHER—WRITING GOOD COPY AND WATCHING AND RECORDING RETURNS EQUALLY IMPORTANT.

Lord & Thomas now claims the distinction of being the largest general advertising agency in the United States.

No American Advertising Agency has ever made a statement showing as much business as they show.

They claim leadership not only in the gross amount of advertising cleared through their organization, but also in the number of individual accounts on their books.

These numbered 685 in February.

It is said that no other agency has ever shown more than 200.

Lord & Thomas gave the following extensive insight into their methods the other day for Printers' Ink. They said:

"While ours is the largest agency in the country, we do not seek to handle large accounts to the exclusion of small ones.

In fact, we would hesitate to confine operations to a half-dozen very large accounts.

We seek particularly accounts ranging from $1,000 to $3,000 a year, and to scatter a large number of them over a wide range of commodities.

So we are placing advertising today for a wider range of commodities and articles, perhaps, than any other agency.

We are the largest agency because we have built up hundreds of small accounts.

For this reason our whole organization is designed to give the smallest, as well as the largest, advertisers individual attention.

Our growth depends on it.

And we have data about results from so many advertisers that our service could not possibly be obtained from any agency with fewer accounts and a narrower range of commodities to push.

The very fact that we market so many different articles through advertising gives us experience and judgment invaluable to any advertiser.

Our accounts are divided into two great branches—General Advertising and Mail Order Advertising.

This year we will place approximately $2,500,000 in general business and $1,500,000 in mail order lines, a total of $4,000,000.00.

Our mail order accounts bring us absolute data upon the pulling power of different forms of copy and also show the pulling power of each individual newspaper, magazine, mail order, farm, religious and trade journal.

On this data we depend for knowledge that enables us to start a general advertiser with the right copy, in the right mediums from the very beginning, and give him returns that mean growth, without the waste of money that would come from experimental work.

Our contract names twelve duties which we agree to perform for the advertiser, constituting what we understand by the word service.

It also binds the advertiser to certain duties which he must faithfully carry out for our guidance.

He must, when and where it is practicable, make a weekly report on returns from his advertising, specifying the number of replies and orders received from each separate piece of copy and each separate medium in mail order campaigns, and the amount of traceable increase in sales due to his advertising when goods are sold through retailers.

On our part, we bind ourselves to compare the returns and sales shown in each advertiser's report with reports and statistics of other clients, ascertaining each week whether his advertising is paying as well as it ought to and discovering defects when it is not. Of course, we treat all these reports in strict confidence. This information is tabulated in what we call our "Record of Results."

The latter is the guiding spirit of our business.

It gives us positive knowledge about copy and mediums in widely varied lines of publicity, minimizes experimental work, eliminates the element of chance.

By making more certain the returns for our clients it means our growth, and we have developed this Record of Results for six years.

No other agency in the world has anything like it.

With this body of information, pouring in weekly from scores of advertisers in all lines, embracing returns from every good publication in the country on clothing, foods, stoves, medicines, mail merchandise and every form of commodity, we quickly discover obscure publications that are strong, prominent ones that are weak.

Sixty-six per cent of general advertising checked by thirty-four per cent of mail order publicity is a ratio we carefully maintain, because we believe that mail order advertising is an invaluable guide to safe procedure in general advertising when properly interpreted.

The same kind of copy that pulls best for a mail order commodity will, when rightly adapted, also get money out of people's pockets in the stores.

Our Record of Results shows many surprising cases where small publications pull better than big ones.

When a publication begins to pay it can't remain hidden long from us because of our Records.

Many old publications of immense prestige have circulations that have been worked over and over again, so that their general

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reputations among advertisers is often out of all proportion to the actual returns they bring from keyed advertisements.

Other mediums, comparatively new or just being built up, without much prestige, may have a new, live, growing circulation that makes them highly profitable.

For example, in a certain Southern city there is a certain daily newspaper of wide reputation, old and great in circulation.

It has a competitor in the same town, new and with smaller circulation.

We tried out both papers on mail propositions with astonishing results in favor of the smaller paper.

Then a general commodity, selling in stores was tried in both with the same result.

Many of our clients were then put into this new medium, and nearly all got sales and inquiries at one-third the cost in the older paper. Our clients get into such a medium long before its reputation is established generally.

Our system of centralized records based on reports from advertisers, not only indicates the line of least resistance quickly and infallibly, but the expenditure of our largest client serves as a guide in the development of our smallest, and vice versa.

Advertisers seldom realize how quickly the character of a circulation may change.

A mail order advertiser, for instance, may find a certain publication one of his most profitable mediums for several seasons.

He drops out some summer.

When he begins in the fall that paper does not pay, for some reason.

The publication has always paid, and it is the last thing he blames.

Five or six failures may be necessary before he is willing to distrust the paper.

But we have received a report of failures from a dozen advertisers on that paper.

So the paper comes under suspicion.

If it is really weak, all our advertisers are out within a month, and there is a big aggregate saving.

Think what this means in dollars to the small advertiser.

How does this work out for a general advertiser?

Well, take the case mentioned of the two dailies in the Southern city.

The returns for mail advertising in the smaller paper woke us up.

We investigated at close range and found that all the retail advertisers in that city were using the smaller paper, too.

They were alive to conditions.

So we put our general advertisers into it.

One of them sent us $2000 for the older paper while this investigation was going on.

We explained the situation.

He sent a representative to that town and found that his advertising would probably bring three times as much results in the smaller paper, or 300 per cent more returns for his money.

He changed his order, and got the increase expected.

Other advertisers and agencies are still going into the wrong medium on its general reputation.

Our centralized records also indicate the most effective kinds of copy.

A page in Munsey's costs $500.

It may bring $5000 to an advertiser in returns, or only $2.

The difference in results from so good a medium will be due to copy—nothing else whatever.

What goes into the space—that makes the difference.

Our Copy Department is so organized that no writer handles more than twelve accounts a year—or fewer, probably, than with any other agency in the country.

While our knowledge of mediums is vital, our Record of Results brings it, you might say, almost automatically.

Therefore, ninety per cent of the thought, energy and cost of running our agency goes into copy.

The line between successful and unsuccessful copy is not broad.

But it is definite.

General advertising copy has always been allowed a wide margin for errors because results could not be traced under old conditions.

Mail order advertisers have allowed no margin for errors, but demanded exactitude and keyed replies.

With our records from mail order advertising we know to a certainty the copy that brings the greatest returns in actual sales and this definite knowledge we apply to general advertising so far as practical.

And our copy department is so organized that though a writer were the best copy-man in the country the element of personality in his work for any of our clients would have less to do with the pulling power of the copy than the selling reasons it embodied, based on our Record of Results.

The lesson constantly taught by these records to our staff makes each writer stronger, because he is guided by positive knowledge, and his work is more certain than it possibly could be without our organization, because he is working on definite data, along definite lines, for definite ends."

* * *

Lord & Thomas took a great deal of pains to show Printers' Ink the inner workings of the Record of Results department.

Eight people do nothing else but tabulate and file information from scores of advertisers' reports.

The cold, hard figures, in dollars and cents, go down on cards that are classified according to copy and publications.

Probably the pulling power of copy and media is nowhere shown up so completely—at least this side of Judgment Day.

Pull out a card and there will be found on it the record of returns for the last week on from three to three dozen different commodities.

Each piece of copy and each medium brought so many replies and sales for each advertiser at such and such cost—and there is no way of getting behind the returns.

In the past six years it has cost $100,000 to maintain this record cabinet.

IF YOU are seriously interested in advertising — if you contemplate advertising—if you care to investigate the possibility of increasing the results from your present advertising — Lord & Thomas will be pleased to explain to you in person the details of their service.

Lord & Thomas are about to issue a series of small books (cloth bound) covering advertising — newspaper, magazine and outdoor — in all its phases.

The value of the information and data these books contain cannot be measured by the price they were intended to sell at — $4.00 — but Lord & Thomas will gladly send them free to any interested advertiser or anyone contemplating advertising.

LORD & THOMAS

ESTABLISHED 1873

Largest Advertising Agency in America

Annual Volume Placed for Clients

CHICAGO Approaching $4,000,000.00 NEW YORK

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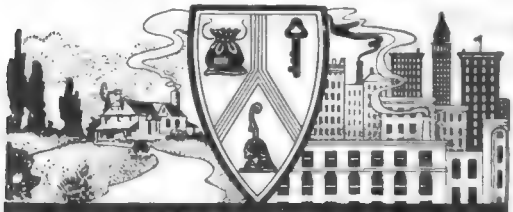

BANKING BY MAIL

Capital $2,500,000
Surplus $2,500,000
$5,000,000.00

standing between depositors and any possible loss.

Assets $30,000,000.00

Your deposits at this bank will be safe and bear 4 per cent interest.

Send for booklet "C" giving facts about Banking by Mail.

THIRTY MILLION DOLLARS ASSETS.
56,000 INDIVIDUAL DEPOSITORS.

The Cleveland Trust Company

(SAVINGS BANK)

CLEVELAND • • • OHIO

Tacoma

We have been in the Real Estate and Investment business in Tacoma continuously for nearly fourteen years, and have a large and complete list of business property, dwellings, manufacturing sites, and tide lands. We have well organized departments for handling mortgages, bonds and warrants, and for the management of property and collection of rents.

A map of the city will be sent free to any address.

Write for our pamphlet "Puget Sound the World's Market."

Eastern and Western references.

CALVIN PHILIPS & CO.
California Building
TACOMA, WASHINGTON

Fifty Cents Per Pair, Postpaid. MENTION SIZE OF SHOES.

Returnable within 30 days if not satisfactory.

Special Cushions for foot troubles shown in our free booklet.

REICHARDT'S SPRING HEEL CUSHIONS

Make Walking A Pleasure

Cushions easily placed inside of shoes by wearer. No larger size shoes required. Agents wanted.

F. E. REICHARDT MFG. CO., MENDOTA, ILL., U. S. A.

Bull Dog SUSPENDERS

WARM WEATHER WEAR TESTS SUSPENDER QUALITY

THAT'S WHEN ordinary suspenders wear out quickly—their trimmings rust, their colors fade out or run and spoil the linen—they become lifeless because the poor quality rubber used dies quickly.

THAT'S WHEN Bull Dog Suspenders Prove Their Great Superiority

Their trimmings never rust—their colors are sweat-proof, and never fade and with webbing containing more real live rubber, they

Outwear Three Pairs of the Other Kinds

Light and cool, they are the most comfortable hot weather suspender.

Made in light and heavy weights, also extra lengths and youths' sizes. Your dealer will gladly show them to you if he has them; if not, we will send you a pair by mail, postpaid, for 50 cents.

HEWES & POTTER
Dept. 11, 87 Lincoln Street
BOSTON, MASS.
Largest and Best Suspender and Belt Makers in the world

New Odell Typewriter Improved No. 5 On Credit

Shipped upon receipt of $2.25 cash and $1.00 per Month for Six Months

Practical as a $100 Typewriter. Just the thing for small merchants, drummers, professional men, or for personal correspondence. Machine complete $8.25 on installments, $7.50 for cash. Express prepaid. Cases $1.75. Energetic Salesmen Wanted.

$7.50 Writes as well as a $100 machine.

AMERICA CO. (Mfgrs.)
584 North St. Momence, Ill.

What Is Daus' Tip-Top?

TO PROVE that Daus' "Tip-Top" is the best and simplest device for making **100 copies** from pen-written and **50 copies** from typewritten original, we will ship complete duplicator, cap size, **without deposit, on ten (10) days' trial.**

Price $7.50 less trade discount of 33⅓%, or **$5 net**

The Felix E. Daus Duplicator Co., Daus Bldg., 111 John St. New York City

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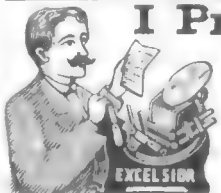
Mailing Lists for Sale

We furnish mailing lists, any class, anywhere.
We have 100,000 mail order buyers all over the U. S.
We have 25,000 canvassing agents all over the U. S.
We have 50,000 Investors
We have every business firm in the U. S. classified.
We furnish imitation typewritten letters.
We do everything in the circular advertising line.
Ask for our 60-page catalog of lists, samples of letters, envelopes and prices. It's free.

TRADE CIRCULAR ADDRESSING CO., 129 Clark Street, Chicago

Established 1880



I Print My Own

Cards, circulars, etc., with a $5 Press. Small newspaper press $18. Money saved. Money making business anywhere. Typesetting easy by the printed instructions sent. Write to factory for illustrated catalog of presses, type, paper, etc.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

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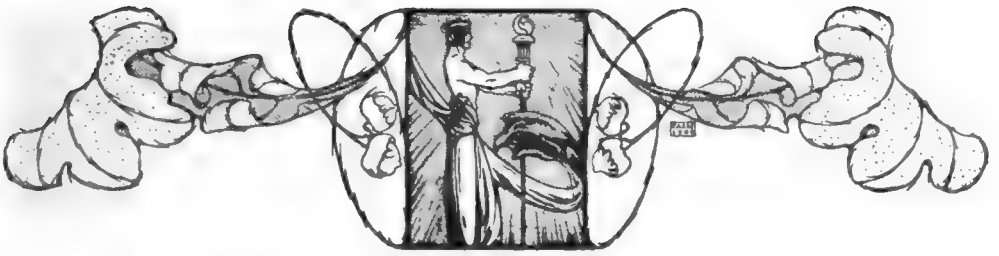

With the Procession

Happenings of the month—stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

THE BEEF TRUST AND THE MUCK-RAKE

THE adoption by the Senate of the Meat Inspection Bill, inserted as a "rider" on the Agricultural Appropriation Bill by Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, was another notable triumph of muck-rakerism. The bill simply provides, in effect, that meat eaten by Americans shall be as carefully inspected as meat intended for export. The poisoning of our own people must stop. Wailing and gnashing of teeth are heard in Armourville. President Roosevelt got hotly and justly indignant over the tainted-packing-house business. A report of the Commissioner of Labor and of Mr. James B. Reynolds on the infamous conditions of that business has not been printed at this writing. Whether it is or not, the packers are down on their marrow-bones. And the man who stirred up the President, really caused the report to be made, really made the packers yell for mercy, really had the bill passed providing for the inspection of meat intended for interstate commerce, is a private citizen, a young man and muck-raker named Upton Sinclair, whose true and startling exposure, in this magazine, of the shameful and almost incredible state of things in "Packingtown" our readers vividly remember.

RESURGIT

SOME $40,000,000 in currency was sent to San Francisco in anticipation of a "run" on the banks when they were opened, more than a month after the earthquake. The wondrous-wise men of Wall Street had been quaking in fear of the consequences. But those singular San Franciscans actually put money in instead of drawing it out. The tax-collectors report that there is no great increase of delinquent taxes. Business and building go on. The theatres are open—in tents. The steel buildings, whose easy toppling was expected by many people, proved themselves so steady and of such staying powers that steel construction will be a favorite in the new city. Not too many tall fellows, though, it is to be hoped. Ordinances regulating the height in proportion to the width of the street have been prepared. Much leveling of streets is proposed. Not too much, pray you, or San Francisco will lose some of her best bits of the picturesque. She has it in her power to become the most beautiful of American cities—if Washington will forgive us—by adhering to a well-considered architectural and landscape plan. It will pay immensely, as it pays Paris. San Francisco is essentially an artist. Now is her opportunity.

THE INCREASED COST OF LIVING

STATISTICS showing an advance of from twenty-five to fifty per cent. in the cost of the necessities of life are published from time to time in sober commercial journals and reviews. The "sensational" papers may color and heighten the figures a little, but no figures are needed. Compare your old with your recent bills or ask your wife. Who of the wage-earning, the small- or moderate-salary-earning class, or the class with fixed moderate incomes does not know as a matter of personal observation and of inquiry among people in similar circumstances of life that the cost of living has practically doubled in and about

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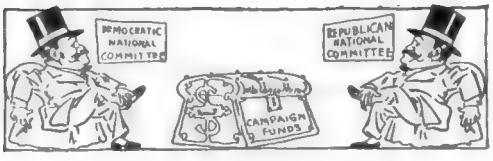
New York City. And much the same state of things will be found even where the question of rent is less acute than in that region. Outlay keeps going up; wages and salaries have not risen in proportion; for the most part, have not risen at all. The causes of this disparity we leave it to the professed political economist to explain, if he can. The connection of high cost of living with "prosperity" as a maker of high prices we leave aside. The constant growth of the population, the taking up of the land, the immense increasing demand for foodstuffs and other necessities must make necessities dear, comparatively, at all times. But higher prices without higher wages: there's the "condition that confronts us." It is a serious condition. Prolonged and unrelieved, it may have serious consequences, social, economic, and political.



WHAT ARE THE ISSUES?

SOUND, sound the clarion, shrill the fife! The heart of the Congressman is fixed upon his "fences." Chunks of the *Congressional Record* containing his thoughts upon the subjects of the hour are making the mail-bags sag. His individual frank and the franks of the Congressional Campaign Committee will soon be diffusing sound or sounding political "literature" through the country and giving the farmer pipe-lighters in plenty. But what is all this great commotion about? What is a Republican and what a Democrat just now? How do you tell them apart? By what sign and shibboleth? The most important business before the last session of Congress was the regulation of railway rates. No party lines were drawn on that question. According to an old, though of late unhonored, law of periodicity, so to speak, the House of Representatives, chosen two years after a Presidential election, is likely to be of the opposite shade of politics. Is there to be a reaction this year? The Republicans, much as some of their leaders may dislike Mr. Roosevelt, will "stand on" his Administration and on the work of Congress, and "stand pat" in most States, presumably, on the Dingley tariff. Mr. Speaker Cannon, careless of the Massachusetts and other Republican tariff revisionists, says that anybody who wants immediate tariff revision will vote for Democratic Representatives in the next House. Apparently the Democrats will make tariff revision their main issue. There is a great amount of ebullient independence and miscellaneous radicalism in the United States at present. Will the old party tom-toms rally the faithful next fall?

COURIERS OF THE AIR

THE formation, not long ago, of an American Aero Club and the sensational death of the young Belgian sculptor-aeronaut, M. Paul Nocquet, have drawn attention to the perils that environ those who go up in the air in ships. A considerable list of disasters and of narrow escapes has been drawn up, but what is its value unless the proportion of accident to ascension is known? From the early days of ballooning there has been the element of danger, increased by ignorance, lumbering contrivances, and faulty mechanical devices, and the air-sailor has always been the sport of the winds. But as the experimenting becomes more insistent and scientific, does not this percentage of danger decrease? How does it compare, in fact, with the risk in automobiling or in mountain climbing? At any rate, not even Arctic exploration, which is perhaps more dangerous, is so fascinating. Man essays control of a new element; he realizes age-long legends like that of Icarus; almost he goes "sailing with supreme dominion through the azure deeps of air." To a young millionaire with spirit, these voyages in the air offer the supreme type of sport.

THE NEW PLEASURE FLEET

A PHILADELPHIAN has had a happy idea, which will enable the country to take its pleasure sadly this summer, in the good, old "Anglo-Saxon" fashion. He has invented a "pleasure railway." This is to carry submarine boats or cars, that will dive under a lake, pond, or other sheet of water, and run at various depths on the bottom. A station stands at the water's edge. Thence starts the track, running in a vertically undulating direction to the bottom. The steel cars or boats are shaped like a hollow shell. The top part is for passengers. The rest is to be a fresh-air reservoir while the car is under water. It is air- and water-tight. On the upper side is

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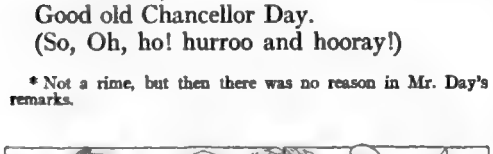
a removable water-tight, dome-shaped hood of glass, whereby passengers make their exits and their entrances. A running cable pulls the car, operated by a grip in the passenger compartment. By a happy inspiration of creative fantasy the cars will be made in the shape of and painted to resemble whales, sea-serpents, krakens huge and black, crocodiles of old Nile, horrible hippopotamuses, alligators, hydras and chimeras dire, gigantic lobsters and other marine forms usually seen darkly through and after Yorkshire rabbits and midnight musty ale. Then you can have on your lake buccaneers and buried gold and imitation coral reefs and islets to suit the taste. Suffuse all with the glare of electric light; and with all this scenery and these bobbing monsters even a melancholy man ought to sing for joy.

GREAT FIRE IN SYRACUSE

CHANCELLOR DAY, of Syracuse,
Most horrendously's broken loose.
(Oh, woe, whoa! Alas and welaway!)
He's very panicky over "anarchy,"*
Chancellor Day, of Syracuse.
(Oh, woe, whoa! Alas and welaway!)

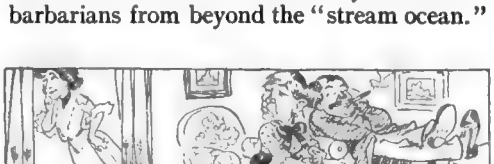
His heat the Chancellor cannot lose,
For there's Standard Oil to burn in his cruse.
(Oh, ho, hurroo and hooray!)
The cruse of emphatical, mighty pragmatical,
Good old Chancellor Day.
(So, Oh, ho! hurroo and hooray!)

* Not a rime, but then there was no reason in Mr. Day's remarks.



AMERICA AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES

AMERICAN athletes at the Olympic games in Athens were first, and the rest "nowhere." On track and field the Americans won eleven firsts, six seconds, and five thirds; and an American won the 100-meter swimming race. They made nearly twice as many points as Great Britain with all her colonial sons. Why is there no Pindar to sing the glories of these storm-swift runners, these airy jumpers? At any rate, St. Gaudens could easily make a statue of Martin Sheridan that would excel Myron's Discobolus, just as Discobolus Sheridan can throw the discus farther than any Ionian, Dorian, Æolian, or any other kind of a Hellenic hero, laurel-hunter, or pot-hunter ever dared. How the ghosts in Hades must have fled from the wild "yells" of the barbarians from beyond the "stream ocean."



HIRED GIRL AND SITTING-ROOM

MANY plans for the relief, "elevation," and entertainment of the hired girl have been tried, especially by thoughtful housewives in Chicago and its suburbs; but has any plan succeeded? The hired girl is mistress of the situation, and she knows it. Probably she resents being patronized and "helped." How would the people up-stairs like to be visited, instructed, and uplifted by the people in the basement? So we cannot believe that Miss Elizabeth M. Rhodes, of New York City, Secretary of the Inter-municipal Research Committee, has reached the heart of the subject by her kindly suggestion that the hired girl ought to "have the use of the sitting-room at least once a week." We doubt if the use of the sitting-room once a week would appeal to the hired girl. She wants to be let alone, to follow her own bent. If she likes to change, can she be blamed for guarding herself against monotony? She has her opinions, strong ones, usually. What with her wages, and her board and lodging included, she is really more independent and better off than most of her employers. And when she wants a sitting-room, she wants one of her own, not the use of yours.

IN THE WEST, WHERE THEY DO THINGS

THINGS are done in the West, while we Eastern hunkers are talking ourselves into apoplexy in trying to prove that they cannot be done without ruining the Constitution and the country forever and ever. Here, for instance, is that livest of forward-thrusting towns, Seattle. She already has a water system and water-power electric-lighting plant.

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She wants to make another experiment in municipal ownership. She wants municipal street railroads. In a Republican city, Republicans won't declare for municipal street-cars. Independents do; and they win. In Washington, a liberal State, any city of the first class can vote to issue bonds to build or buy a public utility. A proposal for such a loan will shortly be submitted to the people of Seattle. They have a simple and direct way of doing what they want to do out there.

DEATHS AND BIRTHS

ENGLAND is the healthiest country in Europe, having a death-rate of 16.5 per 1,000 in 1905. Germany and France have practically the same rate, about 19.5. In the United States the death-rate among native whites is 13.3 per 1,000; of foreign whites, 19.4. Everywhere the death-rate is decreasing, and it will continue to decrease as medical and sanitary science improve. But if it continually decreases, that unpleasant fact of the end of life must cease to be some time, must it not? On the other hand, the birth-rate seems to be decreasing almost everywhere. If it keeps on decreasing, there will be no more births, will there? Fortunately, none will be needed if the other rate does its duty and disappears altogether.

HERO HORSES

THE horses of the New York Fire Department are about as intelligent as horses can be, and consequently much more intelligent than most "humans." Like the firemen, they do hard and desperate work and "take" any amount of chances. It is good to see that the present Fire Commissioner, Mr. John O'Brien, has reorganized the system of helping the sick or injured horses of the department. A horse ambulance is to be stationed at the department horse hospital. Henceforth these hero horses will have as good care as there is.

THE RAILROAD RATE BILL

BY its reshaping and amendment of the Hepburn Rate Bill, as passed by the House, the Senate has confuted its traducers and shown itself more radical and more responsive to popular feeling than the more direct representatives of the people. The vital principle of the original House bill is, however, maintained: authority to fix rates is given to the Interstate Commerce Commission. An amendment proposed by Senator Lodge includes among common carriers corporations or persons transporting oil by pipe lines, and thus puts the Standard Oil Company under the control of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Another amendment of Mr. Lodge's reenacts the imprisonment clause for givers and receivers of rebates—taken out of the Interstate Commerce Act by the Elkins anti-rebate law. An equally important amendment of Senator McCumber's provides for the forfeiture by a shipper, asking or getting a rebate or discrimination, of three times the value involved in the rebate or discrimination. An amendment, offered by Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, but prepared by Senator McLaurin, of Mississippi, requires that after May 1, 1908, no interstate carrier shall transport commodities of its own in competition with shippers over its own lines. This is to protect the independent coal operators against the coal-carrying roads. It strikes at a gross injustice.

OTHER IMPORTANT AMENDMENTS

To Senator Bailey belongs the honor of a most necessary and unexpected amendment, the subjection of sleeping-cars and express companies—Oh, where was "Tom" Platt then?—to the commission. To Senator Culberson, of Texas, is due the prohibition of the issue of free passes; but many, too many, exceptions have lessened or minimized the effect of his intention. An amendment of Senator Elkins's requires carriers, on application from shippers, to furnish necessary switches, terminals, and connections. This is directed against the abuses committed by coal roads in West Virginia and Pennsylvania. Another amendment of Mr. Lodge's gives the commission authority over joint rates and through rates when one of the connecting carriers is a water line. The admirable provision of the original bill making refrigerator and other private car lines common carriers is retained, as is the specific prohibition of all unjust and unreasonable transportation charges.

"COURT REVIEW"

THERE has been a great deal of unnecessary heat and dust about "court review," "narrow," "broad," and so forth. No granting

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or denying by the Congress could abridge or increase the essential right of carriers or of shippers to the fullest protection of the courts. The "great constitutional lawyers" have made excellent arguments for and against, and the layman can only depend upon his common sense. The Senate agreed with the House that, when the commission, upon complaint and hearing, adjudges a rate fixed by a common carrier to be "unjust or unreasonable or unjustly discriminatory or unduly preferential or prejudicial," it "may determine and prescribe what will be a just and reasonable rate, which shall thereafter be the maximum rate and order to carrier to desist from charging the unjust rate." This order is to take effect within "a reasonable time, not less than thirty days, and continue" for not more than two years, "unless modified by the commission or set aside by the court." Substantially unaltered was the part of the much-discussed section 5 authorizing the commission to award damages, providing a penalty of $5,000 a day for each separate act of disobedience to the commission's order, and making each day of continuing violation a separate offense. The battle was on the "court review." The House bill granted an expedited appeal, from the Circuit Courts to the United States Supreme Court, of suits to test the validity of the commission's orders. After a debate in which bloomed the bright consummate flower of legal and constitutional learning and dialectical subtlety, the Senate gave the Federal Circuit Courts jurisdiction over suits to test the validity of the commission's order and over hearings on applications for preliminary injunctions, and directed that no injunction, interlocutory order, or decree suspending or restraining the enforcement of an order of the commission shall be granted except after notice and hearing, and with three judges concurring. The object of this latter requirement is said to be to prevent mere dilatory suits, but it seems unlikely that suits will be brought except where the commission's order appears plainly unreasonable or where some important question of construction of the law arises.

IN THE OPEN

One of the most valuable portions of the law was framed substantially by the commission itself. Henceforth railroad management must be in the open. The commission prescribes the forms of railroad bookkeeping. All private and special accounts are forbidden; and if discovered they will land some railroad official in jail. It is a felony to keep such accounts. All transactions must be set down. An open record of car service must be kept. The express and Pullman car companies, hitherto exempt from examination, must account as the commission directs. Special favors cannot be granted without being known. Private-car contracts will be public. Here is what promises to be a fatal blow at the whole sneaking huggermugger system of special railroad privileges. To our mind this is the most radical, and should be the most fruitful, of the reforms which this law, honestly administered, should effect.

NOT RATES BUT DISCRIMINATIONS

At this writing the House has not acted upon the bill as received from the Senate. It may be assumed, however, that the salient and vital parts of the measure have now become law. We have dwelt upon them at this unusual length because some of our readers may have forgotten certain details in the long and wearisome dispute about them, and because we believe this law to be the most promising and necessary that has been passed for many years. The regulation of rates, which Mr. Roosevelt and many others deem so important, seems to us but a minor and incidental matter. Discriminations, rebates are the chief evil. It might have been dealt with by amendments to the Interstate Commerce Act and the Elkins Act, the main purpose of both of which was to prevent discrimination and rebates. President Roosevelt, with his earnestness and his great popularity, forced the rate question to the front. The Senate made the rate bill cover the most crying abuses of railroad management and brought within the authority of the Interstate Commerce Commission classes of notorious offenders hitherto left to their own sweet will. It is easy and cheap to predict that the corporations will drive a horse and wagon through the law. In the present temper of the country and the now general realization of the injustice and lawlessness of too many great corporations, a stern enforcement of the law is certain. The passage of the Hepburn Bill is a long step forward in the triumphant march of the people to claim their rights and to hold rigidly to the law the creatures of the law.

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A Row of Books

GOOD AND SAD

Of course Mrs. Humphry Ward is an admirable as well as a celebrated story-teller. Her latest story, "Fenwick's Career" (Harper & Brothers), does not acquaint us with much that it is possible to consider as of the nature of joy. It must be that there is a very serious and powerful reverence for art among English people of high social degree. So much would have been certain years ago if it could have been known surely to be true, as the persistent rumor was, that Miss Marie Corelli was the Queen's favorite author. In Mrs. Ward's story it will be noticed how ardently and undeviatingly the noble lord and his daughter attached themselves to Fenwick. The noble lord invited this somber and truculent artist to dinner the first time he ever clapped eyes on him. Fenwick must have been unpleasant company. We know very well, though Mrs. Ward does not say so, that it was his habit to thump on the table and insist that Burne-Jones's people ought to have been an eighth shorter, and that as soon as he had thumped he fell to weeping with the pain of seeing or thinking beautiful things. The noble lord must have felt it deeply unfortunate that he was unable to persuade Watson to come to dinner. Watson was consumptive and painted pain. That was what he saw in the world—pain, pain, oceans and continents of pain. He was enamored of it, and felt it his duty to increase the supply. He did not care for dinner, and the noble lord missed the felicity of having Fenwick supplemented by Watson.

The story of Fenwick is doubtless interesting. If sorrow is interesting it ought to be. Fenwick was full of sorrow. Phœbe, his wife, was full of sorrow. Watson, his friend, waded in sorrow. Eugénie de Pastourelles, the noble lord's daughter, added her abundant sorrows to the sorrows of these. What was the central vision in one of Watson's large and terrible pictures—pictures so distressing that people could not think of buying them to hang upon the walls of their happy homes? Mrs. Ward tells us what this vision was; it was the "vision of death and irremediable woe." And what did Phœbe do in the dawn-silence at the end of Part I of the tale, when Fenwick was going away to London without her—going away like the painter Romney, perhaps to some Emma Hamilton, leaving his wife behind? Mrs. Ward tells us what Phœbe did—she "gave herself in the dawn-silence to a passion of unconquerable tears." Those phrases, "irremediable woe" and "unconquerable tears," are not new, but they will serve. Age has not deprived them of their somber quality, and they illustrate very well the gloom that is general in the story.

Of course Mrs. Ward is a gifted story-maker, and people should and will read any tale that she may write. We esteem her, we admire her, just as everybody else does; but this story has depressed us, and we had to be a little flippant as a relief to our feelings.

OWEN WISTER'S CHARMING STORY

Owen Wister's "Lady Baltimore" (the Macmillan Company) is a story of delay. In another case that might be objectionable, but here it is intentional and fortunate. The delay makes possible the delightful humor that characterizes this tale, and is a part of it. Nothing could be more delicately amusing than the way in which Augustus, the New Yorker who is in Charleston for the purpose of finding out whether a royal ancestor of his took part in the battle of Cowpens, and who purports to relate the story, finds himself repeatedly baffled in his efforts to fathom the very profound mystery attaching to a young Charlestonian who ordered a wedding-cake at the Woman's Exchange. That sounds as though we were talking of something in

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"Alice in Wonderland," and as a fact Mr. Wister's story is in some sort a reminder of that imperishable tale. The surprises are as whimsical and as sharp, as witness where the adorable young woman who presides at the Exchange lapses in the twinkling of an eye, so instantly as to take the reader's breath away, from her cold, official manner into a state of voluble companionableness amounting to levity. We believe that she had to do it in order not to fly asunder under pressure of her pent-up feelings. Whatever the reason, her behavior had for us a joy and a thrill, and we were grateful.

We have marked a characteristic bit at page 92 of the tale. Augustus at that point was still floundering deep in the mystery of the young man and the wedding-cake. He is speaking of the young woman who presided at the Exchange, the same who served him with his regular luncheon of chocolate and sandwiches. She was a very clever young woman. They had frequent tilts of the intellect. Occasionally he got the better of her. He records: "I at once decided to deceive her utterly, and therefore I spoke the exact truth. They did their work, my true words; the false impression flowed out of them as smoothly as California claret from a French bottle." But he did not get to the bottom of the mystery before his friends the Charlestonians were willing that he should get there. They took their time—for which, as we have suggested, the reader will be thankful.

We have spoken of "Charlestonians" and "Charleston." The story has other names for the people and the place, but they will deceive nobody. Kings Port is Charleston, Worship Street is Meeting Street, Royal Street is King Street, and it was on the Battery that Augustus walked with the lovely old ladies and looked out over the beautiful harbor. It was in the churchyard of St. Michael's Church that Augustus sat on a memorial stone and talked sociology with the young man who ordered the wedding-cake. The thin veiling of locality is indeed amusingly diaphanous, and may be taken as part of the humor.

We should love to dwell upon this most refreshing and joyous of recent tales, but what is the use? The book is at hand, and no book speaks more happily, more effectively, for itself. The sketches of Charleston scenes with which Mr. Vernon Howe Bailey has illustrated the text are a pleasure to the eye and the imagination. We suspect that the "literary notes" in the newspapers have informed nearly everybody, and that it is consequently somewhat superfluous to say, that the title of the story is the name of a cake. Lady Baltimore was sold by the slice in the Kings Port Woman's Exchange. It is described in the tale as being enriched with nuts and truly delicious. As the cake, so the story.

"THE SPOILERS" IN A BOOK

Readers of this magazine have read Mr. Rex Beach's story of "The Spoilers" for themselves, and hardly need to be told that it is easily the most vigorous and interesting of recent tales of adventure. Our own interest in it was greater than has been provoked in us by any story similar in kind in many a day. It is good, it is freshening, it is like going out into the sharp air to have such a tale. We have often wished that we owned Nome. Such a wish was futile, of course, but some of the gold of Alaska has got into this story, and it is for any reader to gather—the more readily as the Messrs. Harper now publish "The Spoilers" in book form.

RESTORED CITIES OF PAUL

There are nine essays in William Burnet Wright's "Cities of Paul; Beacons of the Past Rekindled for the Present" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). They deal severally with Tarsus, Ephesus, Philippi, Thessalonica, Old Corinth, New Corinth, Colossæ, Ancyra, and Tyana. The reader who takes up this book will speedily understand that there is no miscarriage of language in the subtitle; in each chapter, or consideration, the beacon is indeed rekindled, and the whole matter is alive and interesting. This happy effect is due to the knowledge, the understanding, and the sympathy of the author, and to his admirable style. He is one of those fortunate scholars whose learning is a luminous thing in his own vision, and the possession of an unaffected, clear eloquence enables him to communicate it luminously and vividly. To read is to be really aware of these cities that Paul knew, and as well to be aware, conscious, sensible of Paul in them. There are some very ingenious association and comparison of certain manifestations of human nature in those times and now—a sort of comparative sociology extending particularly, perhaps, to politics. The book has impressed and pleased us. We are cordially grateful for it.

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STRAIGHT TALK

By "EVERYBODY'S" READERS

If at any time there are any statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or any views expressed to which you take exception, or any subject discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your name unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or any one selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

NOT PUBLIC OPINION

THE articles by Eugene Wood are truthful, therefore why this storm of disapproval?

We need more Lawsons, Russells, Woods, and Teagues.

The criticisms of Mr. Wood's articles are from quarters of the world as yet untouched by modern progress; at least they do not represent public opinion. M. A. B.

Springvale, Me.

THE NEW REVIVAL

MERCY! What a tirade against poor Mr. Wood.

It would seem as though the subscription list of EVERYBODY'S must dwindle perceptibly.

Mr. Wood makes the mistake of describing things just as he finds them. Why not please all the people all the time? Or, if you must be original in your magazine pages, at least let us have some good "old-time" patent-medicine ads and mail-order fakes in the advertising section.

As to revivals, we had a great wave of religious fervor in this town last winter.

It lasted over two weeks. Surely no "old-time" revival could equal that record.

The evangelists held forth in all the churches, barring Episcopal and Roman Catholic, also in one of the theatres. The meeting-places were crowded to the doors at every performance.

There were tenor soloists, trombone soloists, and quartets.

There were solo speakers in white waistcoats and correct evening dress.

There was the usual assurance of the personal presence of the Deity and easy familiarity therewith.

There were the usual funny stories to illustrate religious truths and arguments; and the sympathetic audience (pardon, I should say congregation) never failed to show its appreciation of these with easy and audible expressions of amusement. I did not note any hand-clapping.

Last of all there was the usual percentage of persons who like their religion with a chromo, who were "converted." It was surely a great success. However, this was not an "old-time" revival.

I never saw an old-time revival myself, but I carefully read Mr. Wood's description of it, and failed to find any sarcastic note therein. As I said before, Mr. Wood describes things as they are, from a country circus to the treatment of tuberculosis.

Lots of pretty good but mistaken people have done this. Christ himself did, but that was a long time ago and your critics have perhaps forgotten it.

Just a word of warning in closing. Keep Mr. Wood off the new-time revival. E. L. S.

Elizabeth, N. J.

BROKEN NEUTRALITY!

THE article by Eugene Wood in the March EVERYBODY'S was a disappointment to one who seeks Mr. Wood's name whenever buying a magazine. I wish that some other had written that article—if it had to be written—and that some other magazine had published it!

Editors need not assume that the majority of their subscribers sneer at religion, or, if they do it themselves, that they wish their children to follow their mistake. A mother whose life hardly harmonized with the teachings of old-fashioned

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revivals, and who, therefore, might be expected to greet Mr. Wood's article with favor, surprised me by bewailing the dearth of magazines combining both the championship of religion and good literature such as gives weight to any and all opinions published. She said that about the only periodical, aside from church publications, which at any time openly advocated the Christian life, was the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The others had even abandoned their neutral ground and opened their pages to scoffing and sneers. Even EVERYBODY'S had begun to follow suit, after raising its subscription price as a guarantee that future numbers—March being one—would even more surely espouse the things worth while!

Workers at the many-sided problem of popular improvement find the present attitude toward the used-to-be beliefs a menace and a serious obstacle. In those rural regions where the veneer of conventionality has not yet covered the natural fabric of human character, the salutary effects of old revivals are manifest through the evils attendant upon the non-popularity of such institutions. If there is one crying need to-day, it is for literature that sets a higher standard, even such a one as EVERYBODY'S seemed to have. Because of inconsistency with that apparent standard the article in question has aroused the protest of those peculiar people who persistently adhere to old-time personal experiences of a life-changing religion, and have seen it at work to-day also. If you can't fight with us, at least keep neutral in the future, as is befitting the name you bear. M. E. A.

Oleander, Cal.

CHURCH CAN STAND DISCUSSION

I NOTICE in your columns some criticism of the article by Eugene Wood on the "Old-Time Revival," and I wish to say that I agree heartily with Mr. Wood and cannot appreciate the feeling shown by the critics. I am bound to say that I saw much good in the article, and that from the impression that it left with me I do not see how any person could have read the story and been the worse for it. I have been through the same phases of emotion that Mr. Wood's boy experienced, and reading the article produced more nearly the same effect than anything I have read from the pen of any other man. The Christian religion is founded on great truths, admitted by all as grand and good even if unbelieved, and a free discussion cannot hurt or harm the church of God. The humor and pathos in Mr. Wood's article have rarely been surpassed, and the continuation of such stories will place EVERYBODY'S on the tables of more libraries than will censor it. Plato, Aristotle, Christ, and all other great reformers had to undergo a similar suppression. Give us some more Wood, and I, for one, will be a better man. W. R. S.

Oklahoma City, O. T.

PROTEST AGAINST PROTESTS

I HAVE noticed in reading "Straight Talk" for June that nearly every letter is in condemnation of EVERYBODY'S course in publishing Eugene Wood's excellent articles on "The Old-Time Revivals" and "The Gathering of the Churches."

Of course I am well aware that the vast majority of EVERYBODY'S readers appreciated and enjoyed those articles, and that the hysterical effusions which I have been reading emanate from the few sour soul-savers upon whose corns Mr. Wood has rather heedlessly trod.

Still I think it unfair that the minority should be so allowed to sound their note of protest as perhaps to convey an impression of general disapproval, which is so far from being the case.

Therefore, with my brother members of "The Big Church," I extend to you my hearty approval and good wishes, and hope that you will give us plenty more of Mr. Wood. G. O. T.

Hop Yard, King George Co., Va.

THE WELSH REVIVAL

IN a letter of criticism upon Mr. Wood's article on "The Old-Time Revival," published in June "Straight Talk," H. A. V. sweepingly characterizes the revival as a "religious orgy." A section from a little pamphlet called "Lessons of the Welsh Revival," by the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, seems to me so perfect an answer to him and others who make similar claims, that I should like it to meet their eyes:

"Two words, I think, cover the whole thing—vision and virtue. Men are seeing things! Oh, yes, it is quite cheap and easy to stay at a distance and smile. It is intensely easy for the *Lancet* to predict insanity. I will tell you something in passing. The insanity that will be produced in Wales by this Welsh revival will be as nothing to the insanity from drink which it will cure.

"It is intensely cheap and easy for cold-blooded men at a distance, who know nothing of Celtic fire or spiritual fire, to smile at this whole thing, this seeing of visions. But while you smile, these men are seeing visions. They will tell you crudely of them, perhaps, but it is one of those strange things that no man can ever tell of a vision when he sees it really. They are seeing God. Well, but you say that will pass. It is passing. The vision is passing out into virtue, and men are paying their debts, and abandoning the public-house, and treating their horses well. Oh, my masters! Did you say the next revival would be ethical? It is that, because it is spiritual, and you will never get an ethical revival except in this way. Vision is merging into virtue, and theatrical companies are packing up and going back because there are no houses, and on every hand there is sweeping down these Welsh valleys a great clean river. It is the river of God, and men are being cleansed in it, in personal and civic relationships. We are quite willing to appeal to the coming years about this work, but the evidences are already present on every hand. Tradesmen are being startled by men paying debts

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even though the statute of limitations has run out. Tradesmen, you know what that means! An emotion that will make a man do that is worth cultivating, and it is good all the way through."

Even in this revival among a people of intense emotions Dr. Morgan sees something other than a "religious orgy." But he does not claim that the outer demonstrations must be identical among all peoples, all classes; it is only the ultimate "passing into virtue" that must be the same everywhere.

"I do not expect," says Dr. Morgan at the end of his pamphlet, "I do not expect in London just the same kind of manifestation. God always manifests Himself through the natural temperament, and you can never have the poetic fire and fervor of a Celtic revival in London. But you can have a stern, hard, magnificent consecration, and results that characterize your own nationality."

New York. L. N.

JUSTICE TO CLERGYMEN

MR. WOOD asserts broadly in "The Gathering of the Churches" that the clergy are behind the times. In what respect is this true? The New York *Sun* a short time ago said that more than thirty millions of Americans are in the churches, and that the best people in the land are under the influence of the churches. Are the best people of America behind the times, since they and the clergy are presumably in general accord as to religion? Are the clergy archaic as scholars? I happen to know a Presbyterian minister who wrote to Herbert Spencer pointing out a certain statement in one of his books as open to criticism; Spencer replied, acknowledging his mistake, and stating that he would make a correction in future editions. A minister in Philadelphia is one of the foremost authorities in the world on spiders and ants; in his specialty he is recognized everywhere. If Mr. Wood will go over to Princeton, he will find there Dr. Henry Van Dyke, who can probably astonish him both as a student and as a maker of literature, as well as a man of unlimited breadth and depth of knowledge; yet he is a minister. While in Princeton, he might induce Dr. Patton to talk with him for an hour, and he would probably grow dizzy at the intellectual force of a man who ranks as possibly the greatest metaphysician in America; he certainly is an intellectual giant; yet he is a minister. Mr. Wood may look through current magazines and through bookstores, and discover that hundreds of clergymen's names are to be found in the lists of writers of material that finds popular acceptance as part of the literary product of the day.

He may look into thousands of the libraries of ministers and find that as a class they are vast readers, and are at least as well posted on general literature as most men, and as a rule much better than most. Are clergymen behind the times practically in their communities? If every man in the nation who has received wise, keen counsels in his affairs from a minister would speak up, the people would be made aware that the men of the pulpit have very often a wide and clear outlook upon life. It may or may not be true that the ministers as a class cannot be business men, but ideas and plans that others can carry out to success are not the product of effete intellects.

Glendale, Ohio. C. D. W.

WANTS THIEVES PUNISHED

WHEN one is separated from his money there is a melancholy solace to be extracted from the knowledge that one has been robbed—that the loss is not due to one's own stupid carelessness, but to the baleful ingenuity of a thief.

So far as such knowledge is a comfort I am grateful to EVERYBODY'S, and to Mr. Teague, for letting me know the true inward nature of the fake "bankers and brokers." But what does it avail me after all to know that I have been robbed? I want my money back; I want the thieves put in jail. It hurts me to see them sitting in front of their roll-top desks waiting for the click of their tickers to lure more suckers less experienced and, therefore, more plethoric at present than myself.

Can you tell us how to get the revenge in law which our wounded pride demands? Is there any way of getting our money back, or any part of it? How may one go about proving that the bucket-shop thief is a thief and should receive the reward which the State gives thieves? D.

A YOUNG OLD MOTHER

MOTHER read "The Autobiography of an Elderly Woman" aloud and laughed as heartily as we girls did over her evasion of, and subsequent resignation to, the tyranny of her children. 'Way down in mother's heart the writer may have found deepest sympathy, for once a friend remarked to mother—much to our chagrin—"My dear, I think you are wonderfully supplied with advisers." But a few days later, when a distinguished guest called and mother was smilingly going toward the drawing-room, clothed in her "best" with her skirt wrong side out, we proved none too numerous. Mother is the most active and energetic member of the family, and we feel that her unselfishness will, and often does, lead her to overdo, and she therefore not infrequently finds herself unceremoniously evicted from her own kitchen. I have heard of her being found guiltily picking strawberries, and after vainly begging her inexorable daughters to let her pick one more, she has succumbed to a good laugh in the middle of the bed. I can think of nothing more deplorable than a mother growing old before her time in willing servitude to her selfish

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daughters; excess of affectionate attention were sweet and beautiful in comparison. There are six of us girls, or, rather, seven, including mother, who is considered the youngest and most attractive of us all. This we attribute to our disregard of her whitening tresses and to the intimate companionship between her and us. When we were children mother was an elderly matron, with parted hair, subdued attire, and ties on her bonnets. Now that we are grown-ups, she enjoys her club, is particular about her pompadour, and her summer gowns are of becoming white. Wherefore should it be otherwise? After rearing a family, which occupies years of patient care, let the mother gather the strayed threads of care-free enjoyment and let the daughters teach her to forget the dust-cloth and look upon cobwebs with unseeing eyes.

Rio Station, Va. R. B. D.

MR. WOOD CHALLENGED

In behalf of a close friend who has been suffering for some months with tuberculosis of the lungs, I am led to ask what authority, if any, Mr. (Dr.?) Eugene Wood has for the statements made in his article on consumption in your June number. "The terrible toll we pay to the Captain of the men of Death is due entirely to spitting," states Dr. Wood with emphasis. My friend's circumstances have been such that he has led an indoor country life, utterly free from contact with the unpleasant habit referred to. It is certain that my friend's disease was not contracted in this way, and one case is enough to controvert the statement.

"Those who don't care for meat are very likely to die of tuberculosis." How about the non-flesh-eating nations? Just how much water will this oracular utterance hold?

Then there is that dire warning to the fair-skinned. My friend is distinctly blond and blue-eyed. His physician urges him to live in the sunlight, and it has so far not given him the "fidgets." But are other blond consumptives, on Dr. Wood's advice, retreating to their cellars? Who is making the "dangerous mistake"?

The highest medical authority that I know urges for tuberculosis the application of intense light. In the Wood article it is stated that "tasty" food, pure water, and fresh air are the only necessary curative elements. Again, is this safe advice?

A point which this writer's followers may find disturbing is that he is self-contradictory. He opens his article by dwelling on the small progress that has been made. "The gain has been trifling." But he closes by saying, "The near future looks remarkably bright." Why does it? As a spokesman for tubercular readers, I demand satisfaction.

It is conceivable that thousands of tubercular patients, more credulous than I, may now be wondering whether they should follow medical advice or the advice in this remarkable article. Go to their rescue, Dr. Eugene Wood, by giving the authority for your amazing statements. Surely, you should be able to do as much as that; you who so confidently "promise" the extinction of the plague that still smites so many thousands.

New York. D. H.

GRATEFUL

I have just finished reading Mr. Wood's article in the June Everybody's on "The Campaign Against Consumption." However we of different creeds may be divided in our opinions of his articles on the "Old-Time Revival" and "The Gathering of the Churches," we must give him credit for doing a great and good work for humanity by writing this and his former articles on "Consumption."

I am profoundly grateful to him and to you for these articles, and feel that they alone are worth the price I have paid for Everybody's for the last two years. R. H. Y.

Amory, Miss.

A SUCCESSFUL CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL

Though your magazine is widely circulated in Prince Edward Island, I have never seen any letter in "Straight Talk" from "The Garden of the Gulf," as this province is very suitably called. As the majority of your readers are interested in education and many of them are teachers, perhaps a few lines about "Rural School Consolidation" as it is being tried in this province might be welcome. If the experiment can be carried out at a moderate cost, the days of the "little red schoolhouse" are numbered.

In this school six districts are represented, a beautiful building with up-to-date equipment has been erected, and two and a half acres of land have been enclosed for a garden. The children are conveyed to the school in vans—wheeled vehicles being used for summer and sleighs for winter, and the average length of the routes is four miles. Pupils living within a mile of the school are not taken in the vans. As compared with the six old schools, the number daily present has increased from eighty-nine to one hundred and nineteen, and the percentage in attendance from sixty to seventy-four. The transformation from the six ungraded, poorly ventilated, and ill-lighted schools to this splendidly equipped educational establishment is of itself something of an education for pupils and parents alike. Here, in addition to the subjects formerly taught, nature study, a school garden, manual training, and household science have been introduced. There are also a piano and a teacher of music, so that the pupils are taught to sing. The pupils are delighted with the change, and the parents, not a few of whom had misgivings at the outset, as to sending their

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children so far away, and as to the new subjects introduced, have found their objections removed in the actual working of the new plan. They find their children taking increased interest in their studies, more ready to go to school, and making better progress. TEACHER.

Mount Albion, P. E. Island, Canada.

"THE TREMBLING BRAVE"

IN April "Straight Talk" C. N. L. raised a question as to what sort of courage women require of men, as to whether or not they sympathize with the heroine in the story "The Trembling Brave," in the January issue. I am a woman who read this story with no sympathy for, but a certain understanding of, the heroine's position, with her feeling that her lover's unwillingness to risk his life needlessly showed him a coward. Women are for the most part conservative and cling stubbornly to tradition. It has been a tradition since the "days of chivalry" that a brave man holds his life in his hand ready to toss it down as one might fling a ball. Women have been taught for ages to set this false bravery above every other masculine virtue. Very young women and very inexperienced ones still cling to the belief as part of their feminine inheritance—so the heroine "came by it honestly."

But to face truth: there may have been a time when there was some truth in the tradition—I doubt it. To-day, if a man's life is worth anything to himself or the world, it is needed for other things. There are a thousand big, fine uses for every man's life; in the sweep of modern development there is no room to waste a strong, efficient life to no purpose. A man has no more right to fling his life out in a reckless hour than a soldier has to desert on the battlefield.

As for courage, it takes far more and of a finer kind to live decently and to worthy ends in the face of the odds that come up against every one of us than to career a racing "devil machine" around a track before admiring crowds—with only death as the penalty for a miscalculation.

The brave man is he who will not risk his life without need and who weighs the need against the deed—and dares all for the cause he holds worth the price. H.

Dewey, Ariz.

DON'T EAT MEAT

UPTON SINCLAIR'S article in the May number on the Armour Packing Company has put ten families in my immediate circle of friends on a vegetable diet. Immediately after reading his exposé my wife and I quit eating meat.

At the end of ten days without meat we feel better than ever before in our lives; and I would suggest this remedy for the evils of the Beef Trust to EVERYBODY'S readers. It will beat the court convictions that don't convict. Simply

"Don't Eat Meat."

Seattle, Wash. B. C. McC.

READY!

Is there not some means by which the story so frankly and ably told by Upton Sinclair can be put before every man, woman, and child in America?

There are millions who can read, but can't afford to buy the magazine, and I truly believe—and I think I share this belief with thousands of my fellow citizens—that the *time is now ripe* for a general public uprising and remonstrance—the time to throw off the yoke of oppression and throttle these avaricious monsters who rob the people of the common necessities of life, namely, beef, oil, coal, sugar, and many foodstuffs. Under the fearless leadership of such brave men as Roosevelt, Jerome, Hearst, Folk, Lawson, and men whose slogan is "Give us a square deal," such an uprising could hardly fail to be effective.

Cannot you rich and bright men devise some means whereby the press can universally be brought into action to down this great wrong *now*. Show us the way and we will follow

Boston, Mass. G. F. F.

THE "OLD MAID'S" MISTAKE

Is it too late to express pity for the Old Maid who confesses, in a recent number of EVERYBODY'S, to having missed one of the main objects of life? I think she has properly stated the cause of the failure; and I also think, if she carries out her plan, that she will find a part of her lost life in helping others to lead a healthy, happy life. I feel sure she made a mistake in letting the doctor go. She was too self-conscious. Instead of thinking of herself, she should have had only thoughts for him. She should have been thinking of cozy fireside chats and pleasant rambles—of how she could be a strength and help to him in his work for the suffering. She should have studied how to make her life fit into his, as he no doubt studied for her, until their lives would blend together and they would truly be one. I have long been convinced that true love does not come from some sudden passion, but from a life in which each, forgetting self, works for the happiness of the other. If all people would recognize this and set themselves to nourish love, instead of seeking only self-gratification, our divorce courts would soon go out of business.

Des Moines, Iowa. J. O. B.

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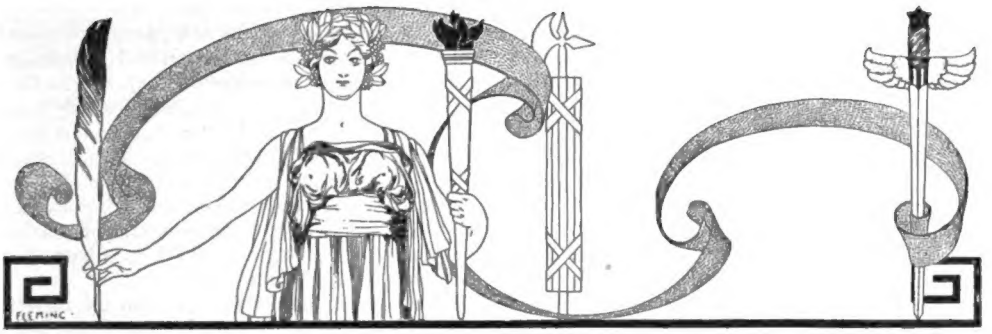

With "Everybody's" Publishers

OUT OF THE HEART

In the May "Publishers" we printed a letter, which some of you will remember, from a woman in desperate straits. That a strange heart in its hour of anguish should turn to us seemed to us, and we say it humbly, reverently, a rare tribute. It encouraged us to believe that our readers realize the great hope that we bring to our work, and that keeps us hard at it: the hope that we may be of some help, some comfort, some use to our fellows.

That so many have a similar hope makes this a beautiful old world. In response to the unspoken appeal in Mrs. ——'s letter our readers have rushed to comfort her. A beautiful old world!

We forwarded your money and your letters, and now you may read the acknowledgment:

Dear Sirs:

Your kind note of the 26th inst. was duly received, as also the enclosed gifts. Believe me, it was very far from my thoughts to gain profit by the letter I wrote you. It came from a very tired body and a full heart. Pen and ink make words, but those are inadequate to express my feelings. Your sympathy and the kind letters of co-sympathy you sent warmed my heart. I had felt during my lonely year here that human nature was callous and selfish, but if I never receive a kind word or hand-clasp again I shall believe that there are those who *do* good for the sake of good, and not for the empty name of philanthropist. Thank you! You have helped me. At times I had felt I could not live. Owing to home troubles, my own family cannot help me. When I came out here I was not alone and was also able to teach. I prepared boys for college and taught French, German, and, later, in a private school. Trouble and privation brought on tubercular trouble, but the doctor at the sanitarium assures me that if I would be completely free from care and go away to California for a year I should prolong my life for several years. I am only thirty-two, and when the sunshine and spring are in the air even to such as I life is sweet. Good-by, and may you ever prosper.

Yours most faithfully,

Mrs. C. G. M.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.

120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT.

MAY 11, 1906.

Dear Sir:

So much has been printed about life-insurance during the past year, and so little has been said in its favor, that I make bold to address you in order that you may have the following information:

The one thing emphasized by all of the investigation is that the Equitable, like all of the large companies, is solvent beyond question.

Evils of management have been exposed, and reforms have been instituted.

The Equitable Society has had four different investigations: one by the Frick Committee, the expense of which was borne largely by Mr. Frick personally; one by the Superintendent of Insurance; one by the Legislative or Armstrong Committee; and the other—the most thorough and complete one—by two firms of independent auditors (one firm known throughout the United States, and the other better known throughout the British Empire) employed by the new management, and given every opportunity to examine everything about its affairs.

These two firms of experts worked against each other, but checked one another. At the close of business each day they were given absolute possession of the Society's books and records, and they

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were constantly at work far into the night for eight months. Certainly no other life-insurance company, and probably no other financial institution of any kind, has ever been investigated so thoroughly, and with such complete absence of the exertion of any influence—favorable or unfavorable—to any one.

This investigation involved an expenditure of more than $200,000, but it was worth all it cost, for through it has been secured to the policy-holders and to the general public an accurate, authoritative, and detailed exhibit of the Society's condition, regarding which there is no possible ground for misapprehension or doubt.

Every asset claimed by the Society has been found by the expert accountants and reappraised. Every parcel of real estate has been reexamined and listed at a figure well within what it would bring if it were offered on the open market tomorrow. All stocks and bonds have been accounted for, and their accurate value ascertained. Loans have been verified; liabilities have been measured; and nothing has been overlooked or slighted. Bad accounts have been charged off, and all of the Society's assets have been placed by the revaluation on a very conservative basis.

The assets of the Society on December 31, 1905, as certified to by the chartered accountants, were $420,973,756.92. The surplus (which includes the reserve and profits for distribution on deferred dividend policies at the end of their accumulation periods, the savings for distribution on annual dividend policies, and the contingent reserve) was $68,457,190.27. On December 31, 1904, the surplus was placed at $80,794,269.21. Nothing has disappeared since then, except overvaluation of securities and real estate which were carried at a higher figure than they could have commanded had it been desired to dispose of them quickly in the open market.

The apparent shrinkage in surplus is more than offset by the economies and savings of the new administration, which now amount to more than $1,200,000 a year. On a four-per-cent. basis, this is equivalent to an additional investment of $30,000,000. In addition to this more than $1,000,000 has been saved to the Society through the recovery of money improperly paid out, or the disavowal of obligations improperly incurred. Suits have been instituted, or are being prepared, for the recovery of other large amounts, and steps are being taken to increase the Society's revenues from sources which have not been as profitable as they should have been.

The amount of cash carried by the Society in banks and trust companies has been reduced from $36,000,000 to less than $10,000,000. The difference has been invested in real estate and other securities which pay four per cent. or more. On the greatly reduced cash balances the rate of interest has been increased one-half of one per cent. These two items have increased the income of the Society about $600,000 per annum.

Other reforms and economies will be effected in line with the policy of the new management and the recommendations of the chartered accountants and other experts as to the methods of handling the Society's business. Buildings which have not brought in a profitable return on a fair valuation are being sold or leased for long terms so that they will earn four per cent. and more. For example, the St. Louis property, which in the last ten years has averaged but $22,000 per year, is now leased for ninety-nine years on a basis that pays over double that amount.

A lamentable fact connected with the investigations is that while they amply demonstrated the great strength and absolute solvency of the prominent companies, they forced those who could least afford it to bear the burden. Our records show that through a groundless fear that maturing contracts might not be fulfilled, more than 27,000 policies for $1,000 or less were allowed to lapse, while only one policy for $250,000 was surrendered. This latter policy has since been restored, with many of the small ones, but numbers of those who gave up their policies are not now insurable, while many have died during the year, leaving their families destitute or nearly so, as is proved by the letters we have received. This condition resulted from misapprehension, and, with some newspapers, from misrepresentation of the real facts. This is a point which should be seriously considered by those who in any way shape public opinion and sentiment. I feel very strongly that the good newspapers of the country owe it to themselves and to their readers to reassure the public, and to point out the benefits of life-insurance whenever the subject presents itself.

Some newspapers have criticized me for objecting before the New York Legislature to a few of the new laws proposed by the Armstrong Committee. In justice to the policy-holders, to the Committee, and to myself, no other course was open to me. It is some satisfaction to say that we assisted that Committee in its investigations in every way that we possibly could, and while giving to that Committee full credit for the thoroughness of its investigation and the honesty of its conclusions, we believed and still believe that some of the laws which it proposed, and which have since been enacted, would operate to the disadvantage of present policy-holders by decreasing the return of the unused portion of their premiums, thereby increasing the cost of their insurance, and to those who should be insured in justice to their families. Should this fear be realized, the policy-holders would be in a position to justly criticize us in a few years, had we remained silent, for neglecting to protect their interests. We probably will experience serious difficulty in operating under some of the new laws, but they will be complied with in letter and spirit. If the results prove that parts of the new laws are unwise, they will undoubtedly be corrected.

Several provisions of the new legislation are

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exactly in the line with the policy that was laid down by the new management of this Society last summer, and which will be adhered to in the future, whether demanded by the law or not.

I believe in the fullest possible measure of publicity. The policy-holders in particular and the public in general are entitled to know how funds are being invested and guarded; what the earnings are; what salaries are paid; and every other feature of interest about the Society's affairs. To this end the books will be audited every year by independent accountants, so that the exact condition of the Society will be made known by unbiased experts.

The Equitable will not make contributions to political campaigns nor for any other purpose. I do not believe the funds of the Society can rightfully be used in any such way, even though the purpose be far removed from politics and entirely worthy in itself. Political contributions made by this Society were generally made from a loan carried by the previous officers of the Society with the Mercantile Trust Company. This loan, which amounted to $685,000, was repudiated as soon as it was called to my attention, as I found it had been contracted without any authority from the Board of Directors, and it was soon after paid by persons whose identity was not disclosed to me.

I am unalterably opposed to lobbying, or to the payment of anything which has about it so much as a suspicion of blackmail. The policy-holders, who constitute the Society, will be relied on to oppose with their personal influence legislation that is calculated to increase the cost of their insurance by increasing the cost of management. The Society will call their attention to measures that are likely to prove detrimental to their interests, but under no circumstances will it be a party to any corrupt or underhanded methods to either prevent or secure legislation. Representatives of the press at the various State capitals can generally distinguish "strike" legislation from the real article, and it is in the power of the newspapers of the country to discourage it more vigorously than through any other agency.

We do not believe in securing new business at the expense of the old policy-holders, nor do we believe in writing business in any part of the world where it cannot be handled within the loading for expenses. The Society has already ceased writing new business in Russia, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Austria-Hungary, Australia, and Venezuela, and wherever it is found that business in any other foreign country is being done without profit or at the expense of American policy-holders, it will be abandoned. That the Equitable and the other large American life-insurance companies have built up an extensive business in other countries is due to the fact that their rates are lower on the average than those charged by the foreign companies, but the expense of securing and retaining this business has in many cases proved excessive.

The Society is not being conducted as an adjunct to any bank or trust company, nor will it be managed with any other than a rigid appreciation of the sacred character of its trust funds. Its funds will be invested solely with the view to securing the safest and best returns for the policy-holders, whose interests are paramount. The policy-holders select a majority of the Directors of the Society, and all of the new members of the Board are policy-holders.

Extravagances have been cut off; waste is being eliminated; and the house-cleaning will be complete. We are making no promises to policy-holders—beyond an economical and efficient administration—but we are constantly doing things in their interest. Other radical economies of management besides those referred to will be put into effect under plans now being worked out, and the results cannot fail to increase returns to policy-holders. Increase in dividends will not come immediately, because of the extraordinary expenses of the past year, and it may possibly be still further delayed by a burden of litigation resulting from new laws, but it will come, and it will be substantial.

Through all of the stress and storm of last year the Equitable's payments to beneficiaries and policy-holders amounted to $41,159,574.49, an average of more than $135,000 for every working day. In dividends to policy-holders the Equitable paid out $6,709,002.95, which is a greater amount than has ever been distributed in dividends in any year by any life-insurance company in the world.

The newspapers have said so much about the evils and mismanagement of the past that it seems to me they can well afford to now call attention to the fact, when the subject is up for editorial discussion, that the investigations of the past year have made life-insurance a more valuable asset than it has ever been.

First of all, it will continue to be the policy of the new management of the Equitable to secure the best results for its policy-holders. Beyond that, let me repeat the principle which I laid down last fall, long before it was proposed to put a limitation on new business by law: "There will be no effort by the new administration to have the *biggest* company in the world. The effort will be to make it the *best* and *safest*."

Now that the reform measures recommended by the Armstrong Committee and its able counsel have been enacted into laws, and the reforms must be instituted and carried out, can you not, with satisfaction to yourself and benefit to your community, consistently advocate life-insurance in companies whose management meets with your approval?

So much has been said about life-insurance generally that was true, in whole or in part, and so much that has little or no basis in fact, that this letter is sent to you so that you may have a definite and authoritative statement as to the exact condition of affairs in the Equitable, and the policy

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which will be pursued by the new management. This letter is written without any idea of securing its publicity, but you are at liberty to make such use of it as you see fit.

Very truly yours,
PAUL MORTON.

In December, 1904, we made the following promise to the managers of the insurance companies toward whose abuses of authority and trust Mr. Lawson was then first directing attention: "We propose formally to invite the insurance companies to reply to Mr. Lawson, and we shall give them for their defenses as many pages in as prominent a position as Mr. Lawson has used in his attacks, and more if they require more."

In the year and a half that has elapsed since we revealed the scandalous state of insurance affairs, this letter from Mr. Morton is the first official communication received by us. And although we believe it to be a circular letter sent to the publishers of all the principal publications in the country, we feel that our pledge to be fair applies to it, and that we are bound to present it to our readers.

It is a pleasing document. It may be that there have been publishers and readers of magazines who doubted the solvency of one or all of the great insurance companies; certainly no such doubt has ever had a moment's resting time with us, and no intimation that the companies were not perfectly solvent is to be found in any words ever printed in this magazine. No man of common sense who is acquainted with the financial acumen of the Wall Street men who were plundering the policy-holders of these companies by pseudo-legal methods could for a moment doubt that the solvency of the companies themselves would never be placed in jeopardy. A dead goose lays no golden eggs. Moreover, Mr. Lawson has repeatedly deprecated the cancelation of policies by persons who were shocked and disgusted by the revelations of wrong-doing in the companies. He has specifically urged that no policy-holder cease maintaining his policy.

The publishers of EVERYBODY'S are very glad to know of the reforms which are described by Mr. Morton as having been introduced into the conduct of the Equitable. The Equitable policy-holders should profit by them, and Mr. Morton and that great body of policy-holders to which he says the company belongs, and which he says is the company, ought to be congratulated if so much has been accomplished. These reforms must take time. Of necessity men entrusted with the interests of thousands of widows and orphans move with the utmost deliberation and caution.

In the meantime, in view of the announcement of Mr. Ryan, through Mr. Morton, late in May, that he is about to turn the Equitable over to its policy-holders, the following opinion is of interest; it comes from the New York *World*, which has led the daily press of the country in the publication of insurance facts and comments on them:

THOMAS F. RYAN

Whatever objects Thomas F. Ryan had a year ago in buying the control of the Equitable Life Assurance Society have either been accomplished or made futile by the Armstrong laws. He has revenged himself upon Edward H. Harriman and Jacob H. Schiff. He has taught J. Pierpont Morgan, Levi P. Morton, and the other Wall Street elders that he is a better fighter than they. He has given to all financial potentates warning not to thwart him. He has obtained control of the Equitable Trust Company, the Mercantile Trust Company, the Bank of Commerce, and the other subsidiary corporations.

So profitable has been his Equitable stroke that he could well afford to present his stock to the policy-holders. His recognition as a high financier of the first rank is alone worth more than the money he paid to young Mr. Hyde.

But generosity at his own expense is contrary to Mr. Ryan's nature and business training. That is the reason his announced mutualization plan retains the naming by him through his dummy trustees of enough directors to prevent complete mutualization without his full reimbursement with interest.

The Armstrong laws have made it more profitable for Mr. Ryan to keep his promise than to back out. The limitation of life-insurance investments prevents his unloading traction-merger securities on the Equitable. The compulsory sale of the Equitable's bank and trust company stock will give him an excuse to make good bargains with himself.

With the recent proofs of his financial ability in the Equitable transaction, in the traction merger, where he bested Mr. Belmont, in his Southern railroad ventures, in the American Tobacco Trust, and in his banks and trust companies Mr. Ryan must now be recognized as the head of the Wall Street pack. He is still in early middle age. Neither vices nor excesses have impaired his health or his cunning or his wisdom. He will be the proprietor of the Wall Street game long after Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Harriman have passed into peace.

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